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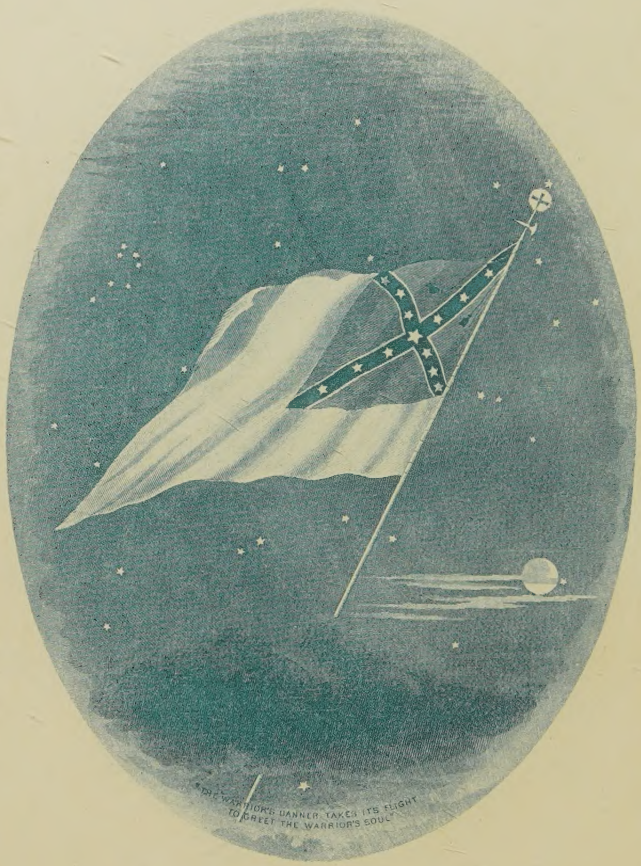
"THE WARRIOR BANNER TAKES ITS FLIGHT
TO GREET THE WARRIOR'S SOUL"

THE CONQUERED BANNER

(Illustrating Father Ryan's Poem)

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VOLUME X

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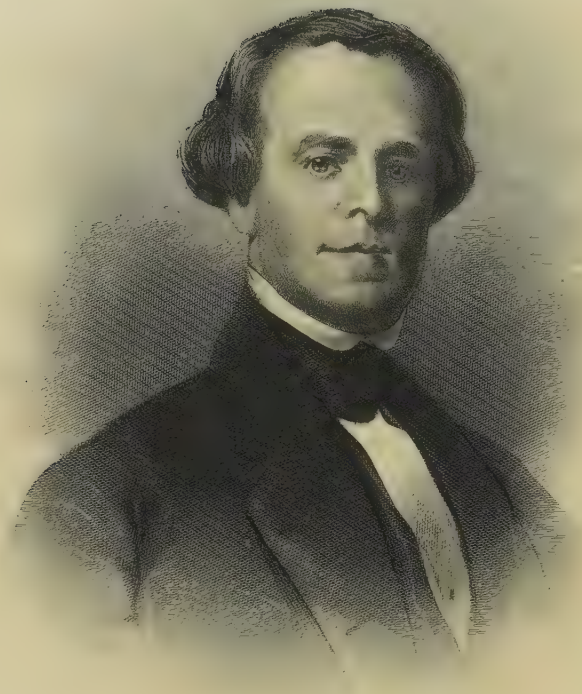

SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS

[1808—1850]

DUNBAR ROWLAND

SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS was of that generation of American statesmen producing from 1830 to 1850 great advocates and orators who attained widespread fame. He lived in the time of Clay, Calhoun, Choate, and Webster, when American oratory had attained its highest development; but he is worthy of a place as an orator of the first rank among the greatest of his time. Born in Maine, of unbroken Puritan ancestry, he was totally unlike the New England type of his generation.

The founder of the family in America was Henry Prentice, a grave and devout Puritan, who, some time before 1640, settled in Massachusetts and became the pioneer ancestor of a family which, during the succeeding century, produced men noted for their energy, intelligence, and love of adventure. Samuel Prentiss, the grandfather of Sergeant, was a graduate of Harvard. William Prentiss, the son of Samuel, was a hardy, prosperous, shipmaster who met with equal fearlessness the perils of the sea and the dangers of pirates and British men-of-war. This bold sea-captain was the father of Sergeant Smith Prentiss, who was born in Portland, Maine, September 30, 1808. When the commerce of New England was ruined by Jefferson's embargo and the War of 1812-'15, Captain Prentiss was deprived of his occupation as a shipmaster, and, removing his family to Gorham, a town about nine miles from Portland, became a farmer.

During his infancy Sergeant was stricken by an almost fatal illness, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His life was saved by the loving care of a devoted mother, but paralysis withered one of his limbs and he was made a cripple for life. His delicate health, bright mind, and the beauty of his face, put all the members of a devoted family at his service. Drawn in a little cart or sled, he attended the village school with an elder brother. His infirmity deprived him of the activities of childhood and compelled him to spend his time about the house. He soon showed a great passion for books, and his attention was directed by a devout mother to the Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' From these great books he acquired, during his childhood, a wonderful command of the purest English. Even at this early age, he expressed a determination to

go to college; and when there appeared to be some doubt of the ability of the family to send him, he told his mother that he would become a shoemaker and acquire the necessary means by his own labor. When about twelve years old, he began his preparation for college at Gorham Academy. At this time, strange to say, he had an aversion for the weekly declamation, which was one of the requirements of his training for college; but he gave evidence in early boyhood of a highly poetic, sensitive, impulsive, and fearless temperament. In the fall of 1824, when he was fifteen years old, he entered Bowdoin College, of which the Rev. William Allen, D.D., was then president, and passed his examination for the junior class.

Professor Packard, of the Bowdoin faculty, in writing of Prentiss at this interesting period, says: "I remember with perfect distinctness the examination of your brother for the junior standing. He was very youthful in his appearance, and feeling much sympathy with him on account of his physical infirmity, as also on account of his youth and the severe examination required of one to enter two years in advance, I was disposed to be very gentle with him in my opening, lest he might become embarrassed. But I found at the outset that he did not need any forbearance at the hands of his examiners. . . . Your brother's collegiate course was a brilliant one, and I have often said that it was one of the few instances, in college life, of decided indications of future success and eminence." As a student, he was faithful and brilliant; he read omnivorously, and in addition to his early favorites was fond of the classics and of Walter Scott, Byron, and Shakespeare. A year before he completed his course his father died. Soon after his graduation, in 1827, he began the study of law in the office of Josiah Pierce of Gorham.

The New England of 1827 afforded few opportunities for brilliant young men with fortunes to make; the professions were crowded, incomes were small, and a young lawyer was compelled to spend the first years of his career in poverty. Conditions in the lower South were different; the country was new, and the young men were the leaders in both professional and business circles. At this time the new State of Mississippi was attracting many ambitious young men from the older States, and among them was Prentiss. Leaving his home in 1827, he spent a short time in Cincinnati, where he sought to open a school that he might continue his law studies. He was advised that he would find a more desirable situation as tutor in the family of some wealthy planter in Natchez, and decided to go to Mississippi. Providing himself with letters of introduction to families of wealth and influence near Natchez, he arrived there November 2, 1827, and in the course of a few weeks was installed as tutor in the family of the widow of William B. Shields, who had a dis-

tinguished career as Attorney-general of Mississippi Territory, one of the first judges of the Supreme Court of the State, and the first Federal Judge for the district of Mississippi. Judge Shields had died in 1823, and his children were placed under the instruction of Prentiss four years later. He gave up school-teaching in 1829; entered the law office of Robert J. Walker; was admitted to the Bar at Monticello, Mississippi, in June, 1829, and became the law partner of General Felix Huston of Natchez. Entering at once into active practice, he astonished the older members of the Bar with his vigor of argument, brilliancy of expression, and unbounded humor, and at the end of two years it was generally conceded that he was the most resourceful advocate of the Natchez Bar. During his stay in Natchez, he was undecided as to a permanent location; the love of home prompted him to return to Maine, the opportunities in New Orleans attracted his attention; but in January, 1832, he decided to remove to Vicksburg, where he formed a partnership with John I. Guion.

Prentiss was a New England Federalist by inheritance, and when the Whig party was organized, in opposition to Andrew Jackson, he joined it. Before 1832 he had taken no public part in politics; but in the year that General Jackson was a candidate for reëlection he made a campaign against him and delighted the people with his oratory. In 1833 he made a visit to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court and met President Jackson; he wrote to his sister from Washington, in referring to his meeting with the President: "I think him about as fit to be President of the United States as I am."

Within four years of his admission to the Bar, Mr. Prentiss was in the full tide of success as an advocate, and his high repute was earned in competition with such lawyers as Robert J. Walker, Henry S. Foote, John A. Quitman, and William L. Shirley. He was already the idol of Mississippi Whigs, and had been offered the nomination of his party for Congress. In August, 1834, he delivered at the State capital the oration in honor of General Lafayette, which is yet a favorite declamation with Mississippi college boys. He soon won a place in the front rank of popular orators, and was in special demand in the political campaign in which George Poindexter was seeking reëlection to the United States Senate as an anti-Jackson Democrat. Poindexter had the support of the Whigs, and Prentiss was elected to the Legislature from Warren County and led the Whig members in opposition to Robert J. Walker, the Jackson candidate. In the House of Representatives he attracted the attention of the entire State by his speech in opposition to the seating of the Representatives from new counties. For three hours he held the Assembly

at his command, and established an undisputed leadership of the Whigs of Mississippi.

In the summer of 1837, while absent from the State on a visit to Maine, he was nominated by his party for Congress. A special election was called by Governor Lynch to fill what he termed a constitutional vacancy. The regular time for the election was in November, but the Governor decided that it was necessary to hold a special election in July in order that the State might be represented at a special session of Congress called by the President. At the special July election Mr. Prentiss was defeated. He was again made the candidate of the Whigs, with Thomas J. Word as his running mate, and both were elected in November. J. F. H. Claiborne and S. J. Gholson represented the State in the special session, and by a resolution of the House were declared to be duly elected members of the Twenty-fifth Congress. When Prentiss and Word presented their credentials, they found their seats filled by Claiborne and Gholson, and it became necessary to institute a contest to settle the questions involved. It was in this contest that Mr. Prentiss, in presenting his claims before the House of Representatives, established his reputation as one of the country's greatest orators. In defence of his claim, he spoke for two days and part of a third in the presence of an audience which contained Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Hugh Lawson White. Mr. Webster said of this speech: "Nobody could equal it." Only a skeleton of this great speech has been preserved, but even that justifies the opinion of Daniel Webster. This speech was one of the greatest Mr. Prentiss ever made.

The first vote of the House on this contest was a tie, and Speaker Polk cast his vote for Claiborne and Gholson. Before returning to Mississippi, Prentiss was entertained at dinner by Clay, Webster, and other leaders of the Whigs. When he returned to his State, he was received at Vicksburg with repeated sounds of cannon. The House of Representatives had decided that both the July and November elections were void. The claims of the contestants were submitted to the people of Mississippi at a special election held the fourth Monday in April, 1838, and Prentiss and Word were triumphantly elected. It was in this remarkable campaign, under the forest trees of Mississippi, that Mr. Prentiss made his noblest speeches. His canvass was the most dramatic in the political annals of Mississippi. Old, tried, and true Democrats enthusiastically supported him.

After the adjournment of Congress in 1838, he went to Portland, Maine, on a visit, and while there was invited to speak at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, at a reception in honor of Daniel Webster. In referring to Mr. Prentiss's speech, Edward Everett wrote: "He took possession of the audience from the first sentence and carried them

along with unabated interest. . . . Sitting by Mr. Webster, I asked him if he ever heard anything like it; he answered, 'Never, except from Mr. Prentiss himself.' "

After one term in Congress, Prentiss wrote his sister that he was "disgusted with politics and annoyed by notoriety." He wished to confine his work to his profession, but in 1839 the Whigs prevailed upon him to become their candidate for United States Senator. He made a canvass of the State, but his party failed to control the Legislature. In the Presidential campaign of 1840, Mr. Prentiss was in great demand as a campaign orator; he made speeches in all the chief cities of the country, and wherever he appeared he entranced the multitude. Mississippi for the first time in its history was carried by the Whigs, and gave its electoral vote for William Henry Harrison. In 1840-'43 he made a gallant fight against repudiation. In 1845 he removed from Vicksburg to New Orleans, and soon attained the same position at the Louisiana Bar that he had held in Mississippi. In 1848 his health began to fail, but in spite of his weakness he actively joined in the campaign for electing General Taylor to the Presidency. His exertions were so great that he could not recover his strength. In June, 1850, he appeared in court for the last time, in the defence of Lopez, the revolutionist, and at the conclusion of his argument he fell exhausted in the court room. He was taken to Natchez, where he died, July 1, 1850.

Mr. Prentiss had all the essential elements of the orator; he was gifted to an uncommon degree; he was magnetic, original, imaginative, and poetic; he had the learning of the schools as well as the wisdom gained by contact with men; and behind it all was knowledge. His speeches cover a remarkable range of subjects—legal, political, educational, parliamentary, and constitutional. Every subject of human interest seemed to come within the scope of his genius. The impression he made on the most gifted men of his day was phenomenal, and his influence over the multitude was unusual.

Henry S. Foote considered that his great masterpieces at the Bar were his speeches in the prosecution of Alonzo Phelps, the outlaw, and Mercer Byrd, accused of complicity in the murder of Cameron; his greatest political efforts, the speeches at Nashville in 1840, and before Congress in defence of his claim to a seat.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, a contemporary of Mr. Prentiss, who was peculiarly capable of appreciating him, wrote an estimate which, in a perspective of half a century, is still true. Mr. Wise says: "His eyes were deep in his head—large, clear, full of animation and hidden fires. It had a look deeper than its set; when looked into, it returned a glance which, like that of Lara, 'dared you to forget.' But there was a buoyancy in his presence which seemed as if it would leap

from battle to play, from play to battle; and a goodness which said, to me at least, 'Let's you and I be friends.' Spirit responded to spirit at the first sight without a word. . . . His head, I saw, was two stories high, with a large attick on top, above which was his bump of comparison and veneration. Of the latter he had a vast deal. He actually admired and reverenced often, gifts and genius far inferior to his own. . . . He was at that time (1840) excessively convivial. The moment he arrived (in Congress) a set of roisterers challenged him at once to a continued round of revelry, and I said to myself and others: 'This Mississippi wonder will cease if he does not look ahead.'

"Every trait of his noble nature was in excess; his very virtues leaned to faults, and his faults themselves to virtues. The like of him I shall never see again, so compounded was he of all sorts of contradictions, without a single element in him to disgust, without one characteristic which did not attract and charm. . . . He was a natural spendthrift, and yet despised debt and dependence. He was heedless of all consequences, yet of the soundest judgment in council and discretion in movement. He was almost the only man I ever saw whom I never heard utter a scandal, and he had the least charity of any man I ever saw for all kinds of baseness and meanness. He was continually, without ceasing, quoting classical lore and not the least of a pedant. He was brave to foolhardiness, and wouldn't hurt Uncle Toby's fly."

The present generation, far removed from the magnetic influence of the personality of Mr. Prentiss, still recognizes the supremacy of his master mind.

Dunbar Rowland

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EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE

Extract from an Address delivered at Jackson, Mississippi, August, 1834. All selections from 'Memoir of S. S. Prentiss.'

And here we cannot but pause for a moment to compare these two wonderful men, belonging to the same age and to the same nation—Napoleon and Lafayette. Their names excite no kindred emotions; their fates no kindred sympathies. Napoleon—the child of destiny—the thunderbolt of war—the victor in a hundred battles—the dispenser of thrones and dominions—he who scaled the Alps, and reclined beneath the pyramids; whose word was fate, and whose wish was law. Lafayette—the volunteer of Freedom—the advocate of human rights—the defender of civil liberty—the patriot, the philanthropist—the beloved of the good and the free. Napoleon—the vanquished warrior, ignobly flying from the field of Waterloo; the wild beast, ravaging all Europe in his wrath, hunted down by the banded and affrighted nations, and caged far away upon an ocean-girded rock; Lafayette—a watchword by which men excite each other to deeds of worth and noble daring; whose home has become the Mecca of freedom, towards which the pilgrims of Liberty turn their eyes from every quarter of the globe. Napoleon was the red and fiery comet, shooting wildly through the realms of space, and scattering terror and pestilence among the nations: Lafayette was the pure and brilliant planet, beneath whose grateful beams the mariner directs his barque, and the shepherd tends his flocks. Napoleon died and a few old warriors—the scattered relics of Marengo and of Austerlitz—bewailed their chief: Lafayette is dead—and the tears of a civilized world attest how deep is the mourning for his loss. Such is, and always will be, the difference of feeling towards a *benefactor* and a *conqueror* of the human race.

In 1824, on Sunday, a single ship furled her snowy sails in the harbor of New York. Scarcely had her prow touched the shore, when a murmur was heard among the multitude, which gradually deepened into a mighty shout; and that shout was a shout of joy. Again and again were the heavens rent with the inspiring sound. Nor did it cease; for the loud strain

was carried from city to city, and from State to State, till not a tongue was silent throughout this wide Republic, from the lisping infant to the tremulous old man. All were united in one wild shout of gratulation. The voices of more than ten millions of freemen gushed up towards the sky, and broke the stillness of its silent depths. But one note, and but one tone, went to form this acclamation. Up in those pure regions, clearly and sweetly did it sound—"Honor to Lafayette!" "Welcome to the Nation's Guest!" It was Lafayette, the war-worn veteran, whose arrival upon our shores had caused this wide-spread, this universal joy. He came among us to behold the independence and the freedom which his young arm had so well assisted in achieving; and never before did eye behold, or heart of man conceive, such homage paid to virtue. His whole stay amongst us, was a continued triumph. Every day's march was an ovation. The United States became for months one great festive hall. People forgot the usual occupations of life, and crowded to behold the Benefactor of mankind. The iron-hearted, grey-haired veterans of the Revolution thronged around him, to touch his hand, to behold his face, and to call down Heaven's benison upon their old companion-in-arms. Lisping infancy and garrulous age, beauty, talents, wealth and power—all, for a while, forsook their usual pursuits, and united to pay a willing tribute of gratitude and welcome to the Nation's Guest. The name of Lafayette was upon every lip, and wherever was his name, there too was an invocation for blessings on his head. What were the triumphs of the classic ages, compared with this unbought love and homage of a mighty people? Take them in Rome's best days—when the invincible generals of the Eternal City returned from their foreign conquests, with captive kings bound to their chariot wheels, and the spoils of nations in their train; followed by their stern and bearded warriors, and surrounded by the interminable multitudes of the seven-hilled city, shouting a fierce welcome home—what was such a triumph, compared with that of Lafayette? Not a single city, but a whole nation, rising as one man, and greeting him with an affectionate embrace! One single day of such spontaneous homage, were worth whole years of courtly adulation; one hour might well reward a man for a whole life of danger and

of toil. Then, too, the joy with which he must have viewed the prosperity of the people for whom he had so heroically struggled! To behold the nation which he had left a little child now grown up in the full proportions of lusty manhood! To see the tender sapling, which he had left with hardly shade enough to cover its own roots, now waxing into the sturdy and unwedgeable oak, beneath whose grateful umbrage the oppressed of all nations find shelter and protection! That oak still grows on in its majestic strength, and wider and wider still extends its mighty branches. But the hand that watered and nourished it, while yet a tender plant, is now cold: the heart that watched, with strong affection, its early growth, has ceased to beat.

Virtue forms no shield to ward off the arrows of death. Could it have availed, even when joined with the prayers of a whole civilized world, then indeed, this mournful occasion would never have occurred; and the life of Lafayette would have been as eternal as his fame. Yet though he has passed from among us—though that countenance will no more be seen, that used to lighten up the van of Freedom's battles, as he led her eaglets to their feast—still has he left behind his better part—the legacy of his bright example—the memory of his deeds. The lisping infant will learn to speak his venerated name. The youth of every country will be taught to look upon his career, and follow in his footsteps. When, hereafter, a gallant people are fighting for Freedom against the oppressor, and their cause begins to wane before the mercenary bands of tyranny—then will the name of Lafayette become a watch-word, that will strike with terror on the tyrant's ear, and nerve with redoubled vigor the freeman's arm. At that name many a heart, before unmoved, will wake in the glorious cause; many a sword, rusting ingloriously in its scabbard, will leap forth to battle. And even amid the mourning with which our souls are shrouded, is there not some room for gratulation? Our departed friend and benefactor has gone down to the grave, peacefully and quietly, at a good old age. He had performed his appointed work. His virtues were ripe. He had done nothing to sully his fair fame. No blot or soil of envy or calumny can now affect him. His character will stand upon the pages of history, pure and unsullied as the

lilied emblem on his country's banner. He has departed from among us; but he has become again the companion of Washington. He has but left the friends of his old age, to associate with the friends of his youth. Peace be to his ashes! Calm and quiet may they rest upon some vine-clad hill of his own beloved land! And it shall be called the Mount Vernon of France. And let no cunning sculpture, no monumental marble, deface, with its mock dignity, the patriot's grave; but rather let the unpruned vine, the wild flower, and the free song of the uncaged bird—all that speaks of freedom and of peace, be gathered round it. Lafayette needs no mausoleum. His fame is mingled with a Nation's History. His epitaph is engraved upon the hearts of men.

SANCTITY OF ELECTIVE FRANCHISE, AND PRESERVATION OF THE UNION

Extract from Speech delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, July, 1838.

I DO sincerely believe, that never since men have dwelt on the face of this green earth, and had rulers over them, was there ever an administration seen in any country of the globe, or in any age of time, more utterly callous to the sufferings or the wishes of the people. And I will say further, that I do not believe that in any country of the world would such a destruction of public property, without the presence of an invading enemy, and proceeding from the acts of the government alone, have been endured without a national convulsion. No other people on the face of the earth but the free citizens of this Republic, would ever have submitted to it. No, sir, not in Turkey itself. Had the Sultan, by his despotic edict, suddenly thrown the subjects of his throne as far back from their previous condition, bad as it might before have been, as this country has been thrown back by the mad experiments on its currency, he would the next night have slept in the Bosphorus. And why has it not been so here? I will tell you why: the American people well know that they have the remedy in their own hands; they know that they still hold the reins of power; and if their steeds prove restive and dispute their pleasure,

they know another thing, that they hold the *whip* as well as the reins.

We have had to fight a hard battle; and though, through the aid and blessing of Heaven, we have been able to save the citadel of the Constitution, rely upon it, the worst part of the contest yet remains. We contend with a veteran foe; though worsted, they are not vanquished—they have lost a battle, but, like the squadrons of the desert, they will sweep round and re-appear with a new front, but under the old flag. Sir, is it not so? Even since the adjournment, I hear they have put forth a new bulletin, evincing a determination still to hold on to the same policy. Had I been consulted, I should have counselled that very course. They seem to be demented. They have been steeped so long in wickedness, that they are under a judicial blindness. They remind me of the simpleton who in a great storm at sea, being in mortal fear, went and *lashed himself to the anchor,* so that if the ship did go down, he at least might be safe. So has this Administration tied itself fast to the Sub-Treasury policy; and may the Genius of Gravitation carry them so straight and so profoundly to the bottom, that not a bubble shall rise to mark the spot where they went down! I may as well utter the honest truth; for even a short experience in public life, has convinced me that plain, open speech is the best policy. I believe that a part of the mischief which this Administration has effected, may be traced to its very weakness. We have not dreaded it as we ought to have done; it has been suffered to gnaw as a worm, where it should have been crushed as a serpent.

One of the gentlemen who have addressed you, has been pleased to say that I have fought a good fight; and recreant indeed should I have been, could I have turned my back in such a contest. The reference, I presume, was to the late struggle in my State; for though thousands of miles removed, your intelligence has fully apprised you that an inroad was made on your own rights, and on the Constitution, by the foul and nefarious decision of the House of Representatives in regard to a late Mississippi election.

I fear, fellow-citizens, that the great fundamental principles of our institutions have not enough been looked at. We glory in the institutions themselves, and consider them as the

strong bulwarks of our freedom; while we too much forget the vital principles upon which they rest. These broad and general principles are like the roots of the everlasting mountains; they lie deep—are out of sight and forgotten—but they are nevertheless the pillars of the earth. We are too apt to think of them as abstractions—as barren generalities—not coming immediately home to our business and bosoms we cannot conceive it possible that any man should dare to attack them; but our security is our danger. They may be attacked. They have been assailed. One of these great principles of our freedom is the Elective Franchise, and this has been attacked in the persons of the Representatives of Mississippi. We thought this was a thing so settled, that no one would dream of attempting to disturb it; but we contend with a foe that knows nothing of civilized warfare. They assailed this citadel of our Freedom; and had the people of Mississippi submitted to it—had they yielded the key of this their last refuge —their liberties would have been gone; nor would they have deserved any longer to be free. But they were not thus stolid, thus base and craven-hearted; they manfully resisted the assault; they were true to themselves, and true to you; for this was *your* question as much as it was theirs. Your rights, our rights, the rights of every State, and of every man, woman and child in every State, were all in danger; they stood on the steep precipice of imminent and present destruction; but they were rescued. Yet, when I think how close was the contest, how narrow the escape I tremble for the future; and I now repeat the warning so often uttered—the price of Liberty is unsleeping vigilance in guarding it. You must be like your patriot fathers. You must be the *minute-men* of the Constitution.

Another great principle is attacked with equal desperation. It is the right of Property. Tenets are advanced here, in this free Republic, which would not be tolerated under the worst government of Europe, nay, of the world. It is openly asserted, that the rich are *"the natural enemies of the poor"* and the practical corollary from that position is that, therefore, the poor must wage perpetual war against the rich. Nor is this an idle theory; it is attempted to be made a practical question. It is advanced, not as in some obscure debating club,

by a set of raw and green lads, just escaped from the trammels of their minority, but in the halls of Congress, and by men of experience, standing, and character. It would be an insult to ask you whether such a doctrine is to prevail among American citizens. And if it did, how is this imaginary line between rich and poor ever to be drawn? Fix it where you will, there are tens of thousand of the rich who would consider themselves as among the poor, and as many thousand of the poor who would find themselves among the rich. Nor could it remain fixed for a day or an hour; for he who is rich to-day, to-morrow may be a beggar; while on the other hand, thousands born to poverty, are continually enrolling themselves among the opulent of the land. I have observed, especially in the West and Southwest, that the most prosperous, honored and wealthy, are apt to be the men who commenced their course in life with no fortune but their hands, their industry, and their energy of spirit. The truth is, all classes in this country are mutually dependent upon each other, as in the busy hive, where those who return laden impart their stores, and those who are empty, need only go forth in order to return laden. There is no natural hostility between the different classes of society. Such a doctrine should be trampled under the foot of every American freeman—it is a viper, and should not be suffered to show its head. Let us put it to death by common consent.

There is another precious vital interest of the Republic, which is assailed with no less desperate rashness—it is our Union itself. This is attempted to be destroyed by arraying local prejudices in mutual hostility—by stirring up a sectional warfare between the North and the South, the West and the East; as though the common glory and the common interest of the whole Country was not more than sufficient to outweigh a thousand times the local and minor matters in which we differ. But though politicians, actuated solely by a selfish and parricidal ambition, seek to rend asunder what God has himself joined in everlasting bonds, there is a hand that will arrest the impious design: a hand they despise, but which they will find too strong for them; I mean the hard hand of *Mechanical Labor*. Yes, sir, that mighty hand—and long may it be mighty in this free and equal land—that mighty hand will

link these States together with hooks of steel. The laboring population of this Country mean to live together as one people, and who shall disannul their purpose? See how they are conquering both time and space! See the thousand steamboats that traverse our lakes and rivers; aye, and that, Leviathan-like, begin to make the ocean itself *to boil like a pot!* Look at their railroad cars glancing like fiery meteors from one end of the land to the other; blazing Centaurs with untiring nerves, with unwasting strength, and who seem to go, too, on the grand temperance principle, laboring all day on water only. Think you the American people will suffer their cars to stop, their railroads to be broken in twain, and their majestic rivers severed or changed in their courses, because politicians choose to draw a dividing line between a Northern and a Southern empire? Never, sir, never. Proceeding on those great national principles of Union, which have been so luminously expounded and so nobly vindicated by your illustrious Guest, they will teach these politicians who is *Master.* Let us but hang together for fifty years longer, and we may defy the world even to separate us. Let us but safely get through the crisis, and our Institutions will stand on a firmer basis than ever.

And let it never be forgotten, fellow-citizens, that these Institutions are ours in trust; we hold them for a thousand generations yet to emerge from the stream of time. They are sacred heir-looms, confided to our keeping for those who are to come after us—and if we allow them to be impaired or sullied, while passing through our hands, we are guilty of a double crime; we are traitors alike to our fathers and to our posterity.

True, we are threatened from without as well as within. When I left my distant home, I left not far distant from it thousands of warlike Indians—congregated and armed by the policy of this Administration—consulting, plotting, meditating vengeance. They number, it is said, sixty thousand fighting men. You have given them rifles, and Nature has given them, in the vast prairies in their rear, tens of thousand of wild horses which they well know how to break in and to ride. Their hearts burn with wounded pride, and boil with meditated revenge; and who knows how soon they may return

on us, Mazeppa-like, to pay us home for all their injuries? I know, that in stating the dangers of the Far West, I shall not be heard with indifference, though I speak in the Far East. No—we are one body; and where one member suffers, all the rest suffer with it; or one member prospers, all the rest rejoice with it; and I hold it a high duty of those citizens who come from distant parts of our wide Union, to assure their fellow-citizens of the perfect sympathy and unanimity of feeling which pervades the entire people of this Confederacy. Yes—we are one people, for weal or for woe. When I cannot come from Mississippi, and call the men of Boston my fellow-citizens, my kindred, my brethren, I desire no longer to be myself a citizen of the Republic. Yes—we are all embarked on one bottom; and whether we sink or swim, we will swim or we will sink *Together!*

ON THE MISSISSIPPI CONTESTED ELECTION

Closing Paragraphs of a Speech delivered before the House of Representatives, January, 1838.

If the July election was void, or extended only to the November election, then the latter election must inevitably be sustained, unless there is something averred and proven to vitiate it. It stands, otherwise, upon the same footing with the general elections of the other States which have occurred since the 4th. of March. There can be no sort of a doubt that one of the said elections in Mississippi was constitutional and valid; and I presume no one will advance the absurdity, that an unconstitutional and void election can vitiate a constitutional and valid election.

I have now done with the argument of this matter. It is for the grave judges around me to say whether I have established any of my propositions. I have detained the House, in this opening of the cause, longer, perhaps than its patience would warrant. But ample excuse, I trust, may be found in the magnitude of the principles involved, and the inexperience of the humble individual to whom their illustration has been committed. I have performed my duty; it now devolves upon you to perform yours. In the performance of that duty, let

me tell you, sir, no ordinary responsibility rests upon you. The eyes of the nation are directed to your action, with an anxiety commensurate with the importance of the subject to be affected by your decision. That subject is no less than the right of representation, the elective franchise, the Promethean spark which imparts life and soul to our whole political system; without which, all our institutions are but inanimate things; dull, cold, and senseless statutes. In your situation, even good intention will not justify error. At your hands the American people will require a strict account of that Constitution of which you are appointed guardians, and over whose most vital part a fatal stab is now impending. You cannot respond, as did the first fratricide, *"Who made me the keeper of my brother Abel?"* To you is entrusted the keeping of the Constitution; see that you rob it not of its richest treasure.

I advance here no personal claim; it is the claim of one of the sovereign States of this Confederacy which I advocate; her claim to the right of choosing her own Representatives according to her own constitutional laws. Will you deny her this right? Will you rend the brightest and the strongest link in the golden chain of Union?

Sir, if you persist in denying to Mississippi that right to which she is entitled in common with every other State, you inflict upon her a wound which no medicine can heal. If you are determined to impose upon her a representation not of her choice, and against her will, go on, and complete the work of degradation; send her a proconsul for a Governor, and make taskmasters to rule over her.

Let her no longer sit with you, a young and fair member of this proud sisterhood; but strip off the robes of equality, and make of her a handmaid and a servant.

Better, far better, had she never emerged from the chrysalis condition of a Territory, to wear the gaudy honors and butterfly wings of a State, if you can thus, with your mere touch, brush her brightest tints away.

Sir, you may think it an easy and trifling matter to deprive Mississippi of her elective franchise; for she is young, and may not, perchance, have the power to resist; but I am much mistaken in the character of her chivalrous citizens, if you do not find that she not only understands her rights, but has both the

will and power to vindicate them. You may yet find, to your sorrow, that you have grasped a scorpion, where you thought you were only crushing a worm. This House would as soon put its head in a lion's mouth, as take the course which is threatened, towards the elder and more powerful states. And how happens it, that Representatives of the State which have always been the readiest in the assertion of their own rights, should now be most zealous in trampling upon the rights of Mississippi? What has she done that she should be selected as a victim? No State is or has ever been more ardently attached to the Union; and if she is placed beyond its pale, it will be your fault, and not her own. Sir, if you consummate this usurpation, you degrade the State of Mississippi; and if she submits, never again can she wear the lofty look of conscious independence. Burning shame will set its seal upon her brow; and when her proud sons travel in other lands, they will blush at the history of her dishonor, as it falls from the sneering lip of the stranger. Sir, place her not in that terrible and trying position, in which her love for this glorious Union will be found at war with her own honor, and the paramount obligation which binds her to transmit to the next generation, untarnished and undiminished, her portion of that rich legacy of the Revolution, which was bought with blood, and which should never be parted with for a price less than what it cost. Is there a State in this Union that would part with it; that would submit to have her Representatives chosen by this House, and forced upon her against her will? Come! what says the Bay State—time-honored *Massachusetts?* From the cradle in which young Liberty was first rocked, even from old Faneuil Hall, comes forth her ready answer, and, before it dies away, again it is repeated from Bunker Hill: "It was for this very right of representation our fathers fought the battles of the Revolution, and ere we will surrender this dear-bought right, those battles shall again become dread realities." Would *Kentucky* submit? Ask her, Mr. Speaker, and her *Mammoth cavern* will find a voice to thunder in your ear her stern response: "No: sooner than submit to such an outrage, our soil shall be re-baptised with a new claim to the proud but melancholy title of *the dark and bloody ground.*" And what says Virginia, with her high device—her *"sic semper tyrannis,"*

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the loftiest motto that ever blazed upon a warrior's shield or a nation's arms? How would she brook such usurpation? What says the mother of States and State Right doctrines; she who has placed *instruction* as a guardian over *representation;* what says she to the proposition that this House can make Representatives, and force them upon a State in violation of its choice and will? And where is South Carolina, the Harry Percy of the Union? On which side in this great controversy does she couch her lance and draw her blade? I trust, upon the side of her sister State; upon the side, too, of the constitutional rights of all the States; and let her lend the full strength of her good right arm to the blow, when she strikes in so righteous a quarrel.

Upon all the States I do most solemnly call, for that justice to another, which they would expect for themselves. Let this cup pass from Mississippi. Compel her not to drink its bitter ingredients, lest, some day, even-handed justice should "commend the poisoned chalice" to your own lips. Rescind that resolution, which presses like a foul incubus upon the Constitution. You sit here, twenty-five sovereign States, in judgment upon the most sacred right of a sister State; that which is to a State what chastity is to a woman, or honor to a man. Should you decide against her, you tear from her brow the richest jewel which sparkles there, and forever bow her head in shame and dishonor. But, if your determination is taken; if the blow must fall; if the violated Constitution must bleed; I have but one request on her behalf to make. When you decide that she cannot choose her own representation, at that self-same moment blot from the spangled banner of this *Union* the bright *star* that glitters to the name of *Mississippi,* but leave the *stripe* behind, a fit emblem of her degradation.

THE LAW OF SELF-DEFENCE

Extracts from a Speech in defence of his Friend Judge Wilkinson, who had been indicted for murder, Louisville, Kentucky, 1839.

I CAME before you an utter stranger, and yet I feel not as a stranger towards you; I have watched during the course of the examination the various emotions which the evidence was so well calculated to arouse in your bosoms, both as men and as Kentuckians; and when I beheld the flush of honorable shame upon your cheeks, the sparkle of indignation in your eyes, or the curl of scorn upon your lips, as the foul conspiracy was developed, I felt that years could not make us better acquainted. I saw upon your faces the mystic sign which constitutes the bond of union among honest and honorable men; and I knew that I was about to address those whose feelings would respond to my own. I rejoiced that my clients were, in the fullest sense of the term, to be tried by *a jury of their peers.*

* * * * * *

I am not aware that the Commonwealth of Kentucky is incapable of vindicating her violated laws or unwilling to prosecute and punish the perpetrators of crime. The district-attorney has given ample proof that she is provided with officers fully capable of asserting her rights and protecting her citizens; and with the exception of one or two remarks, which fell from him inadvertently, I accord to his observations my most unqualified approbation: he has done equal justice to the State and the defendants; he has acquitted himself ably, honorably, and impartially. But, gentlemen, though the State is satisfied, the prosecutor is not. Your laws have spoken through their constituted agent; now private vengeance and vindictive malice will claim to be heard. One of the ablest lawyers of your country, or of any country, has been employed to conduct the *private part* of this prosecution; employed, not by the Commonwealth, but by the real murderer; him whose forehead I intend, before I am done, to brand with the mark of Cain—that in after life all may know and all may shun him: The money of the prosecutor has purchased the talent of the advocate; and the contract is, that *blood* shall be exchanged

for *gold*. The learned and distinguished gentleman to whom I allude, and who sits before me, may well excite the apprehension of the most innocent. If rumor speak truth, he has character sufficient, even though without ability, and ability sufficient, even without character, to crush the victims of his purchased wrath.

I said that, with the exception of one or two remarks, I was pleased with the manly and honorable course of the Commonwealth's attorney. Those remarks seemed to be more in the spirit of his colleague than in accordance with his own feelings. I was sorry to hear him mention so pointedly, and dwell so long upon the fact, that the defendants were *Mississippians,* as if that constituted an ingredient in their crime or furnished a proof of their guilt. If to be a Mississippian is an offence in my clients, I cannot defend them; I am myself *particeps criminis*. We are all guilty. With malice aforethought, we have left our own beautiful homes, and sought that land, the name of which seems to arouse in the minds of the opposing counsel only images of horror. Truly the learned gentlemen are mistaken in us; we are no cannibals, nor savages. I would that they would visit us, and disabuse their minds of these unkind prejudices. They would find in that far country thousands of their own Kentuckians, who have cast their lot by the monarch stream, in the enjoyment of whose rich gifts, though they forget not, they hardly regret the bright river upon whose banks they strayed in childhood. No State has contributed more of her sons to Mississippi than Kentucky; nor do they suffer by being transplanted to that genial soil. Their native State may well be proud of them, as they ever are of her.

But I do injustice to you and to myself by dwelling upon this matter. Here in the heart of Kentucky my clients have sought and obtained an unprejudiced, impartial jury. You hold in your hands the balance of justice; and I ask and expect that you will not permit the prosecution to cast extraneous and improper weights into the scale, against the lives of the defendants. You constitute the mirror, whose office it is to reflect, in your verdict, the law and the evidence which have been submitted to you. Let no foul breath dim its pure surface, and cause it to render back a broken and distorted image.

Through you now flows the stream of public justice; let it not become turbid by the trampling of unholy feet. Let not the learned counsel, who conducts the private part of this prosecution, act the necromancer with you, as he did with the populace in the city of Louisville when he raised a tempest which even his own wizard hand could not have controlled.

Well may he exclaim, in reference to that act, like the foul spirit in "Manfred":

> I am the rider of the wind,
> The stirrer of the storm;
> The hurricane I left behind
> Is yet with lightning warm.

Aye, so it is still "with lightning warm." But you, gentlemen, will perform the humane office of a conductor, and convey this electric fluid safely to the earth. . . .

The law of self-defence has always had and ought to have a more liberal construction in this country than in England. Men claim more of personal independence here; of course they have more to defend. They claim more freedom and license in their action towards each other, consequently there is greater reason for apprehending personal attack from an enemy. In this country men retain in their own hands a larger portion of their personal rights than in any other; and one will be authorized to presume an intention to exercise and enforce them, upon grounds that, in other countries, would not excite the slightest suspicion. It is the apprehension of impending harm, and not its actual existence, which constitutes the justification for defensive action. If mine enemy point at me an unloaded pistol or a wooden gun in a manner calculated to excite in my mind apprehensions of immediate, great bodily harm, I am justifiable in taking his life, though it turn out afterwards that I was in no actual danger.

So, on the other hand, if I take the life of another, without being aware of any intended violence on his part, it will constitute no excuse for me to prove that he intended an attack upon me.

The apprehension must be reasonable, and its reasonableness may depend upon a variety of circumstances—of time, place and manner, as well as of character. The same appear-

ance of danger would authorize greater apprehension, and of course readier defensive action, at night than in the day-time. An attack upon one in his own house would indicate greater violence, and excuse stronger opposing action, than an attack in the street.

Indications of violence from an individual of known desperate and dangerous character will justify defensive and preventive action, which would be inexcusable towards a notorious coward. A stranger may reasonably indulge from the appearance or threats of a mob, apprehensions that would be unpardonable in a citizen surrounded by his friends and neighbors. . . .

The principles of self-defence, which pervade all animated nature, and act towards life the same part that is performed by the external mechanism of the eye toward the delicate sense of vision—affording it, on the approach of danger, at the same time, warning and protection—do not require that action shall be withheld till it can be of no avail. When the rattlesnake gives warning of its fatal purpose, the wary traveller waits not for the poisonous blow, but plants upon his head his armed heel, and crushes out, at once, "his venom and his strength." When the hunter hears the rustling in the jungle, and beholds the large green eyes of the spotted tiger glaring upon him, he waits not for the deadly spring, but sends at once through the brain of his crouching enemy the swift and leaden death.

If war was declared against your country by an insulting foe, would you wait till your sleeping cities were wakened by the terrible music of the bursting bomb? till your green fields were trampled by the hoofs of the invader, and made red with the blood of your brethren? No! you would send forth fleets and armies—you would unloose upon the broad ocean your keen falcons—and the thunder of your guns would arouse stern echoes along the hostile coast. Yet this would be but national defence, and authorized by the same great principle of self-protection, which applies no less to individuals than to nations.

But Judge Wilkinson had no right to interfere in defence of his brother; so says the Commonwealth's attorney. Go, gentlemen, and ask your mothers and sisters whether that be

law. I refer you to no musty tomes, but to the living volumes of Nature. What! A man not permitted to defend his brother against conspirators? against assassins, who are crushing out the very life of their bruised and powerless victim? Why he who would shape his conduct by such a principle does not deserve to have a brother or a friend. To fight for self is but the result of an honest instinct, which we have in common with the brutes. To defend those who are dear to us, is the highest exercise of the principle of self-defence. It nourishes all the noblest social qualities, and constitutes the germ of patriotism itself.

Why is the step of the Kentuckian free as that of the bounding deer; firm, manly, and confident, as that of the McGregor when his foot was on the heather of his native hills, and his eye on the peak of Ben Lomond? It is because he feels independent and proud; independent in the knowledge of his rights, and proud in the generous consciousness of ability and courage to defend them, not only in his own person, but in the persons of those who are dear to him.

It was not the blood that would desert a brother or a friend which swelled the hearts of your fathers in the "olden time," when in defence of those they loved, they sought the red savage through all the fastnesses of his native forest. It was not such blood that was poured out, free as a gushing torrent, upon the dark banks of the melancholy Raisin, when all Kentucky manned her warrior sires. They were as bold and true as ever fought beneath a plume. The Roncesvalles Pass, when fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain, looked not upon a braver or a better band.

Kentucky has no law which precludes a man from defending himself, his brother, or his friend. Better for Judge Wilkinson had he never been born, than that he should have failed in his duty on this occasion. Had he acted otherwise than he did, he would have been ruined in his own estimation, and blasted in the opinions of the world. And young Murdaugh, too, he has a mother, who is looking even now from her window, anxiously watching for her son's return—but better both for her and him, that he should have been borne a bloody corpse to her arms, than that he should have carried to her, unavenged, the degrading marks of the accursed whip.

FAMINE IN IRELAND

Address at New Orleans, Louisiana, 1847, in behalf of the Irish, who were in great distress on account of a famine.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—

IT is no ordinary cause which has brought together this vast assemblage on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests, nor to celebrate the achievements of those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region, God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill His inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to yield her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past. We have assembled, fellow-citizens, to express our sincere sympathy for the sufferings of our brethren, and to unite in efforts for their alleviation. This is one of those cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but what one of the very objects of this great calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us upon whom unlimited abundance has been showered. In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. He who is able, and will not give

for such a sacred purpose, is not a man, and has no right to wear the form. He should be sent back to nature's mint, and re-issued as a counterfeit on humanity of nature's baser metal.

Oh! it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, men should die of starvation! In these days, when improvements in agriculture and the mechanical arts have quadrupled the productiveness of labor; when it is manifest that the earth produces every year more than sufficient to clothe and feed all her thronging millions; it is a shame and a disgrace, that the word starvation has not long since become obsolete, or only retained to explain the dim legends of a barbarous age. You who have never been beyond the precincts of our own favored country; you, more especially, who have always lived in this great valley of the Mississippi—the cornucopia of the world—who see each day poured into the lap of your city, food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine, of the terror which strikes men's souls when they cry in vain for bread. When a man dies of disease, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face and conceal the horrors of his visage, as he delivers his stern mandate.

In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences that govern

its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and, it may be, dies blaspheming!

Who will hesitate to give his mite to avert such awful results? Surely not you, citizens of New Orleans, ever famed for your deeds of benevolence and charity. Freely have your hearts and your purses opened, heretofore, to the call of suffering humanity. Nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and struggling Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk; more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer him. Let us, then, load ships with this glorious munition, and, in the name of our common humanity, wage war against this despot Famine. Let us, in God's name, "cast our bread upon the waters," and if we are selfish enough to desire it, we may recollect the promise, that it shall be returned to us after many days.

If benevolence be not a sufficient incentive to action, we should be generous from common decency; for out of this famine we are adding millions to our fortunes. Every article of food, of which we have a superabundance, has been doubled in value, by the very distress we are now called upon to alleviate.

We cannot do less, in common honesty, than to divide among the starving poor of Ireland a portion of the gains we are making out of their misfortunes. Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect that, in so doing, you are exercising one of the most god-like qualities of your nature, and, at the same time, enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that He has permitted us to exercise, equally with Himself, that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and I know you will give according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

> Is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven,
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

[1820—1897]

ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON did not claim to be a poet. Her standard of what a true poet should measure up to was so high that she repudiated, almost indignantly, that claim as made in her behalf by the lovers and admirers of her writings. She called herself "a singer with a slender trill," and declared that there were those for whom the lark and nightingale soared with a song too distant, who yet listened with pleasure to her "quiet cooings in the leafy dark"; for them, she said, she sang; but let no one think she aspired to be called lark or nightingale.

Nevertheless, the claim was made for her during her lifetime, and steadily persists, now that her voice has been hushed by the Great Silence, that she was a true poet, and one of no mean rank. There is, indeed, much of her verse which fits her own modest description of her writings; and, were she judged by this "quiet cooing," the name "poet" might be found too large for her; but she could leave these level fields, when she so willed, and rise to heights of imagination, passion, and poetic feeling; nor did she lack the words that "breathe and burn" in which to give utterance to her inspiration.

Her friends sometimes complained that she wasted the sacred fire; they would have had her save herself for rarer and loftier efforts, rather than put forth the melodious and continued stream of verse which delighted her readers. But Mrs. Preston deliberately made her choice; she put aside the ambition which in her youth had filled her heart; she was not writing for "posterity"; she used laughingly to declare that she cared nothing for posterity; but the impulse was strong within her to speak some word of comfort, cheer, or hope to her own generation.

She was, first of all, after her marriage, a wife, and undoubtedly her husband's approval and appreciation gave the primary impetus to her work; there was also a deep and serious sense of responsibility for the talent committed to her; she was absolutely without vanity or conceit concerning her poetic gift; no poet ever had less of the Wordsworthian self-appreciation than Mrs. Preston; but she recognized the fact that a gift of song had been entrusted to her by her Creator, and all her days were filled with the deep and earnest pur-

pose to consecrate it to His glory and to the uplift and comfort of her fellow men.

Did she accomplish this high endeavor? Whatever place it may be hers to keep in Fame's memorial hall, without doubt she reached and influenced a large circle of readers in her own day; this is proved by the praise and affection lavished upon her during her lifetime, not only by those who came into the circle of her acquaintance, but by hundreds of readers who never saw her face, and who reached her only through the mail, or by public tributes.

We may say, then, of this poet, that even if her verse passes out of sight like the bright leaves of autumn that fall into some swift stream, she did not live and work in vain; she accomplished her life purpose.

But it has been found since her death that there is a quality in her poetry which the present-day reader would not willingly let die; and our volume seeks to set forth and illustrate this by giving selections of her varying styles.

Our poet's life was happily an uneventful one, not furnishing any dramatic incidents to narrate. Except for the tragedy of war, which thrust itself into her peaceful existence from 1861 to 1865, Mrs. Preston's was the common lot of her kind; she was born, she developed into maturity; she loved and married; she bore children; she descended life's slope into the infirmities of old age; she died, after overpassing by several years "the birthday of the limitation," three-score years and ten.

But if there are those among the latter-day readers of Mrs. Preston's poetry who press for a more intimate acquaintance, and who wish to know, not only what she has revealed of her deepest self in her writings, but also how she appeared to those about her, how she went in and out among us, along the level stretches of life, when she was not climbing poetic heights—such inquirers may be interested in the brief and simple annals of her life.

Margaret Junkin was born on the nineteenth of May, 1820, in Milton, Pennsylvania, where her father, the Rev. George Junkin, was serving the village Presbyterian church. She was the eldest of a family of eight sons and daughters, born to Dr. Junkin and his wife during his career as preacher and teacher in Milton, Germantown, Miami (Ohio), and Easton; and Margaret's position as the eldest child, where the family circle was large and the income small, brought many limitations, self-denials, and even hardships into her early life.

For, although Mrs. Junkin, who was Julia Rush Miller of Philadelphia, had brought her husband what was then counted a comfortable fortune, she seemed to sympathize fully with Dr. Junkin's

desire to spend that fortune on others, which he did, educating enough young men for the ministry to have formed a whole synod, while he brought up his family in the plainest and most economical way possible.

What a splendid education this must have been to the children of that manse, this intense and absorbing purpose to live for others, which was the atmosphere of their home! What were Greek and Latin and French and history compared to this school of life, in which the father and no less the high-souled, unselfish mother were the lesson-books?

And yet Margaret's education did not suffer; from the time that she stood at her father's knee, a tiny six-year-old tot, learning the Greek alphabet, until her twenty-first year, when a temporary, partial blindness "slammed the door of knowledge in her face," the father's relentless ambition was matched by her own, to make her a great scholar.

A great scholar she never became, for at twenty-one years of age her eyes failed, and she spent most of the next seven years in a darkened room. But the intense application of those earlier years was followed by a lifetime of thirst for knowledge, particularly knowledge of what we call in a wide sense "literature"; and few women of her time came into a richer mental culture, or gathered a more profitable store of knowledge from classic as well as from modern fields.

Her marriage with Colonel J. T. L. Preston did much to foster this liberal education. Colonel Preston spent his life as professor of Latin and belles-lettres at the Virginia Military Institute, and was a man of wide culture, a writer, a lecturer, and a fine critic. In many respects he became her teacher and guide, walking certain paths of literature with a firmer tread than her own; and, as has been said, his never-failing interest and delight in her poetry were throughout life her strongest incentives.

No record is found of how early her verses began to appear in newspapers and magazines, though there is evidence that it was in her earliest 'teens. But it was not until a year before her marriage that she published anything in book form. This first volume was 'Silverwood, a Book of Memories.' It was a story of life in old Virginia, and was written in a pleasant, fluent style, but had no dramatic force. Mrs. Preston had no gift as a story-writer; the tools of her craft were not fitted for such architecture, and she was always ready to acknowledge that 'Silverwood' had no special merit as a novel.

During the ever darkening days of the winter of 1864-'65, Mrs. Preston wrote 'Beechenbrook—A Rhyme of the War,' and sent it

to her husband, who was then in Richmond, with the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. It was written in pencil, on the rough paper made in the Confederacy, and throbs with the pain and patriotism which then filled every Southern woman's heart.

Colonel Preston received the manuscript with delightful praise, and read it to the bronzed and bearded officers around him, every one of whom paid it the tribute of tears—rare tribute from those stalwarts! It was immediately published in Richmond, on dark paper, in dim type, costing $2,600 for the two thousand copies. Alas! all but twenty or thirty copies perished in the flames that lit the evacuation of Richmond! The poem was republished by Kelly and Piet, Baltimore, in 1866, and ran through many editions; but it is now out of print.

Four years later, Lippincott, of Philadelphia, published Mrs. Preston's first collection of poems, 'Old Songs and New'; this, too, is out of print.

In 1875, Roberts Brothers, of Boston, brought out 'Cartoons,' which, one of her best critics says, contains her ripest thought and imagery. This, and 'For Love's Sake,' from the press of A. D. F. Randolph, and 'Colonial Ballads,' published in 1887, by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, are still in the book market; as are also a volume of travel-experience called 'Monographs,' a little dialect story; "Aunt Dorothy," and a tiny volume of child hymns, 'Chimes for Church Children.' Her family hope soon to gather the best from these volumes into one final and complete collection.

No study of Mrs. Preston would be complete without having as a background the setting of her Lexington home. She loved her village home, beautified it, kept it exquisitely clean and sweet, and flung wide its doors to the streams of guests that constantly passed through them.

The Christian faith that had been her strength and hope for a long lifetime was her anchor at its end; in the last letter sent out from her sick-chamber she says: "Pray for me, that if this is to be my last illness I may go to that home from whence there is no more going out." And on March 29, 1897, after days of unconsciousness, she awoke to find herself—at Home!

Professor James A. Harrison thus sums up his "Appreciation" of his friend and fellow-craftsman in literature:

"Mrs. Preston was a true poet, whose spontaneous gift of poesy grew out of an ardent imaginative and devotional nature, cultivated to the highest degree by reading and study. Her masters in the art were first religion and enthusiasm for the beautiful; then Longfellow, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. From all these sources the stream of poesy that naturally ran through her

nature was enriched and spiritualized. To a natural gift for rhythm and cadence beyond the usual, she added an exquisite ear for spiritual music, ever on the alert for the impalpable melodies that haunt the slopes of Parnassus, and float ethereally about its laureled clefts. Her glowing Celtic nature was all Southern in its passion and love of harmony; and though all American poets must stand behind the sovereign Poe in his supreme distinction, Mrs. Preston takes her place beside Lanier and Hayne and Timrod in fertility, wealth of fancy, culture, and rhythmical melodiousness of expression and feeling."

Elizabeth Preston Allan

ONLY A PRIVATE

From 'Beechenbrook; A Rhyme of the War.'

"Only a private;—and who will care
When I may pass away,—
Or how, or why I perish, or where
I mix with the common clay?
They will fill my empty place again
With another as bold and brave;
And they'll blot me out ere the Autumn rain
Has freshened my nameless grave.

"Only a private;—it matters not
That I did my duty well,
That all through a score of battles I fought,
And then, like a soldier, fell:
The country I died for—never will heed
My unrequited claim;
And history cannot record the deed,
For she never has heard my name.

"Only a private;—and yet I know,
When I heard the rallying call,
I was one of the very first to go,
And . . . . I'm one of the many who fall:

But, as here I lie, it is sweet to feel,
That my honor's without a stain—
That I only fought for my Country's weal,
And not for glory or gain.

"Only a private;—yet He who reads
Through the guises of the heart,
Looks not at the splendor of the deeds,
But the way we do our part;
And when He shall take us by the hand,
And our small service own,
There'll a glorious band of privates stand
As victors around the throne!"

The breath of the morning is heavy and chill,
And gloomily lower the mists on the hill;
The winds through the beeches are shivering low,
With a plaintive and sad *miserere* of woe:
A quiet is over the Cottage—a dread
Clouds the children's sweet faces—Macpherson is dead!

A BIT OF AUTUMN COLOR

From 'Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse.' Copyright, 1887, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

Centred upon a sloping crest, I gazed
As one enchanted. The horizon's ring
Of billowy mountains, flushed with sunsetting.
Islanded me about, and held me mazed,
With beauty saturate. Never color blazed
On any mortal palette that could fling
Such golden glamour over everything
As flashed from autumn's prism, till all was hazed
With opal, amber, sapphire, amethyst,
That shimmered, mingled, dusked to steely blue.
Raptured I mused: Salvator never drew
Its faintest semblance; Turner's pencil missed
Such culmination: yet we count them true
Masters. Behold what God's one touch can do!

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST

From 'Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse.'

'T'was a Saturday night, mid-winter,
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow."
The mother half-musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction—
"For Heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
As they garlanded long ago—
Or ever Sir George went sailing
Away o'er the wild sea-foam—
In my beautiful English Sussex,
The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
Set quickly all eyes astrain:
"*See! See!*"—and the boy's hand pointed—
"*There's a face at the window pane!*"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am chief of the Roanoke."

Straight in through the frightened children
Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearth-stone,
From his shoulder, a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deer-skins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been in his cradle,
Stepped softly a four-year child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see;
And then, with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said, to the children pointing,
"I want him to be like *them!*

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam:
I bring him, a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper;
To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water;
To break with the plough the sod;
To be kind to papoose and woman;
To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" And the lady
Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
And drink of my Christmas beer.

My darlings, this night, remember
All strangers are kith and kin—
This night when the dear Lord's Mother
Could find no room at the inn!"

* * * * * *

Next morn from the colony belfry
Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
And merrily forth the people
Flocked, keeping the Christmas time;
And the lady, with bright-eyed children
Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the chief in his skins and wampum,
Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
Broke fiercely a sullen cry;
"Out! Out! with the crafty red-skin!
Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
And swords from their sheaths flashed bare,
And men from their seats defiant
Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman
The thrust of the steel before;
And spake with a queenly gesture,
Her hand on the chief's brown breast:
"Ye dare not impeach my honor!
Ye dare not insult my guest!"

They dropped, at her word, their weapons,
Half-shamed as the lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
Had shown on a Christmas-Day!

AT LAST

From 'Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse.' Written by request for the Ovation held in honor of Edgar Allan Poe, in the New York Academy of Music.

If he were here to-night—the strange rare poet,
Whose sphinx-like face no jestings could beguile—
To meet the award at last, and feel and know it
Securely his—how grand would be his smile!

How would the waves of wordless grief, that over
His haughty soul had swept through surging years,
Sink to a mystic calm, till he would cover
His proud pale face to hide the happy tears!

Who knows the secret of that strange existence—
That world within a world—how far, how near;
Like thought for closeness, like a star for distance—
Who knows?— The conscious essence may be here.

If from its viewless bounds the soul has power
To free itself for some ethereal flight,
How strange to think the compensating hour
For all the tragic past, may be to-night!

To feel that, where the galling scoffs and curses
Of Fate fell heaviest on his blasted track,
There, Fame herself the spite of Fate reverses—
Might almost win the restless spirit back.

Though the stern Tuscan, exiled, desolated,
Lies mid Ravenna's marshes far away,
At Santa Croce, still his stone is fêted,
And Florence piles her violets there to-day!

Though broken-hearted the sad singer perished,
With woe outworn, amid the convent's gloom,
Yet how pathetic are the memories cherished,
When Rome keeps Tasso's birthday at his tomb!

So, though our poet sank beneath life's burden,
Benumbed and reckless through the crush of fate;
And though, as comes so oft, the yearned-for guerdon,
No longer yearned for, since it comes too late:

He is avenged to-night! No blur is shrouding
The flame his genius feeds: the wise, and brave,
And good, and young, and beautiful are crowding
Around, to scatter heart's-ease o'er his grave!

And his Virginia, like a tender mother
Who breathes above her errant boy no blame,
Stoops now to kiss his pallid lips, and smother
In pride her sorrow, as she names his name.

—Could he have only seen in vatic vision
The gorgeous pageant present to our eyes,
His soul had known one glimpse of joy elysian!
—Can we call no man happy till he dies?

GONE FORWARD*

From 'Cartoons,' 1875. Copyright, Little, Brown and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

I

Yes, "Let the tent be struck:" Victorious morning
Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:
The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
"The General has gone forward"?

II

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless,—till at last,
Death gave the final, "*Forward.*"

*The poem is founded on one of the last sentences spoken by General Lee.

III

All hearts grew sudden palsied: Yet what said he
Thus summoned?—"*Let the tent be struck!*"—For when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake—and then,
To watch, wait, or go forward?

IV

We will not weep—we dare not! Such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years,
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory,
That manhood's type, supremest that appears
To-day, *he* shows the ages. Nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward!

V

Gone forward?—Whither?—Where the marshall'd legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease;—
Where Faith's true Red-Cross knights repose in regions
Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace—
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
The General has gone forward!

THE SHADE OF THE TREES*

From 'Cartoons.'

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees?
"*Let us pass over the river and rest*
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

*The poem is founded on the last words of "Stonewall" Jackson.

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
  Oft-time has come to him, borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
  Under the shade of the trees?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
  Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
  Under the shade of the trees;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight—
  Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas—
Watched earth's assoiled ones walking in white
  Under the shade of the trees.

O, was it strange he should pine for release,
  Touched to the soul with such transports as these—
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
  Under the shade of the trees?

Yea, it was noblest for *him*—it was best,
  (Questioning naught of our Father's decrees),
There to pass over the river and rest
  Under the shade of the trees!*

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE

From 'Cartoons.'

"Garçon! You—*you*
    Snared along with this cursèd crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
    Do you hear? Do you know?
Why the gendarmes put you there, in the row,
You, with those Commune wretches tall,
    With your face to the wall?"

*Mrs. Preston wrote a poem entitled "Jackson's Grave," and it is needless to say that probably no other event of the war inspired so many poets as the death of this great soldier.

"*Know?* To be sure I know! why not?
We're here to be shot;
And there, by the pillar, 's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell:
Ah, well!
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall!"

("Sacré! Fair, open fight, I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:
I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,
. . . Yet his cheek's not pale:)
Quick! say your say, for don't you see,
When the Church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You're all to be shot?
. . . *What?*
'Excuse you one moment'? O, ho, ho!
Do you think to fool a gendarme so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day
(My father's friend), just over the way,
Lent me; and if you'll let me free,
—It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*—
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
(Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly see how I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.")

"In time! Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now, I am ready:—Fire!
One word!—that's all!
—You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"
"Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out! (who said that his name was *Ney?*)
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!"

THROUGH THE PASS

Matthew F. Maury's Last Wish. From 'Cartoons.'

I

"Home—bear me home, at last," he said,
"And lay me where my dead are lying,
But not while skies are overspread,
And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

II

"Wait till the royal march of Spring
Carpets your mountain fastness over—
Till chattering birds are on the wing,
And buzzing bees are in the clover.

III

"Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichen'd rocks, and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady places.

IV

"Then, when the sky, the air, the grass,
Sweet Nature all, is glad and tender,
Then bear me through 'The Goshen Pass'
Amid its flush of May-day splendor."

V

—So *will* we bear him! Human heart
To the warm Earth's drew never nearer,
And never stooped she to impart
Lessons to one who held them dearer.

VI

Stars lit new pages for him: seas
  Revealed the depths their waves were screening,
The ebbs gave up their masteries,
  The tidal flows confessed their meaning.

VII

Of ocean-paths, the tangled clew
  He taught the nations to unravel;
And mapped the track where safely through
  The lightning-footed thought might travel.

VIII

And yet, unflattered by the store
  Of these supremer revelations,
Who bowed more reverently before
  The lowliest of earth's fair creations?

IX

What sage of all the sages past
  Ambered in Plutarch's limpid story,
Upon the age he served, has cast
  A radiance touched with worthier glory?

X

His noble living for the ends
  God set him—(duty underlying
Each thought, word, action)—naught transcends
  In lustre, save his nobler dying.

XI

—Do homage, sky, and air, and grass,
  All things he cherished, sweet and tender,
As through our gorgeous mountain-pass
  We bear him in the May-day splendor!

A LESSON FROM THE STREET

From 'Chimes for Church-Children.' Copyright, Presbyterian Board of Publication, and used here by permission of the publishers.

I pressed along the crowded street
  One winter day,
Scarce conscious of the hurrying feet
  That thronged the way,
When through the jarring, jangling noise,
  And rush and glare,
Fell silvery soft a child's sweet voice:
  "Why need I care?"

I turned to see whence came the words:
  There met my eyes
A glance as clear as any bird's
  That skims the skies.
"Ah, ruby lips," I questioned, "may
  A stranger dare
Ask wherefore to yourself you say,
  'Why need I care'?"

A little hand in mine she slid
  With trustful gaze,
Threading as slowly as I did
  The peopled ways:
"See! in the street my roses lie
  All scattered there;
No wonder you should ask me why
  I need not care.

"A jostling street-boy rudely shook
  Them far and wide;
And when with angry word and look
  I turned to chide,
I thought, 'Why, we have flowers and flowers
  At home as rare,'
For father says all his are ours;
  So, *need* I care?"

"Ah, child," I mused as I caressed
Her hand in mine,
"To one through wrack and loss oppressed,
Without design
You teach a lesson: from my grasp
Hard fortunes tear
Life's roses held with careless clasp,
But need I care?

"The rush of circumstance sweeps by,
And wrenches so
My treasures from my hand, and I
Will let them go,
Remembering that a home above
Awaits me, where
I'll find a Father's boundless love;
So, need *I care?*"

TO THE UTTERMOST

(A Sonnet)

From 'Cartoons.'

Of his high attributes, beyond the most,
I thank my God for that Omniscient Eye
Beneath whose blaze no secret thing can lie,
In His infinitude of being, lost.
I bless my God, I am not wrecked and tossed
Upon a sea of doubt, with power to fly
And hide, somewhither in immensity,
One single sin, out of His reckoning crossed.
For even there—self-conscious of its thrall,
Might spring the terror;—"If He knew the whole,
And tracked this skulking guilt out to its goal,
He could not pardon!"—But, or great, or small,
He knows the inmost foldings of my soul,
And, knowing utterly, forgives me all!

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND

(J. R. T.)

I read the marble-lettered name,
And half in bitterness I said:
"As Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile—dead."
And yet, had it been asked of him
Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen. Dim
The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when a boy,
On blissful summer afternoons,
He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

Who dreams that in his wanderings wide,
By stern misfortune tossed and driven,
His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country? Let betide
What might, what would, his boast his pride,
Was in his stricken mother-land,
That could but bless and bid him go,
Because no crust was in her hand
To stay her children's need. We know
The mystic cable sank too deep
For surface storm or stress to strain,
Or from his answering heart to keep
The spark from flashing back again!
Think of the thousand mellow rhymes
The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith, in far gone, happier times,
He garlanded this South of ours.
Provençal-like, he wandered long,
And sang at many a stranger's board
Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.

We owe the poet praise and tears,
  Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years—
  What have we given him? Just a grave!

THERE'LL COME A DAY

There'll come a day when the supremest splendor
  Of earth, or sky, or sea,
Whate'er their miracles, sublime or tender,
  Will wake no joy in me.

There'll come a day when all the aspiration,
  Now with such fervor fraught
As lifts to heights of breathless exaltation,
  Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches, honor, glory,
  Music and song and art,
Will look like puppets in a worn-out story,
  Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human love, the sweetest
  Gift that includes the whole
Of God's grand giving—sovereignest, completest—
  Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day—I shall not care how passes
  The cloud across my sight,
If only lark-like, from earth's nested grasses,
  I spring to meet its light.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON

[1794—1860]

FRANCIS PRESTON VENABLE

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON was born in Philadelphia, December 27, 1794. His father was at that time a member of Congress from Virginia. His paternal grandfather was Lieutenant-commandant of Augusta County, Virginia, during the Revolution, and of the militia of western Virginia from the Blue Ridge to the Ohio. His mother was Sarah Buchanan Campbell, daughter of General William Campbell, of King's Mountain fame, and a niece of Patrick Henry. His father, General Francis Preston, was in command of a regiment of Virginia troops during the War of 1812, and after that war was for several years in command of the Virginia militia. General Preston was regarded as one of the ablest speakers of the Virginia delegation and was one of its leaders during his two terms in Congress. His ability and attractive qualities won for him the lasting friendship of such men as Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and others. He possessed large estates in Botetourt and Washington counties, Virginia, his wife also inheriting large properties.

The Prestons were all large men, over six feet in height, of fine presence, great courtesy, and pleasing address. They had many connections and friends, so that young William grew up in the midst of refined surroundings, tenderly reared by his gracious and beautiful mother. His early education was at the hands of tutors who lived with the family. His first teacher was an Irishman named Byrnes, who for forty-four years taught successive generations of the children of the family the rudiments of reading and ciphering. He was followed by a strange genius, of whose past little was known except that he had been educated for the ministry, but had become an actor, and later a soldier in the army of General Wayne.

The association with this teacher was close and intimate and must have had great influence in molding the tastes and developing the mind of young Preston, of whose training he took entire charge. They rode, walked, and sat together, and slept in the same room. They read together most of the Latin classics and many of the English, his father having a fine library. And so, at fourteen years of age, he was prepared to enter college. He first entered Washington College, but remained there only a few months, as, on account of some slight hemorrhage, his parents decided to send him for a while

to the far South. Mounted on horseback, and with a negro servant to wait on and care for him, this mere boy began his long and lonely ride. In passing through Columbia, South Carolina, he met several young men who had come up from Charleston to enter South Carolina College, and was persuaded to end his journey and enter college with them. This he did, entering as a sophomore in December, 1809, a few days under fifteen years of age. He was graduated with distinction in 1812. While in college he won much reputation as a speaker, the college life and training of the day offering little other opportunity for attaining distinction. His graduating speech on "The Life and Character of Jefferson" made a fine impression and promised much for the future.

After leaving college, he visited Richmond, making the acquaintance of some of the leading public men of the day. Going then to Washington, he became for a time an inmate of the home of President Madison. Becoming wearied of the social life of the capital, he withdrew after the winter to his home in Virginia, entering the law office of William Wirt in Richmond the following winter. The time seems to have been spent to little profit. The young set with which Preston was thrown was fast and not much to his liking, and his mere presence in a famous and busy lawyer's office did not mean much systematic study.

According to the educational system of the day for those who could afford it, the next step was travel, and for Preston this meant first a trip which would give him a better knowledge of his own country, and then travel in Europe. The mode of travel in those days afforded an excellent opportunity for becoming well acquainted with the country. Provided with a couple of horses and a servant, he rode some four thousand miles through Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. As he writes of it himself: "The ride was solitary, through forests and prairies. It gave occasion for much musing and reveries—not unimportant circumstances in the education of a youth—while the body was hardened by the exercise and exposure, and the mind habituated to self-dependence." This was the West of that time (1816), thinly settled and with much of the social characteristics of pioneer days. St. Louis he found overflowing with the emigrants then flocking toward the ever-receding frontier.

As a guest of Governor Clark at St. Louis, he had ample opportunity not only to study the local conditions, but to observe the Indians who came to consult with the Governor, whose jurisdiction covered many tribes and extended to the Rocky Mountains. The Indians were encamped about the town in every direction, but were well-behaved, as they held the "White Chief" in great awe. During

Preston's stay a council of pacification was held, which impressed the traveler so greatly that his account of it written some forty years afterward was full to the minutest details. After a stay of several weeks in St. Louis, he began his return journey, passing through Vincennes, Cincinnati, and Chillicothe, and reached home after an absence of five months.

When the spring of 1817 came, letters of introduction were secured from Jefferson, Monroe, and others, and after a short stay in New York young Preston sailed for England. In Liverpool he made the acquaintance of Washington Irving, who had met with serious financial reverses and now found it necessary to turn to literature for a profession and means of support. With Irving he journed through Wales and Scotland and they formed a strong and lasting friendship. Irving gave him a note of introduction to Thomas Campbell, whom he visited in London, and with whom he had a most pleasant intercourse. Through Campbell, he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott—an acquaintance which he regarded as constituting an era in his life.

In France he spent much time in a close study of Talma, the most noted actor then upon the French stage. This was a part of his preparation in voice and action for his purposed career as a lawyer. His study of the languages, countries, and peoples, in France, Switzerland, and Italy, was also a part of this training. After a number of months spent upon the Continent, he returned to Edinburgh and attended in the University there courses of lectures upon law. In 1819 he came back to the United States, and was admitted to the Bar in Virginia in 1820. But as both he and his wife, formerly Miss Maria Coalter, preferred living in Columbia, South Carolina, where they had first met, he moved there in 1822 for the practice of his profession. In the fall of that year he was appointed a trustee of the college from which he had been graduated only ten years before, and for many years he served as president of this board. He formed a partnership with David J. McCord, and was at once introduced into a large practice, in which he bore himself with great distinction. He was employed in several cases of contested elections before the State Legislature. He made an able plea, which won many encomiums, in the case of Asa Deloisier, and in the case of Geddes and Crafts before the Senate, he bore himself with spirit and ability. In 1828 he defended Judge James in his impeachment trial before the Senate with touching appeal and rare eloquence. One of the judges of the Court of Appeals declared his plea to be "unrivaled in argument and eloquence." As a criminal lawyer his pleadings and defences were spoken of as unsurpassed for tact and eloquence.

In 1828 he was elected to the State Legislature, and in the summer of that year, as one of the political leaders of the State, he induced John C. Calhoun to prepare for the meeting of the Legislature in the autumn the paper known as the South Carolina Exposition of 1828. This, a part of the great Nullification struggle, in which Preston was prominent, did much to shape the policy of the State.

In the following year he lost his wife. His second wife, Miss Penelope Davis of Columbia, he married in 1832, three years later.

He was returned to the Legislature in 1830 and again in 1832. Sagacious in counsel, popular and eloquent as a speaker, he took the highest rank in this body. He was ready in debate, acute, quick, adaptable, with a wonderful command of language, wielding a great power and attracting a large measure of admiration.

In 1836 he was elected to the Senate of the United States. There, too, his talents were recognized and he established an enviable reputation as an orator and statesman. John C. Calhoun was his fellow-Senator from South Carolina. The cordial relations at first existing between the two became strained because of Senator Preston's opposition to the policies of the Van Buren Administration. Furthermore, this opposition was not approved by the majority of his constituents; but their efforts at controlling his action failed. When the end of his term was reached, in 1842, he felt that the best and most honorable course would be for him to withdraw. Resigning any further political aspirations, he returned to his law practice. On November 28, 1845, he was elected* president of South Carolina College.

Mr. Preston's health was not strong, but he entered upon the discharge of his duties with zeal. In addition to administrative duties, he gave instruction in literature. One of his colleagues writes: "As with glowing enthusiasm and in clear, perspicuous, and picturesque language he called the attention of the students to the mighty men who by their works have ennobled literature, there were few, if any, whose admiration was not enkindled, and whose souls did not catch a portion of his inspiration." As to his administration, the same writer says: "His administration will be regarded as one of the most brilliant in the history of the college. He has added new luster to the bright roll of its presidents, and enjoying a National reputation before his elevation, none have contributed more to spread the fame of the institution. . . . Rarely has there been in the college as elevated a tone as existed at this period."

In 1846 Harvard conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

*See his "Inaugural Address."

Repeated attacks of sickness interfered with and interrupted Mr. Preston's administration. The labors connected with the office were arduous, the anxieties incessant, and the responsibility too great for one in feeble health; so that he felt it unwise for him to carry the burden longer, and in the fall of 1851 resigned the presidency.

So far as health and strength permitted, he resumed the practice of his profession. Beyond serving as trustee of the college for several years (from 1851 to 1857), he could take but little part in public affairs. His memory remained clear and strong to the end, and he began to write an autobiography, giving a graphic account of the stirring times in which he had lived and the scenes through which he had passed. Unfortunately, his strength did not hold out to the completion of this task. The unfinished manuscript is held by the friends for whose interest the account was begun. He died May 22, 1860.

He was a man of brilliant gifts and showed marked ability in whatever capacity he was called upon for service. A finished speaker, his addresses were marked by more than mere grace of oratory or rhetorical charm. There was a nice perception of the strong points of the question, subtle distinction, fertility of invention and illustration, and a mind enriched by an intimate knowledge of the world's best literature.

His conversational powers, charm of anecdote, variety, grace, vivacity, elegance, and felicity of expression were famed, and gave rise to the expression *Prestonian* throughout South Carolina. As a writer he was clear and interesting, though somewhat given to the stately phrasing and the classic allusions of the old school.

Francis P. Venable

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THE COUNCIL OF PACIFICATION AT ST. LOUIS

From 'Autobiography.'

Opposite St. Louis I crossed the river, standing on the platform erected across two huge canoes of black walnut, which were impelled by paddles like those on a steamboat and were worked by hand. Steam was not then (1816) on the Mississippi. St. Louis was literally overflowing with emigrants, a portion of the flood that rolled to the west in 1816. The small tavern was stuffed so full that the nominal guests slept in the piazzas and in hay lofts. Many went out of an evening to camp in the neighboring prairie. Meeting a gentleman in the door of the tavern, he was kind enough to say to me "I can give you a corner in the room of my printing press, until you can look about for better accommodation." From this hospitable though not comfortable re-

treat, I was next day extricated by Governor Clark (Lewis and Clark) an old friend of my family. The kind gentleman who had given me a roof to sleep under was Mr. Charless, the publisher of a newspaper.

In the elegant quarters of Governor Clark I was domesticated during my sojourn and found myself most delightfully situated. Besides all the appliances of comfort and elegance I enjoyed the society of that most benevolent and intelligent gentleman, a man of primitive and heroic character, made up of firmness and tenderness, perfectly familiar with everything belonging to the Western country, having been for years an Indian fighter, then associated in the expedition to the mouth of the Columbia, and now for some time governor of the territory of Missouri. His military and civil functions were well and wisely administered. His wide jurisdiction over the Indians, extending to the Rocky Mountains over a vast and numerous population, was efficiently and graciously exercised.

While I was of his household I associated daily with Indian chiefs and others who came on business and, besides, had the opportunity of being present at a grand Indian council held to establish a pacification and make a treaty with a vast congregation of Indian tribes—Mandoes, Miamis, Osage, Sacs, and Foxes, with fragmentary delegations from all quarters. They were encamped round about town in every direction—occasionally, though rarely, drunk in the streets—for they held Governor Clark, whom they called the Old White Chief, in great awe. The Governor was of remarkably fair complexion, with grey locks and light blue eyes—hence the epithet White Chief. On the day of the solemn diplomatic session, the Governor's huge council chamber was adorned with a profuse and almost gorgeous display of ornamented and painted buffalo robes, numerous strings of wampum, every variety of work of porcupine quills, skins, horns, claws and bird skins, numerous and large calumets, arms of all sorts, saddles, bridles, spears, powder horns, plumes, red blankets and flags. In the centre of the hall was a large, long table, at one end of which sat the Governor with a sword lying before him and a large pipe in his hand. He wore the military hat and regimentals of the army. Occasionally a chief came

in and had a little conversation through the interpreter, with the Governor and then retired with a slow and solemn step. By and by came in a somewhat miscellaneous troop, a sort of rabble, who formed around the table. The Governor lit a large pipe and taking a puff or two handed it to some of the older men. Pipes were lighted for the rest and they were invited to smoke. This was a short ceremony and they were dismissed with a few kind words and although mixed with warnings, seemed to be satisfactory. At length there was a loud, long roll of the drum and an agent marshalled in the delegation of the Sacs and Foxes. This consisted of eight chiefs at the head of which was a chief leading the son of the late king, a youth sixteen years old. His uncle was regent and guardian to the boy. He and the boy took their places at the end of the table, opposite the Governor, and the other chiefs seated themselves quietly on either side of the table according to no rule of precedence that I could perceive. As they came in the Governor uttered no word nor did he make any salutation. Regarding them with a fixed and stern countenance, he half unsheathed the sword and said, "Well, what have you to say?" There was a sort of gruff groan from each and the regent rising from his seat with his left hand on the shoulder of the prince, said, "I am not the king. He is dead. I have brought the boy here to our great father to show you our confidence. The boy is too young to speak in council. These braves and I will speak for him."

There was a general grunt of approbation and he sat down. There was a long pause, the interpreter whispered that they expected a pipe to be lit, but the Governor was imperturbable.

At length a chief past middle life, rolled up in a buffalo robe, with a long feather in his hair and his face very much painted, arose and said, "White Chief, we have come down to have a friendly talk with you. There is no more war in our hearts (a general grunt). We are poor and needy, cold and hungry. We want something to eat and ammunition to hunt game or we shall starve next winter. We will behave like dutiful children and never again molest our white brethren."

"Who are you, you rascal," exclaimed the Governor, interrupting him. "I think I know you." (a general groan).

"I am," said the speaker, "the first man who broke into the

settlement on the breaking out of the last war. I killed and scalped two women and a child. Here are the scalps," (taking them out of his pouch), "and then I came on down to Pond Fort where I burnt the store. Here is my warpath," said he, unfolding his robe, upon the interior of which was rudely painted in red a long road with bloody hands splotched along and at the end a picture of a conflagration. "I began the war," said he, "I fought through it and was the last to consent to peace, but I have consented and shall be the last to violate it. Small as I seem to you to be, I am a great warrior —a very great man—most as great as you are. I have taken a great many scalps, stolen a great many horses and bridles and saddles, but now we are beaten and I give up. I have come down to beg peace and flints and powder that I may hunt deer and buffalo. I have come down as softly as the dew falls at night, but if you refuse these presents, the next time I will come down like the Missouri in flood. Our horses have trod so gently that not a spark has been struck. If you refuse these presents, I will come down like a prairie on fire. I have ridden along barebacked on a little skew-bald pony with a hickory withe bridle, but the next time we will come like a herd of buffalo when they rush."

All this was delivered in an even tone of voice, pausing at each sentence for the interpreter and using much gesticulation. The chieftains from time to time had uttered their grunts of approbation. Several of the braves spoke in succession with much less animation, with simple professions of penitence for the past and deprecation of further resentment, but all urgently begging for presents of ammunition, food, and clothing. When they had finished they asked that a pipe might pass around.

The Governor said, "No, you shall not have a whiff. You are rogues, liars, and murderers (there was a general groan). Go home as you came. I have made a straight path for you and swept it clean," representing it on the table with the end of his sword. "Don't turn on either side to the right or to the left. If you do, my children shall whip you back. So, go!"

They returned with a sorrowful aspect. The Governor sent the interpreter to recall the vice-king and the boy prince.

They came in and the Governor handing them pipes, said to them, "You have done very wrong to bring that rascal with you on a peace visit. Take this rope to him and tell him that if I ever catch him in my country, I will hang him with such an one. Take these flints and this powder. Take your people home and when they get there I will have some things given to them. Instruct this youth to be well behaved and to keep friends with the white men and I will see that he is cared for."

The chief, who was closely enveloped up to the chin in a buffalo robe and wore no paint (being in mourning) or other ornaments except a peacock's feather in his hat, rose to deliver a farewell address to the Governor. I have rarely beheld a more graceful or elegant speaker. He acknowledged the misconduct of his tribe, but extenuated their conduct by setting forth the grievances and oppressions to which the white men had subjected it, and especially he complained that the whites had associated themselves with the rascally and cowardly Osages, "each one of which big Indians is such a coward that though he is as big as two men, one of my braves can whip three of them."

Growing excited in the progress of his speech, he threw the robe from his shoulders and it hung upon the leathern belt around his waist, leaving his whole bust naked except broad silver bands on each wrist and above each elbow making a fine contrast with his rich bronze skin. His gesture was free and graceful, dignified and deliberate, and when he spoke of the recent death of his brother and of the orphanage of the boy upon whose head he tenderly laid his hand, there was a pathos in the tone of his voice and his manner which one could have understood even without the very appropriate and pregnant words which the interpreter rendered at the end of each sentence. I remembered these speeches for many years and often repeated them to my friends.

In general, the gestures and personal carriage, especially the walk or running of the Indian is very ungraceful, but the whole bearing of this vice-king was beautiful and majestic.

There were several thousand Indians in and about St. Louis with great feasting and frolicking and such was the influence had by Governor Clark that there was no instance of violence, though a good deal of drunkenness.

THE MEETING WITH WASHINGTON IRVING

From 'Autobiography.'

When I got to the wharf to take the packet for Holyhead a piteous spectacle was presented. It was a jam of poor and sturdy peasants trying to get on board so as to go over to England to get work in the harvest. The owners of the packet had put the passage at half price and, at the instant that the bar was removed, enough to cover the whole deck rushed over. Many were not able to pay and when notice was given that such should not be landed at Holyhead many struggled back. As it was, the crowd aboard was prodigious and squalid. The pay passengers bought all the bread in the vessel for their use, and I was drained of my money so as to leave barely enough for me to get to Liverpool on the outside of the coach. When I got there I had but two and sixpence in my pocket. It rained heavily and incessantly the whole way and before we got to the city I was seized with a chill which shook me with great violence. The coachie perceiving it, proposed at one of his drinking places that I should have a glass of hot negus, which may have been a wrong prescription but it gave me presence of mind to tell him that when we got to the city I desired to be driven to the King's Arms and that I was an American. This was a lucky communication for me, for a fever coming on, I was somewhat delirious when we got to the King's Arms and lost all consciousness when I was carried into the house nor had I the slightest recollections for some days.

When my delirium passed off at length it was suddenly, and rising on my elbow in bed, I saw standing near me a rosy-cheeked, tidy looking girl. Looking at her a moment and endeavoring to recall my consciousness, I said, "Rosebud, who are you?"

She dropped a little curtsey and said in a startled voice, "I am not Rosebud, your honor. My name is Betty," and she left the room.

While I was trying to find out if I were not dreaming, the girl returned with a small gentleman in black who said to me in a kind tone, "The doctor said if the anodyne had its

expected effect, you would probably awake relieved, and I hope it is so."

"I do not know," said I. "I know nothing about it. Where am I?"

He said, "I am your countryman, Washington Irving," and gave me to understand that being ill and delirious at the King's Arms, they had sent for the United States Consul, who opening my trunk found my letters, one of which was an introduction to him from Mr. Jefferson. He took possession of me and my effects, employed a doctor and had me transferred to private lodgings where he with Mr. Irving and Mr. Brown, the banker, had been in attendance on me.

While we yet talked, Mr. Maury, the venerable old gentleman came in, having been sent for. He extended his arms over me and said, "Thank God, young man, I hear you are recovered, but I must continue to have jurisdiction over you until you grow strong. For the present you must lie still until the doctor gives permission."

A day or two brought the permission. The excellent old gentleman took me to his own home where I was under the care of his family and had daily visits from Mr. Irving and other countrymen. . . .

The tenderness and attention I received from Mr. Irving were consistent with his kind and generous nature. I found him a man of grave, indeed, melancholy aspect, of very staid manners, his kindness the offspring of principle and cultivated taste rather than emotion. There was an unfailing air of moderation about him, his dress was punctilious, his tone of talking soft and firm and, in general, over-subdued until a natural turn would occasionally run into humor and laughable delineation of character or events. During my convalescence, which was somewhat tedious, our acquaintance ripened into some degree of intimacy, and I freely disclosed to him my condition, my plans, and my purposes. He was eight years my senior, and had seen a good deal of society and had made for himself an honorable name. He was then eminently fit to exercise a large influence over me, especially in restraining the exuberance of my national and natural temper. Of that characteristic of our country he had a great dread and distaste. It was very foreign to his peculiar idiosyncrasy. He

called it whether, in conduct or conversation or in writing, "Americanizing," and in himself pushed his opposition to this tendency to the extent almost of affectation. He had a great deal of English reticence. With them it is as it was not with him—a surly and ill-mannered and unsympathizing manner. . . .

He was a good deal preoccupied, in the first instance, by the disastrous condition of his pecuniary circumstances. In regard to this I learned from him that he had set out from America with ample means to meet the expense of his European travel, which was projected for three years and as far as Italy and Greece. Upon getting to Liverpool, his brother and brother-in-law thought that the provision which he had made was hardly ample enough and to make it so, recommended that he should place his capital with them and become a partner in the then very prosperous firm, so that he would be entitled to draw for whatever he might desire. His name was therefore entered in the books as a partner and at the end of a few months the flourishing business was suddenly struck by a disastrous revolution which, amidst a general desolation, swept the Irvings into utter bankruptcy.

"I found myself," said Irving, "worth much less than nothing and it was a relief to me to hear that my mother had died just before the crash. It involved the destruction of some other arrangements that my heart had been set upon."

Another subject somewhat connected with this was how he should turn his literary efforts into some profitable direction. Hitherto, literature had been an amusement. He had written Salmagundi, Knickerbocker, and the sketch of the life of Thomas Campbell prefixed to an American collection of his works. The sketch of Campbell had brought him in communication with the poet and led to a pleasant correspondence in the course of which Campbell had intimated an opinion of Irving's success before the British public, if he would attempt some suitable work. Irving decided that literature was to be his profession and means of support. He had taken lessons in drawing and had a decided turn for the art. He sketched very well even in the estimation of Washington Allston, Leslie, and Stewart Newton, and it was perhaps some feeling of this kind that suggested to him the notion

of his Sketch Book. He turned it in his mind, spoke a good deal to me about it, and occasionally asked me when he gave an account of anything that touched him, how that would do in print. We went to the Atheneum together and on our return he jotted down what he saw or what had struck him.

He advised me not to go up to London to deliver my letters of introduction to the notables there until my European tour was in some measure finished and proposed that he, his brother Peter, and I should make a pedestrian excursion to Wales.

We made frequent visits to Halcon Castle at the village of Runcorn on the Mersey, some miles above Liverpool. It was the ruin of a grand old castle frowning over a large extent of green pasture through which the Duke of Bridgewater's canal could be seen for miles like a silver thread. Round the base of the rock clustered the little village of Runcorn. At a short distance was seen the residence of Sir James Brooke, I think his name was. Amidst the broken wall and on the rocks was constructed a nice little English Inn kept with most exquisite neatness. Adjoining was the parish church and close by, was an old library, founded some centuries ago by some member of the Cholmondely family. The librarian was the parish priest. The books were antiquated and not often disturbed. They were mostly in Latin in a small quarto shape, strongly bound; some of them had a small chain so that one had to stand or sit on a high stool to consult them. (I think in some of his works Irving has drawn a picture of the library.)

There was a bowling green in the front court of the castle and in a corner, the residence of the keeper, who held the house and a rood or two of land by the tenure of holding the stirrup of Sir Charles' saddle when he rode up to church. The occupant at that time was a tall, soldierly, grey-haired man with his sword, stirrups, and spear over his mantelpiece. He had been an English trooper in America in the War of the Revolution. His recollection of the country or of the events of the war were very vague, but when he had drunk a stoup of ale he would vaunt somewhat how he had chased the rebels and he himself got caught.

The massive ruins of the old castle reposing amidst ivy

upon the summit of a perpendicular rock with the wide prospect of champaign country around was as picturesque as could be conceived.

Of a Sunday the peasantry assembled at church to drink ale and to play at bowls. We could see from the battlement when Sir Charles with his groom mounted to ride to church, the castle bell sounding its loud tones down to the stately mansion. The old soldier would take his station near the stone clock, watching the approach of the lord of the manor and taking the bridle in one hand, held the stirrup with the other, at which moment the bell tolled. The whole scene was entirely feudal. Sometimes of a Sunday evening when the game of bowls became interesting the parson would join in it, and occasionally, it must be admitted he took more ale than became his cloth. But that liquor rarely prompted to those indecent exposures produced by our more alcoholic drinks. On the contrary, it increased the gravity of his demeanor and the effect of the liquor was perceptible only in his wide bowling. On such occasions the humor of Peter Irving became exquisite.

He, an older brother of Washington, was an old bachelor and an excentric humorist, of a very grave aspect and full of fun. In the composition of Salmagundi he had the poetical department, under the sobriquet of Peter Cockloft and he, at the time I spoke of, continued to write poetry. When the fortunes of the family, by the success of Washington, grew better, he was finally settled in a nice suite of rooms in Paris on the Rue Tivoli within an easy walk of the Tuileries garden, where he spent the residue of his days, living, as I have heard, to a good old age.

VISIT TO MADISON

From 'Autobiography.'

From Richmond my father sent me over to Washington City where were assembled the members of the war congress, Clay, Chives, Calhoun, Lowndes, Bibb and the rest. I was thrown a great deal amongst these men. Being a kinsman of Mrs. Madison and my father having been a colleague and intimate friend of Mr. Madison, I was domesticated by them in the President's house and there met with whatever was curious or conspicuous in the city. I forbear to note my impression of men and things as I saw them in the Madison household and at his table. I, of course, saw and heard a great deal. Mr. Madison treated me with kindness beyond his usual wont and Mrs. Madison with cordiality and even affection. She called me her own boy. She had been present at my birth and had nursed me in my cradle. The most affectionate relations existed between us all her life. I had in after life an opportunity to show my good will in some business she had before Congress when I was a member, and for some sessions I occupied her house on President Square after she had retired to the country.

The most brilliant man of society whom I met with during that first visit to Washington was General Wilkinson, a man of very elegant conversation and of manners tending to display and ostentation.

Mr. Madison's manners were somewhat cold and stiff, taciturn in general society and preoccupied. After dinner, however, at which he took a liberal portion of wine, he became free and even facetious, telling with great archness many anecdotes, sometimes of a character not infrequent in the conversation of those days, but now, in the improvement of manners, happily excluded from good society.

While the bottle circulated freely at Mr. Madison's table, susceptible to its influence, he talked a good deal. He inquired of his brother-in-law, Mr. Cutts, always a guest, the news of the day, the proceedings of Congress, the *on dits,* and seemed especially interested to know what Chief Justice Marshall said and did. When Coles, Cutts, Payne, Wood and

myself left the table Mr. Madison generally took a long nap in his chair, for I frequently found him there upon my return from an evening party whither it was my practice to go with Miss Mayo, afterwards Mrs. General Scott, and Miss Sallie Coles, afterwards Mrs. Stevenson, young ladies, like myself, members of the household. On our return Mr. Madison would rouse himself and go up into his study for many hours, and besides would be at his desk by candle light in the morning. Mrs. Madison would frequently remonstrate against these consuming labors but he declared that the pressure of the war business allowed him no alternative.

As to Mrs. Madison, the lofty and noble courtesy of her social life was not less inborn and engrafted in her nature than the undeviating good temper and amenity of her private life, admirable and exquisite in both departments, a fit wife for a President, adorning the high circle over which it was her lot to preside and sweetening and soothing his private hours. It would be ungrateful for me to mention her name without an expression of the love and admiration I have for her memory.

Mr. Madison's toils and vexations even at that early period of my life struck me as being hardly repaid by the dignity of his high office. He was exceedingly harassed and manifestly defective in that vigor of character demanded by the very embarrassing circumstances in which he was placed. He wanted a talent for affairs, was deficient in tact and persistence of purpose. The opposition he was experiencing from the Federalists was a source of daily annoyance and vexation to him, exciting him to petulance and querulousness. When his secretary, Coles, or Mr. Cutts would repeat to him a violent speech of some northern man, or a short sarcasm of Randolph, he would say pettishly, "The damned rascal, I wonder how he would conduct the government. It is easy for them to make speeches." Amidst the perplexity of public affairs he did not see clearly and therefore did not step firmly nor did he seem to have any fixed purpose nor have a line of thought to which he could not rally. His judgment was not clear about the war or the mode of conducting it, nor had he about him friends whose pertinacity and firmness might supply his own deficiencies in these qualities.

SARA AGNES PRYOR

[1830—]

MARIE GORDON PRYOR RICE

SARA AGNES, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Blair Rice and Lucinda Leftwich, was born in Halifax County, Virginia, on the nineteenth of February, 1830.

One of a numerous family, she was early adopted by a childless aunt, a woman of strong mind and devoted piety, and of an independence of thought and a large tolerance far in advance of her time. Mrs. Hargrave possessed also a discriminating love of literature, unto which it was her joy to lead her adopted daughter, and, in after years, that daughter's children. She was noted, moreover, for a mingled tenderness and firmness, for unfailing tact and sympathy, and for an almost passionate devotion to the children of her care. These traits gave her a rare skill in the management of youth. None who came under her influence fail to "rise up and call her blessed."

By her, Sara Rice was reared with all the advantages that such a woman would bestow upon an only daughter. Her rich natural gifts were early recognized and carefully developed. The sensitive child, suffering cruelly from the injustice of a teacher, was withdrawn from school after an experience of a few weeks, and was thereafter educated at home, reading with her aunt history, essays, poetry, the best fiction of the time, and having masters in French, philosophy, and music.

In these masters she was fortunate, for her home was in Charlottesville, where the University of Virginia set high standards. She was taught, not colloquial French, but the literature of the language, reading critically its classic writers.

Nor was she less fortunate in her musical training. The early forties were much given to "ineffectual tinklings" of "airs with variations," but Mrs. Hargrave, perceiving her child's musical aptitude, employed as her instructor a pupil of Liszt, who had been brought over by the Honorable William C. Rives to teach his own daughter, Amélie. The old German was in a chronic state of fleeing his creditors, and often arrived in Charlottesville toward midnight, having his pupils aroused from sleep to take their lessons. His eccentricities were patiently endured because of his ability. Under his teaching Sara Rice was early able to give "a large rendering of noble music." Her books show that between the ages of

twelve and sixteen she was playing the most difficult compositions of Henri Herz, Thalberg, Rossini, Henselt, Meyerbeer, Von Weber, Chopin, Beethoven, and Léopold de Meyer.

She naïvely writes at fourteen years of age that the young Professor Schele de Vere, who had heard all the best musicians of Europe, "applauded me with the clapping of hands, and Aunt Mary told him that was not the custom in this country"—"Aunt Mary" evidently fearful lest a little vanity should creep into her child's carefully guarded unconsciousness.

It is to be doubted whether the neighborhood of a college is nowadays an educational asset to the college belles; but when the students of the University of Virginia began to discover the beauty and fascination of the demure little girl still in brief skirts, learning was regarded the vocation of a student, games only his avocation. Hence an aspirant for a fair lady's favor discoursed poetry rather than athletics, and the shyly proffered gift to the girl of his heart—shyly, because girls were more withdrawn and boys less cocksure in those days—was more often a stodgy volume of some "British Poet" than a box of bonbons.

It will be seen, therefore, that Mrs. Pryor's writing is the fruition of a culture not unlike that received by the wonderful women of the French salons. She was never stretched upon the Procrustean bed of "Modern Methods"; she never "analyzed" great literature—she was simply steeped in it; her critical faculty was not so developed as to frighten away her originality; and she was educated quite as much by her environment as by her books. She never "came out," for she was never "in." Always she was one of her aunt's thoughtful circle, who held taboo "the four d's—dress, domestics, diseases, and disasters," their conversation electing to dwell upon the things of character and mind; and she never wanted the companionship of ambitious boys and girls, light-hearted and romantic, but with serious purpose underlying the buoyant spirit of youth.

At the age of eighteen she was married to Roger Atkinson Pryor, not two years her senior. Although she became the mother of seven children, and although her cares and vicissitudes have far exceeded those of the common lot of woman, her marriage to a man of distinguished ability and of exquisite literary taste has been the dominating factor of her education. Sharing all his interests, at every step encouraging and aiding his career, she was lifted by him and through him to a higher intellectual plane, with wider horizons than would otherwise have been possible to her.

When her marriage took her from the home of her girlhood, she began—again like the famous women of France—to lay, in a series of letters, the foundation of her future authorship. Wishing to

annihilate the separation between her and her mother of adoption, she took Mrs. Hargrave into every detail of her life whenever they were away from each other. Thus her pen acquired the ease and grace which have since characterized it.

In the 'Reminiscences of Peace and War' Mrs. Pryor has told the story of a stirring period of her life; but its most heroic chapter has not yet been written—perhaps it cannot be. It would cover the years following the great cataclysm, when she and General Pryor began the world again in a city of strangers, of whom so many had been enemies. There, although kindness incredible often met them, each hour was a silent hand-to-hand fight against hostile circumstance; yet neither soul bated "a jot of heart or hope," nor swerved from the high resolve held by both—of giving their children the education and the place in the world which they esteemed those children's birthright.

Hardly were the skies becoming brighter when the supreme tragedy of their lives befell them in the accidental drowning, in 1871, of their eldest son, Theodorick Bland, who was graduated from Princeton in 1870 with the first honors of his class, and the highest average since Aaron Burr. He had also won a mathematical scholarship, entitling him to a year of study at Cambridge, England, whence he had just returned, having also gained prizes there. His brilliant mind and beautiful character were the pride and delight of his parents. A glimpse of his rare promise is given in Mrs. Pryor's 'Reminiscences.' His Memoir was written at the request of his class by a Princeton classmate; and Mr. Robert Speer includes a sympathetic sketch of him in 'Young Men Who Overcame.' What the blow meant to his parents, and what the world lost in the blighting of such noble promise can never be known.

Despite the stress and storm of these Brooklyn years, Mrs. Pryor at once became active in the charities of the city. As early as 1869 she became one of the founders of the Home for Friendless Women and Children. Unable to equal her associates in financial aid to the Home, she gave a concert which earned for it four hundred dollars. A slender volume, dated 1883, gives a sketch of this charity from its inception, and is Mrs. Pryor's first book.

She is a charter member and founder of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and of the Mary Washington Memorial Association. For the monument to Mary Washington she earned by her pen and other efforts three thousand dollars. For the relief of Jacksonville, at the time of the yellow fever, she raised, by individual effort, seven thousand dollars. For the Galveston orphans, after the flood, she managed the bazaar given by the New York *Journal.* It yielded fifty-one thousand dollars. At its close

Mrs. Pryor received an unprecedented ovation. The owner and managers of the *Journal* declared that to her was due the success of the undertaking.

She was the fifth woman to form the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and she is a charter memebr of the Colonial Dames of America. Not many years ago she accumulated a large quantity of Southern needlework, with the expectation of a great Southern Exposition in New York. The scheme failing, she moved all the furniture from her lower floor, had a carpenter put up counters, and kept open store until she sold the work.

While her health permitted her to attend social functions she contributed to *The Home Journal* of New York a series of sparkling letters, with the events of society as a text, over the signature of "Alpha." For that paper, for *The Century, The Cosmopolitan,* and other magazines, she wrote occasional poems, essays, and stories. An attack of heart failure in 1893 made a cessation of physical activity imperative, although at such calls as that of the Galveston sufferers the mandate of the specialist was unhesitatingly set aside.

Always fascinated by Colonial history, her interest was accentuated by her work for the Mary Washington Monument, and since she has been compelled to spend her morning hours upon her couch, they have been largely devoted to a study of this period, resulting in her book, 'The Mother of Washington, and Her Times,' published in 1903, with this dedication:

"To the Hon. Roger A. Pryor, LL.D.
In whom lives all that was best in Old Virginia."

The accuracy and value of this book, as well as its interest, were at once recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, as attested by the almost unanimous voice of the critics, one of whom writes: "It is by far the most accurate and lifelike portrait of this noble Colonial Dame ever published." The Boston *Transcript* says of it: "Although written along strictly historical lines, it is more fascinating than any novel."

The year 1904 saw the publication of Mrs. Pryor's most popular book, the 'Reminiscences of Peace and War.' It was received with a pæan of praise. Miss Ellen Glasgow wrote to a friend: "Last night I sat up spellbound until I finished it, beginning with laughter and ending in real tears. . . . The tragedy of it I can understand, for it is not difficult to be tragic—but the delicious, piquant, never-failing humor—the humor that brightens tears, this, I confess, has taken me completely captive."

Dr. A. Becket writes in the *Literary Digest* a representative estimate of the book. He says:

"Whatever the feeling with which one takes up Mrs. Pryor's record of the Civil War, critical, aggressive or curious, he does not get very deep into it before he gratefully realizes that he is the sympathetic and delighted confidant of a charming woman. The personal note, so happily pervasive, is not detrimental to the historical value of the work. The author is adorably Southern and ever exquisitely feminine; but she ranges her facts and sets forth her views no less logically than fairly. It is her most distinguished merit that suffering has not made her bitter, nor misfortune crippled a beautiful nature. The gift of humor is resiliently hers, and the ready play of her blithe fancy, so far from impairing the dignity or impressiveness of her chronicle, lends to it a most gracious pathetic enforcement. Her style is limpid, sprightly and artistic. Mrs. Pryor was in touch with the prominent shapers of events."

While this book was going through the press the author's youngest son, Dr. William Rice Pryor, an eminent surgeon and writer, died in consequence of his unceasing and self-neglecting toil. In a few touching words his mother dedicates to him her 'Reminiscences.' In 1907 she published her thrilling narrative on the establishment of the Jamestown colony—a volume happily entitled 'The Birth of the Nation.' It met the same enthusiastic commendation for accuracy and interest with which 'The Mother of Washington' was received. And upon her seventy-ninth birthday she began a fourth book, of which the subject is yet unannounced.

The chief characteristics of her books are her vitalizing historic touch, and the grace and translucence of her style. Never requiring that facts shall become flexible, she knows better than most writers of historical fiction how to make "the dry bones live"; in truth, she is so penetrated with the spirit *temporis acti* that the actors have become her contemporaries. She goes below the ruff, the doublet, the quaint custom, the archaic speech, into the ageless modernness of the human soul; and she never fails to take her readers with her.

Her limpid, melodious style, with its note of distinction, its unerring instinct for *le mot juste,* its unstudied grace, seems to have written itself. It has charm, quality; and yet it is simply the atmosphere through which the thoughts shine.

Keen as is her interest in her writing, it is not of that Mrs. Pryor speaks when she talks of her life. She says: "The greatest work I ever did was for Jacksonville and Galveston—for fever and for flood." So saying she interprets her life, which has ever placed above even the golden word, the Golden Deed.

Marie Gordon Pryor Rice.

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES

From 'Reminiscences of Peace and War.'

THE intense heat of July 26th has been noted in many of the diaries and records of the day. I remember it because I had feared its unfavorable effect upon my husband, not yet discharged by his physicians, and now lying weak and listless upon his bed at the Spotswood Hotel in Richmond.

I was reading aloud to him the news in the morning papers, fanning him the while, when a peremptory knock at the door sent me to my feet. An ominous-looking note was handed in to "Brigadier-General Pryor." Upon reading it, my husband slipped to the side of the bed, and reached out for his cavalry boots. The note ran: "Dear General, put yourself *at once* at the head of your brigade. In thirty-six hours it will all be over. Longstreet." Before I realized the tremendous import of the order, he was gone.

McClellan was almost at the gates of the city. The famous "seven days' fight" was about to begin.

Several of the officers of our brigade were in the hotel, and I ran out to find their wives and learn more news from them. On the stair I met Colonel Scott, and as he passed me, he exclaimed, "No time until I come back, Madam!" Turning, he paused, raised his hand, and said solemnly, "If I ever come back." The wife of Captain Poindexter came up at the moment. She was weeping, and wringing her hands. "Do you think," she said, "that we could drive out to camp and see them once more before they march?"

We hurried into the street, found a carriage, and urging our driver to his utmost speed, were soon in sight of the camp. All was hurry and confusion there. Ambulances were hitching up, troops forming in line, servants running hither and thither, horses standing to be saddled, light army wagons loading with various camp utensils.

Captain Whitner of the General's staff met me, and said, as he conducted me to my husband's tent: "The General will be so glad to see you, Madam! He is lying down to rest a few minutes before we move."

He opened his arms to me as I went in, but there were

no sad words. We spoke cheerily to each other, but, unable to control myself, I soon ran out to find John and see that he had provided brandy and cold tea, the latter a necessity lest good water should be unprocurable. Never have I seen such a number of flies! They blackened the land, corrupted the food, and tormented the nervous horses. When I returned, Mrs. Poindexter was standing outside the tent waiting for me. "I can see my husband only at the head of his company," she said. "Look! they are forming the line."

We stood aside as the brigade formed in marching order. The stern command, "Fall in! Fall in!" reached us from company after company stretching far down the road. My husband mounted his horse, and, drawing his sword, gave the order to advance. "Head of column to the right!" and with steady tramp they filed past us—past the only two women, of the many who loved them, who had known of their going and had come out to cheer and bless them.

We could not bear to remain a moment after they left. Finding our carriage, we were about to enter, when the driver pointed back with his whip. There, sure enough, rose the puffs of blue smoke from McClellan's guns—so near, so near!

We set our faces homeward, two stunned, tearless women, neither yet able to comfort the other. Presently the carriage stopped, and the driver, dismounting, came to the door.

"Lady," said he, "there's a man lying on the roadside. We just passed him. Maybe he's drunk, but he 'pears to me to look mighty sick."

Fanny Poindexter and I were out of the carriage in less than a minute, eagerly embracing an opportunity for action—the relief for tense feelings.

The man wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier. His eyes were closed. Was he asleep? We feared the worst when we perceived a thin thread of blood trickling slowly from a wound in his throat, and staining his shirt.

We knelt beside him, and Fanny gently pressed her handkerchief upon the wound, whereupon he opened his eyes, but was unable to speak. "What in the world are we to do?" said my friend. "We can't possibly leave him here!"

"I can tote him to the carriage," said the kind-hearted driver. "He ain' no heavy-weight, an' we can car' 'im to dat

hospital jus' at de aidge of town. Come now, sir! Don't you be feared. I'll tote you like a baby."

We were terrified lest he should die before we reached the hospital. To avoid jolting, we crawled at a snail's pace, and great was our relief when we drew up at the open door of the hospital and summoned a surgeon. He ordered out a stretcher and took our patient in, and we waited in a little reception room until we could learn the verdict after an examination of his injuries.

"It is well for him, poor fellow," said the surgeon upon returning to report to us, "that you found him when you did. His wound is not serious, but he was slowly bleeding to death! Which of you pressed that handkerchief to it?" I had to acknowledge that my friend had rendered this service. She was one of those nervous, teary little women who could rise to an occasion.

"He had probably been sent to the rear after he was wounded, and had tried to find General Pryor's camp," said the doctor. "He missed his way, and went farther than necessary. It has all turned out right. He is able now to write his name—'Ernstorff'—so you see he is doing well. When you pass this way, you must call and see him."

We never went that way again. Two years afterward I was accosted at a railway station by a handsome young officer who said he "had never forgotten, never would forget" me. He was Lieutenant Ernstorff!

All the afternoon the dreadful guns shook the earth and thrilled our souls with horror. I shut myself in my darkened room. At twilight I had a note from Governor Letcher, telling me a fierce battle was raging, and inviting me to come to the Governor's mansion. From the roof one might see the flash of musket and artillery.

No! I did not wish to see the infernal fires. I preferred to watch and wait alone in my room.

The city was strangely quiet. Everybody had gone out to the hills to witness the aurora of death to which we were later to become so accustomed. As it grew dark a servant entered to light my candles, but I forbade her. Did I not mean to go to supper? I would have coffee brought to me.

God only knew what news I might hear before morning. I must keep up my strength.

The night was hot and close. I sat at an open window, watching for couriers on the street. The firing ceased about nine o'clock. Surely now somebody would remember us and come to us.

As I leaned on the window-sill with my head on my arms, I saw two young men walking slowly down the deserted street. They paused at a closed door opposite me and sat down upon the low step. Presently they chanted a mournful strain in a minor key—like one of the occasional interludes of Chopin which reveal so much of dignity in sorrow. I was powerfully affected—as I always am by such music—and found myself weeping, not for my own changed life, not for my own sorrows, but for the dear city; the dear, doomed city, so loved, so loved!

A full moon was rising behind the trees in the Capitol Square. Soon the city would be flooded with light, and then! —would the invading host come in to desecrate and destroy? How dear the city had been to me always! I could remember when I was a very little child one just such night as this. The splendor, the immensity of the city had so oppressed me, coming, as I had come, from the quiet country, that I could not sleep. Hot and fevered and afraid, I had risen from my little bed beside my sleeping mother, and had stolen to the window to look out. Like to-night there was a solemn moon in the sky, like to-night an awful stillness in the city. Just below me a watchman had called out, "*All's well!*" Presently the cry was repeated at a distance—"All's well!" Fainter and fainter grew the echo until it became a whisper, far away in the distant streets. The watchmen were telling me, I thought, telling all the helpless little babies and children, all the sick people and old people, that God was taking care of them; that "All's well, All's well."

Ah! forever gone was the watchman, forever silent the cry. Never, never again could all be well with us in old Virginia. Never could we stifle the memories of this bitter hour. The watchman on the nation's tower might, some day, mark the triumphant return of this invading host, and declare,

"All's well,"—*our* hearts would never hear. Too much blood, too much death, too much anguish! Our tears would never be able to wash away the memory of it all.

And so the night wore on, and I waited and watched. Before dawn a hurried footstep brought a message from the battle-field to my door.

"The General, Madam, is safe and well. Colonel Scott has been killed. The General has placed a guard around his body, and he will be sent here early to-morrow. The General bids me say he will not return. The fight will be renewed, and will continue until the enemy is driven away."

My resolution was taken. My children were safe with their grandmother. I would write. I would ask that every particle of my household linen, except a change, should be rolled into bandages, all my fine linen be sent to me for compresses, and all forwarded as soon as possible.

I would enter the new hospital which had been improvised in Kent & Paine's warehouse, and would remain there as a nurse as long as the armies were fighting around Richmond.

But the courier was passing on his rounds with news for others. Presently Fanny Poindexter, in tears, knocked at my door.

"She is bearing it like a brave, Christian woman."

"She! Who? Tell me quick."

"Mrs. Scott. I had to tell her. She simply said, 'I shall see him once more.' The General wrote to her from the battle-field and told her how nobly her husband died—leading his men in the thick of the fight—and how he had helped to save the city."

Alas, that the city should have needed saving! What had Mrs. Scott and her children done? Why should they suffer? Who was to blame for it all?

Kent & Paine's warehouse was a large, airy building, which had, I understood, been offered by the proprietors for a hospital immediately after the battle of Seven Pines. McClellan's advance upon Richmond had heavily taxed the capacity of the hospitals already established.

When I reached the warehouse, early on the morning after the fight at Mechanicsville, I found cots in process of preparation. An aisle between the rows of narrow beds stretched to

the rear of the building. Broad stairs led to a story above, where other cots were being laid.

The volunteer matron was a beautiful Baltimore woman, Mrs. Wilson. When I was presented to her as a candidate for admission, her serene eyes rested doubtfully upon me for a moment. She hesitated. Finally she said: "The work is very exacting. There are so few of us that our nurses must do anything and everything—make beds, wait upon anybody, and often a half dozen at a time."

"I will engage to do all that," I declared, and she permitted me to go to a desk at the farther end of the room and enter my name.

As I passed by the rows of occupied cots, I saw a nurse kneeling beside one of them, holding a pan for a surgeon. The red stump of an amputated arm was held over it. The next thing I knew I was myself lying on a cot, and a spray of cold water was falling over my face. I had fainted. Opening my eyes, I found the matron standing beside me.

"You see it is as I thought. You are unfit for this work. One of the nurses will conduct you home."

The nurse's assistance was declined, however. I had given trouble enough for one day, and had only interrupted those who were really worth something.

A night's vigil had been poor preparation for hospital work. I resolved I would conquer my culpable weakness. It was all very well—these heroics in which I indulged, these paroxysms of patriotism, this adoration of the defenders of my fireside. The defender in the field had naught to hope from me in case he should be wounded in my defence.

I took myself well in hand. Why had I fainted? I thought it was because of the sickening, dead odor in the hospital, mingled with that of acids and disinfectants. Of course this would always be there—and worse, as wounded men filled the rooms. I provided myself with sal volatile and spirits of camphor—we wore pockets in our gowns in those days—and thus armed I presented myself again to Mrs. Wilson.

She was as kind as she was refined and intelligent. "I will give you a place near the door," she said, "and you must run out into the air at the first hint of faintness. You will get over it, see if you don't."

Ambulances began to come in and unload at the door. I soon had occupation enough, and a few drops of camphor on my handkerchief tided me over the worst. The wounded men crowded in and sat patiently waiting their turn. One fine little fellow of fifteen unrolled a handkerchief from his wrist to show me his wound. "There's a bullet in there," he said proudly. "I'm going to have it cut out, and then go right back to the fight. Isn't it lucky it's my left hand?"

As the day wore on I became more and more absorbed in my work. I had, too, the stimulus of a reproof from Miss Deborah Couch, a brisk, efficient middle-aged lady, who asked no quarter and gave none. She was standing beside me a moment, with a bright tin pan filled with pure water, into which I foolishly dipped a finger to see if it were warm; to learn if I would be expected to provide warm water when I should be called upon to assist the surgeon.

"This water, Madam, was prepared for a raw wound," said Miss Deborah, sternly. "I must now make the surgeon wait until I get more."

Miss Deborah, in advance of her time, was a germ theorist. *My* touch evidently was contaminating.

As she charged down the aisle with a pan of water in her hand, everybody made way. She had known of my "fine-lady faintness," as she termed it, and I could see she despised me for it. She had volunteered, as all the nurses had, and she meant business. She had no patience with nonsense, and truly she was worth more than all the rest of us.

"Where can I get a little ice?" I one day ventured of Miss Deborah.

"Find it," she rejoined, as she rapidly passed on; but find it I never did. Ice was an unknown luxury until brought to us later from private houses.

But I found myself thoroughly reinstated—with surgeons, matron, and Miss Deborah—when I appeared a few days later, accompanied by a man bearing a basket of clean, well-rolled bandages, with promise of more to come. The Petersburg women had gone to work with a will upon my table-cloths, sheets, and dimity counterpanes—and even the chintz furniture covers. My spring-like green and white chintz bandages appeared on many a manly arm and leg. My fine linen

underwear and napkins were cut, by the sewing circle at the Spotswood, according to the surgeon's directions, into lengths two inches wide, then folded two inches, doubling back and forth in a smaller fold each time, until they formed pointed wedges for compresses.

Such was the sudden and overwhelming demand for such things, that but for my own and similar donations of household linen, the wounded men would have suffered. The war had come upon us suddenly. Many of our ports were already closed, and we had no stores laid up for such an emergency.

The bloody battle of Gaines's Mill soon followed—then Frazier's Farm, within the week, and at once the hospital was filled to overflowing. Every night a courier brought me tidings of my husband. When I saw him at the door my heart would die within me! One morning John came in for certain supplies. After being reassured as to his master's safety, I asked, "Did he have a comfortable night, John?"

"He sholy did! Marse Roger cert'nly was comfortable las' night. He slep' on de field 'twixt two daid horses!"

The women who worked in Kent & Paine's hospital never seemed to weary. After a while the wise matron assigned us hours, and we went on duty with the regularity of trained nurses. My hours were from seven to seven during the day, with the promise of night service should I be needed. Efficient, kindly colored women assisted us. Their motherly manner soothed the prostrate soldier, whom they always addressed as "son."

Many fine young fellows lost their lives for want of prompt attention. They never murmured. They would give way to those who seemed to be more seriously wounded than themselves, and the latter would recover, while from the slighter wounds gangrene would supervene from delay. Very few men ever walked away from that hospital. They died, or friends found quarters for them in the homes in Richmond. None complained! Unless a poor man grew delirious, he never groaned. There was an atmosphere of gentle kindness, a suppression of emotion for the sake of others.

Every morning the Richmond ladies brought for our patients such luxuries as could be procured in that scarce time. The city was in peril, and distant farmers feared to bring in

their fruits and vegetables. One day a patient-looking middle-aged man said to me, "What would I not give for a bowl of chicken broth like that my mother used to give me when I was a sick boy!" I perceived one of the angelic matrons of Richmond at a distance, stooping over the cots, and found my way to her and said: "Dear Mrs. Maben, have you a chicken? And could you send some broth to No. 39?" She promised, and I returned with her promise to the poor wounded fellow. He shook his head "To-morrow will be too late," he said.

I had forgotten the circumstance next day, but at noon I happened to look toward cot No. 39, and there was Mrs. Maben herself. She had brought the chicken broth in a pretty china bowl, with napkin and silver spoon, and was feeding my doubting Thomas, to his great satisfaction.

It was at this hospital, I have reason to believe, that the little story originated, which was deemed good enough to be claimed by other hospitals, of the young girl who approached a sick man with a pan of water in her hand and a towel over her arm.

"Mayn't I wash your face?" said the girl timidly.

"Well, lady, you may if you want to," said the man, wearily. "It has been washed fourteen times this morning! It can stand another time, I reckon."

I discovered that I had not succeeded, despite many efforts, in winning Miss Deborah. I learned that she was affronted because I had not shared my offerings of jelly and fruit with her, for her special patients. Whenever I ventured to ask a loan from her, of a pan or a glass for water or the little things of which we never had enough, she would reply, "I must keep them for the nurses who understand reciprocity. Reciprocity is a rule *some* persons never seem to comprehend." When this was hammered into my slow perception, I rose to the occasion. I turned over the entire contents of a basket the landlord of the Spotswood had given me to Miss Deborah, and she made my path straight before me ever afterward.

At the end of a week the matron had promoted me! Instead of carving the fat bacon, to be dispensed with corn bread, for the hospital dinner, or standing between two rough men to keep away the flies, or fetching water, or spreading sheets on cots, I was assigned to regular duty with one patient.

The first of these proved to be young Colonel Coppens, of my husband's brigade. I could comfort him very little, for he was wounded past recovery. I spoke little French, and could only try to keep him, as far as possible, from annoyance. To my great relief, place was found for him in a private family. There he soon died—the gallant fellow I had admired on his horse a few months before.

Then I was placed beside the cot of Mr. (or Captain) Boyd of Mecklenburg, and was admonished by the matron not to leave him alone. He was the most patient sufferer in the world, gentle, courteous, always considerate, never complaining. I observed he often closed his eyes and sighed. "Are you in pain, Captain?" "No, no," he would say gently. One day, when I returned from my "rest" I found the matron sitting beside him. Tears were running down her cheeks. She motioned me to take her place, and then added, "No, no, I will not leave him."

The Captain's eyes were closed, and he sighed wearily at intervals. Presently he whispered slowly:—

"There everlasting spring abides,"

then sighed, and seemed to sleep for a moment.

The matron felt his pulse and raised a warning hand. The sick man's whisper went on:—

"Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand—dressed—in living green."

The surgeon stood at the foot of the cot and shook his head. The nurses gathered around with tearful eyes. Presently in clear tones:—

"Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood
Shall fright us—from—the shore,"

and in a moment more the Christian soldier had crossed the river and lain down to rest under the trees.

Each of the battles of those seven days brought a harvest of wounded to our hospital. I used to veil myself closely as I walked to and from my hotel, that I might shut out the dreadful sights in the street—the squads of prisoners, and,

worst of all, the open wagons in which the dead were piled. Once I *did* see one of these dreadful wagons! In it a stiff arm was raised, and shook as it was driven down the street, as though the dead owner appealed to Heaven for vengeance; a horrible sight never to be forgotten.

After one of the bloody battles—I know not if it was Gaines's Mill or Frazier's Farm or Malvern Hill—a splendid young officer, Colonel Brokenborough, was taken to our hospital, shot almost to pieces. He was borne up the stairs and placed in a cot—his broken limbs in supports swinging from the ceiling. The wife of General Mahone and I were permitted to assist in nursing him. A young soldier from the camp was detailed to help us, and a clergyman was in constant attendance, coming at night that we might rest. Our patient held a court in his corner of the hospital. Such a dear, gallant, cheery fellow, handsome, and with a grand air even as he lay prostrate! Nobody ever heard him complain. He would welcome us in the morning with the brightest smile. His aide said, "He watches the head of the stairs and calls up that look for your benefit." "Oh," he said one day, "you can't guess what's going to happen! Some ladies have been here and left all these roses, and cologne, and such; and somebody has sent—champagne! We are going to have a party!"

Ah, but we knew he was very ill! We were bidden to watch him every minute and not be deceived by his own spirits. Mrs. Mahone spent her life hunting for ice. My constant care was to keep his canteen—to which he clung with affection—filled with fresh water from a spring not far away, and I learned to give it to him so well that I allowed no one to lift his head for his drink during my hours.

One day, when we were alone, I was fanning him, and thought he was asleep. He said gravely, "Mrs. Pryor, beyond that curtain they hung up yesterday poor young Mitchell is lying! They think I don't know! But I heard when they brought him in—as I lie here, I listen to his breathing. I haven't heard it now for some time. Would you mind seeing if he is all right?"

I passed behind the curtain. The young soldier was dead. His wide-open eyes seemed to meet mine in mute appeal. I had never seen or touched a dead man, but I laid my hands

upon his eyelids and closed them. I was standing thus when his nurse, a young volunteer like myself, came to me.

"I couldn't do that," she said; "I went for the doctor. I'm so glad you could do it."

When I returned Colonel Brokenborough asked no questions and I knew that his keen senses had already instructed him.

To be cheerful and uncomplaining was the unwritten law of our hospital. No bad news was ever mentioned, no foreboding or anxiety. Mrs. Mahone was one day standing beside Colonel Brokenborough when a messenger from the front suddenly announced that General Mahone had received a flesh-wound. Commanding herself instantly, she exclaimed merrily: "*Flesh*-wound! Now you all know that is *just impossible*." The General had no flesh! He was as thin and attenuated as he was brave.

As Colonel Brokenborough grew weaker I felt self-reproach that no one had offered to write letters for him. His friend the clergyman had said to me: "That poor boy is engaged to a lovely young girl. I wonder what is best? Would it grieve him to speak of her! You ladies have so much tact; you might bear it in mind. An opportunity might offer for you to discover how he feels about it." The next time I was alone with him I ventured: "Now, Colonel one mustn't forget absent friends, you know, even if fair ladies do bring perfumes and roses and what not. I have some ink and paper here. Shall I write a letter for you? Tell me what to say." He turned his head and with a half-amused smile of perfect intelligence looked at me for a long time. Then an upward look of infinite tenderness; but the message was never sent—never needed from a true heart like his. One night I was awakened from my first sleep by a knock at my door, and a summons to "come to Colonel Brokenborough." When I reached his bedside I found the surgeon, the clergyman, and the Colonel's aide. The patient was unconscious; the end was near. We sat in silence. Once, when he stirred, I slipped my hand under his head, and put his canteen once more to his lips. After a long time his breathing simply ceased, with no evidence of pain. We waited awhile, and then the young soldier who had been detailed to nurse him rose, crossed the

room, and, stooping over, kissed me on my forehead, and went out to his duty in the ranks.

Two weeks later I was in my room, resting after a hard day, when a haggard officer, covered with mud and dust, entered. It was my husband.

"My men are all dead," he said, with anguish, and, falling across the bed, he gave vent to the passionate grief of his heart.

Thousands of Confederate soldiers were killed, thousands wounded.

Richmond was saved!

General McClellan and General Lee both realized that their men needed rest. My husband was allowed a few days' respite from duty. Almost without pause he had fought the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, and Frazier's Farm. He had won his promotion early, but he had lost the loved commander who appreciated him, had seen old schoolmates and friends fall by his side—the dear fellow, George Loyal Gordon, who had been his best man at our wedding—old college comrades, valued old neighbors.

Opposed to him in battle, then and after, were men who in after years avowed themselves his warm friends—General Hancock, General Slocum, General Butterfield, General Sickles, General Fitz-John Porter, General McClellan, and General Grant. They had fought loyally under opposing banners, and from time to time, as the war went on, one and another had been defeated; but over all, and through all, their allegiance had been given to a banner that has never surrendered—the standard of the universal brotherhood of all true men.

A MODERN COURTSHIP

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no.
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse—at least in fable.
—COWPER.

A mocking-bird sang in a tulip tree
To a bird in a rose-bush near.
He was telling once more the story old,
In the blossoming time of the year.

He was "neat as an epigram"—this bird—
In his new summer-suit of gray,
And she was "smart," like the maidens we meet
On the Avenue every day.

He tunefully trilled of "a lonely life
And a desolate spirit's need."
His taste and *technique* were perfect—his voice
A very fine tenor indeed.

He said he had nothing to give but Love
And a little good minstrelsy.
He fluttered and fidgeted so, I thought
He would surely drop from the tree!

But the little brown bird examined a rose,
And I never have been quite sure
That she heard him at all—or cared to hear—
Her manner was so demure.

Then he puffed out his breast with a pompous air,
And told of his fine pedigree—
How his ancestors sang in Virginia woods
Ere the British had crossed the sea!

For musty old fellows of a far-off time
She cared not a fig—not she!
She spied a young worm on an under leaf,
And quietly picked him—for tea!

She was calm as the sea—when we cross in June—
  As calm as the stars above her!
As calm as a Vassar or Barnard girl—
  Only Star-eyed Science her lover!

But my wise little bird knew a loftier strain
  That has never been known to fail,
Since Robin Red-breast courted sweet Jenny Wren
  In the old-fashioned nursery tale.

He sang a brave song about "sugar and cream—
  And berries—and currant wine"—
And a "cushion soft"—and a ladylike "seam"—
  And ended: *"Now* will you be mine?"

I leaned from my window to warn the young thing—
  To say: "Don't believe him, my dear!
You'll spend all your days in quite different ways
  From those he has mentioned, I fear.

"You'll sit, till you ache, on your obstinate eggs,
  And a tyrant, I give you my word,
With an appetite perfectly shocking to see,
  Is your just-newly-hatched young bird.

"His stomach is simply a bottomless pit!
  His mouth is a cavernous door!
And *one* little mother to satisfy *three*
  Little Olivers—'asking for more!'

"And he—that fine promiser—where will *he* be?
  At his numerous clubs, to be sure!
They are waiting for him in every tree,
  With a welcome at every door."

I could have said more; but I learned long ago
  To trim my sails to the weather,
Besides—before I could fairly begin,
  They were flying off together!

MY DAY

I stood at dawn by a limitless sea
And watched the rose creep over the grey;
Till the heavens were a glowing canopy!
This was my day!

The pale stars stole away, one by one—
Like sensitive souls from the presence of Pride.
The moon hung low, looking back, as the sun
Rose over the tide.

And he, like a King, came up from the sea!
He opened my rose—unfettered my song—
And quickened a heart to be true to me
All the day long.

The soul that was born of a song and flower
Of tender dawn-flush, and shadowy grey,
Was strengthened by Love for a bitter hour
That chilled my day.

I had dwelt in the garden of the Lord!
I had gathered the sweets of a summer day:
I was called to stand where a flaming sword
Turned every way.

It spared not the weak—nor the strong—nor the dear.
And following fast, like a phantom band,
Famine and Fever and shuddering Fear
Swept o'er the land.

They whispered that Hope, the angel of light,
Would spread her white wings and speed her away.
But she folded me close in my longest night
And darkest day.

As of old, when the fire and tempest had passed,
And an earthquake had riven the rocks, the Word
In a still small voice rose over the blast—
The Voice of the Lord.

And the Voice said: "Take up your lives again!
Quit yourselves manfully! Stand in your lot!
Let the Famine, the Fever, the Peril, the Pain
Be all forgot!

"Weep no more for the lovely, the brave,
The young head pillowed on a blood-stained sod;
The daisy that grows on the soldier's grave
Looks up to God!

"The soul of the patriot-soldier stands
With a mighty host in eternal calm
And He who pressed the sword to his hands
Has given the Palm."

* * * * * *

And now I stand with my face to the west,
Shading mine eyes, for my glorious sun
Is splendid again as he sinks to his rest—
His day is done.

I have lost my rose, forgotten my song,
But the true heart that loved me is mine alway.
The stars are alight—the way not long—
I had my day!

DAVID RAMSAY

[1749—1815]

CHARLES W. KENT

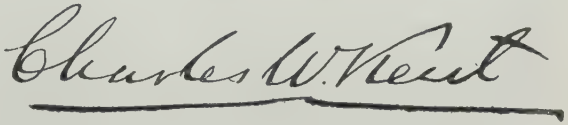
AMONG the distinguished literary men the North has lent or given to the South, no one became more closely identified with his adopted community or served it with more singleness of purpose than David Ramsay first in time and first in importance of the South Carolina historians. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, April 2, 1749. The county has been known for many decades by its thrift, due in no small degree to the sturdy German stock that sought in this country, and partly in that county, immunity from persecutions at home because of their simple and independent religious faith. Ramsay, however, was not of this sturdy stock, but of that quick-witted and volatile race, the Irish, which had sent over among its adventurers the father of David Ramsay. Little or nothing is known of David's early schooling, but by means of it, whatever it was, he was prepared at the immature age of thirteen to enter the College of New Jersey (Princeton). He interrupted his college course by one year of tutoring in an academy at Carlisle, a town to which a peculiar interest attaches because the barracks built by the mercenary Hessians in the Revolutionary War are now occupied by the red wards of the Nation. After graduating from Princeton in 1765 he became a tutor for a while in Maryland, a State with whose fortunes his brother Nathaniel was closely identified during the Revolutionary War. He then entered upon the study of medicine in the College of Pennsylvania and fell under the wholesome influence of Dr. Benjamin Rush. This celebrated physician seems to have been the scientist of his profession in his day, and by his learning and progressive spirit he commended himself to the leaders of thought. He was Franklin's friend, and of him Jefferson wrote to Adams (in 1813): "Another of our friends of 'seventy-six is gone, my dear sir, another of the co-signers of the Independence of our country; and a better man than Rush could not have left us, more benevolent, more learned, of finer genius, or more honest." To have enjoyed the friendship of such a man was a benediction, and to have deserved it by possessing the very qualities Jefferson ascribes to Rush was a peculiar honor; no wonder that Ramsay's tribute to his old preceptor and philosophic friend was reckoned among the best studies of this great physician.

During his college days at Princeton young David had fallen in love with Frances Witherspoon, the fair daughter of Princeton's eminent president. In winning her in marriage he won also the close friendship of her honored father, with whom afterward he conferred freely about State affairs of serious import. With his young wife Dr. Ramsay moved to Charleston, South Carolina, to practise his profession and began promptly a successful career. But he had studied under a great master, who counted his profession not the end of all living but a mere means to loftier citizenship. Ramsay had learned his lesson well, and soon became a recognized leader in social and philanthropic movements and an active participant in public affairs. His modern sense of civic responsibility saved him from any narrowing and absorbing specialization and gave him the deserved reputation of a man of great force and excellent equipment. These powers he used with no reserve in the American cause. Two years after his old friend, Dr. Rush, had signed the Declaration of Independence, the young Charleston doctor made it the topic of a patriotic address. His patriotism had perhaps been sensibly fired by his second marriage, his first wife having died early. In 1775 Martha Laurens, the daughter of the South Carolina patriot, Henry Laurens, returned from a ten-year stay abroad, and within two years had married the brilliant young widower. Her education and culture made her at once the critic and coadjutor of his literary labors.

Ramsay's service in the State Legislature was an apprenticeship for larger legislative services, to which he was called as a Member of the Continental Congress from 1782 to 1785. In the meantime he had varied his era of peace by enlisting as an Army surgeon and spending eleven months as a prisoner in St. Augustine. He used the opportunities offered him as Congressman to procure material for his books. In 1785 he published his 'History of the Revolution in South Carolina,' and in 1790 the 'History of the American Revolution.' His 'Life of Washington' appeared in 1801, and his fuller 'History of South Carolina' in 1808. His next work was occasioned by the death of his accomplished wife in 1811, for he at once published a 'Memoir, with Extracts from her Diary.' From 1802 until 1813 he was engaged in publishing certain important medical books; and in this latter year appeared his biographical sketch of Dr. Rush, who had just died. In 1815 he published his 'History of the Congregational Church in Charleston.' It was when he was zealously engaged upon other work, and in the very full tide of his activity, that he was shot down in front of his own house by an irresponsible lunatic. He died May 2, 1815.

When to the works already mentioned are added the orations unmentioned and the books that were published after his death, an

explanation is needed of his surprising powers of productivity. The explanation is at hand, and is not genius, but a proverbial industry. He slept but four hours and worked well nigh all the hours that he did not sleep. His productions are valuable not merely because of his power of keen observation, his wide interests, and his literary activity, but because of his direct, straightforward, and unaffected style. There is never the blemish of stale stupidity, and there is frequently the charm of a simple and unassuming readiness raised by his own conviction and ardor into a close approximation to eloquence.



THE FIRST EFFECT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

From 'History of the American Revolution.'

From the promulgation of this declaration, everything assumed a new form. The Americans no longer appeared in the character of subjects in arms against their sovereign, but as an independent people, repelling the attacks of an invading foe. The propositions and supplications for reconciliation were done away. The dispute was brought to a single point, whether the late British colonies should be conquered provinces, or free and independent states.

The declaration of independence was read publicly in all the states, and was welcomed with many demonstrations of joy. The people were encouraged by it to bear up under the calamities of war, and viewed the evils they suffered, only as the thorn that ever accompanies the rose. The army received it with particular satisfaction. As far as it had validity, so far it secured them from suffering as rebels, and held out to their view an object, the attainment of which would be an adequate recompense for the toils and dangers of war. They were animated by the consideration that they were no longer to risque their lives for the trifling purpose of procuring a repeal of a few oppressive acts of parliament, but for a new organization

of government, that would forever put it out of the power of Great-Britain to oppress them. The flattering prospects of an extensive commerce, freed from British restrictions, and the honours and emoluments of office in independent states now began to glitter before the eyes of the colonists, and reconciled them to the difficulties of their situation. What was supposed in Great-Britain to be their primary object, had only a secondary influence. While they were charged with aiming at independence from the impulse of avarice and ambition, they were ardently wishing for a reconciliation. But, after they had been compelled to adopt that measure, these powerful principles of human actions opposed its retraction, and stimulated to its support. That separation which the colonists at first dreaded as an evil, they soon gloried in as a national blessing. While the rulers of Great-Britain urged their people to a vigorous prosecution of the American war, on the idea that the colonists were aiming at independence, they imposed on them a necessity of adopting that very measure, and actually effected its accomplishment. By repeatedly charging the Americans with aiming at the erection of a new government, and by proceeding on that idea to subdue them, predictions which were originally false, eventually became true. When the declaration of independence reached Great-Britain the partisans of the ministry triumphed in their sagacity. "The measure," said they, "we have long foreseen, is now come to pass." They inverted the natural order of things. Without reflecting that their own policy had forced a revolution contrary to the original design of the colonists, the declaration of independence was held out to the people of Great-Britain as a justification of those previous violences, which were its efficient cause.

The act of Congress for dissevering the colonies from their Parent State, was the subject of many animadversions.

The colonists were said to have been precipitate in adopting a measure, from which there was no honourable ground of retreating. They replied that for eleven years they had been incessantly petitioning the throne for a redress of their grievances. Since the year 1765, a continental Congress had at three sundry times stated their claims, and prayed for their constitutional rights. That each assembly of the thirteen colo-

nies had also, in its separate capacity, concurred in the same measure. . . . That from the perseverance of Great-Britain in her schemes for their coercion, they had no alternative, but a mean submission, or a vigorous resistance; and that as she was about to invade their coasts with a large body of mercenaries, they were compelled to declare themselves independent, that they might be put into an immediate capacity for soliciting foreign aid.

The virulence of those who had been in opposition to the claims of the colonists, was increased by their bold act in breaking off all subordination to the Parent State. "Great-Britain," said they, "has founded colonies at great expence . . . has incurred a load of debt by wars on their account . . . has protected their commerce, and raised them to all the consequence they possess, and now in the insolence of adult years, rather than pay their proportion of the common expences of government, they ungratefully renounce all connexion with the nurse of their youth, and the protectress of their riper years." The Americans acknowledged that much was due to Great-Britain, for the protection which her navy procured to the coasts, and the commerce of the colonies, but contended that much was paid by the latter, in consequence of the restrictions imposed on their commerce by the former. "The charge of ingratitude would have been just," said they, "had allegiance been renounced while protection was given, but when the navy, which formerly secured the commerce and seaport towns of America, began to distress the former, and to burn the latter, the previous obligations to obey or be grateful, were no longer in force."

That the colonists paid nothing, and would not pay to the support of government, was confidently asserted, and no credit was given for the sums indirectly levied upon them, in consequence of their being confined to the consumption of British manufactures. By such ill-founded observations were the people of Great-Britain inflamed against their fellow subjects in America. The latter were represented as an ungrateful people, refusing to bear any part of the expences of a protecting government, or to pay their proportion of a heavy debt, said to be incurred on their account. Many of the inhabitants of Great-Britain deceived in matters of fact, considered their American

brethren as deserving the severity of military coercion. So strongly were the two countries rivetted together, that if the whole truth had been known to the people of both, their separation would have been scarcely possible. Any feasible plan by which subjection to Great-Britain could have been reconciled with American safety, would at any time, previous to 1776, have met the approbation of the colonists. But while the lust of power and of gain, blinded the rulers of Great-Britain, misstated facts and uncandid representations brought over their people to second the infatuation. A few honest men properly authorized, might have devised measures of compromise, which under the influence of truth, humility and moderation, would have prevented a dismemberment of the empire; but these virtues ceased to influence, and falsehood, haughtiness and blind zeal usurped their places. Had Great-Britain, even after the declaration of independence, adopted the magnanimous resolution of declaring her colonies free and independent states, interest would have prompted them to form such a connexion as would have secured to the Mother Country the advantages of their commerce, without the expence of trouble of their governments. But misguided politics continued the fatal system of coercion and conquest. Several on both sides of the Atlantic, have called the declaration of independence, "a bold, and accidentally, a lucky speculation," but subsequent events proved, that it was a wise measure. It is acknowledged that it detached some timid friends from supporting the Americans in their opposition to Great-Britain, but it increased the vigour and union of those who possessed more fortitude and perseverance. Without it, the colonists would have had no object adequate to the dangers to which they exposed themselves, in continuing to contend with Great-Britain. If the interference of France was necessary to give success to the resistance of the Americans, the declaration of independence was also necessary, for the French expressly founded the propriety of their treaty with Congress on the circumstance, "that they found the United States in possession of independence."

THE IMMEDIATE EFFECTS OF THE REVOLUTION

From 'History of the American Revolution.'

The American revolution, on the one hand, brought forth great vices; but on the other hand, it called forth many virtues, and gave occasion for the display of abilities which, but for that event, would have been lost to the world. When the war began, the Americans were a mass of husbandmen, merchants, mechanics and fishermen; but the necessities of the country gave a spring to the active powers of the inhabitants, and set them on thinking, speaking and acting, in a line far beyond that to which they had been accustomed. The difference between nations is not so much owing to nature, as to education and circumstances. While the Americans were guided by the leading strings of the mother country, they had no scope nor encouragement for exertion. All the departments of government were established and executed for them, but not by them. In the years 1775 and 1776 the country, being suddenly thrown into a situation that needed the abilities of all its sons, these generally took their places, each according to the bent of his inclination. As they severally pursued their objects with ardor, a vast expansion of the human mind speedily followed. This displayed itself in a variety of ways. It was found that the talents for great stations did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from those which were necessary for the proper discharge of the ordinary business of civil society. In the bustle that was occasioned by the war, few instances could be produced of any persons who made a figure, or who rendered essential services, but from among those who had given specimens of similar talents in their respective professions. Those who from indolence or dissipation, had been of little service to the community in time of peace, were found equally unserviceable in war. A few young men were exceptions to this general rule. Some of these, who had indulged in youthful follies, broke off from their vicious courses, and on the pressing call of their country became useful servants of the public: but the great bulk of those, who were the active instruments of carrying on the revolution, were self-made, industrious men. These who by their own exertions, had es-

tablished or laid a foundation for establishing personal independence, were most generally trusted, and most successfully employed in establishing that of their country. In these times of action, classical education was found of less service than good natural parts, guided by common sense and sound judgment.

Several names could be mentioned of individuals who, without the knowledge of any other language than their mother tongue, wrote not only accurately, but elegantly, on public business. It seemed as if the war not only required, but created talents. Men whose minds were warmed with the love of liberty, and whose abilities were improved by daily exercise, and sharpened with a laudable ambition to serve their distressed country, spoke, wrote, and acted, with an energy far surpassing all expectations which could be reasonably founded on their previous acquirements.

The Americans knew but little of one another, previous to the revolution. Trade and business had brought the inhabitants of their seaports acquainted with each other, but the bulk of the people in the interior country were unacquainted with their fellow citizens. A continental army, and Congress composed of men from all the States, by freely mixing together, were assimilated into one mass. Individuals of both, mingling with the citizens, disseminated principles of union among them. Local prejudices abated. By frequent collision asperities were worn off, and a foundation was laid for the establishment of a nation, out of discordant materials. Intermarriages between men and women of different States were much more common than before the war, and became an additional cement to the union. Unreasonable jealousies had existed between the inhabitants of the eastern and of the southern states; but on becoming better acquainted with each other, these in a great measure subsided. A wiser policy prevailed. Men of liberal minds led the way in discouraging local distinctions, and the great body of the people, as soon as reason got the better of prejudice, found that their best interests would be most effectually promoted by such practices and sentiments as were favourable to union. Religious bigotry had broken in upon the peace of various sects, before the American war. This was kept up by partial estab-

lishments, and by a dread that the church of England through the power of the mother country, would be made to triumph over all other denominations. These apprehensions were done away by the revolution. The different sects, having nothing to fear from each other, dismissed all religious controversy. A proposal for introducing bishops into America before the war, had kindled a flame among the dissenters; but the revolution was no sooner accomplished, than a scheme for that purpose was perfected, with the consent and approbation of all those sects who had previously opposed it. Pulpits which had formerly been shut to worthy men, because their heads had not been consecrated by the imposition of the hands of a Bishop or of a Presbytery, have since the establishment of independence, been reciprocally opened to each other, whensoever the public convenience required it. The world will soon see the result of an experiment in politics, and be able to determine whether the happiness of society is increased by religious establishments, or diminished by the want of them.

Though schools and colleges were generally shut up during the war, yet many of the arts and sciences were promoted by it. The geography of the United States before the revolution was but little known; but the marches of armies, and the operations of war, gave birth to many geographical enquiries and discoveries, which otherwise would not have been made. A passionate fondness for studies of this kind, and the growing importance of the country, excited one of its sons, the Rev. Mr. Morse, to travel through every State of the Union, and amass a fund of topographical knowledge, far exceeding any thing heretofore communicated to the public. The necessities of the States led to the study of Tactics, Fortification, Gunnery, and a variety of other arts connected with war, and diffused a knowledge of them among a peaceable people, who would otherwise have had no inducement to study them.

The abilities of ingenious men were directed to make farther improvements in the art of destroying an enemy. Among these, David Bushnell of Connecticut invented a machine for submarine navigation, which was found to answer the purpose of rowing horizontally, at any given depth under water, and of rising or sinking at pleasure. To this was attached a magazine of powder, and the whole was contrived in

such a manner, as to make it practicable to blow up vessels by machinery under them. Mr. Bushnell also contrived sundry other curious machines for the annoyance of British shipping; but from accident they only succeeded in part. He destroyed one vessel in charge of Commodore Symonds, and a second one near the shore of Long Island.

Surgery was one of the arts which was promoted by the war. From the want of hospitals and other aids, the medical men of America, had few opportunities of perfecting themselves in this art, the thorough knowledge of which can only be acquired by practice and observation. The melancholy events of battles, gave the American students an opportunity of seeing, and learning more in one day, than they could have acquired in years of peace. It was in the hospitals of the United States, that Dr. Rush first discovered the method of curing the lockjaw by bark and wine, added to other invigorating remedies, which has since been adopted with success in Europe, as well as in the United States. . . .

The early attention which had been paid to literature in New-England, was also eminently conducive to the success of the Americans in resisting Great-Britain. The university of Cambridge was founded as early as 1636, and Yale college in 1700. It has been computed, that in the year the Boston port act was passed, there were in the four eastern colonies, upwards of two thousand graduates of their colleges dispersed through their several towns, who by their knowledge and abilities, were able to influence and direct the great body of the people to a proper line of conduct, for opposing the encroachments of Great-Britain on their liberties. The colleges to the southward of New-England, except that of William and Mary in Virginia, were but of modern date; but they had been of a standing sufficiently long, to have trained for public service, a considerable number of the youth of the country. The college of New-Jersey, which was incorporated about 28 years before the revolution, had in that time educated upwards of 300 persons, who, with a few exceptions, were active and useful friends of independence. From the influence which knowledge had in securing and preserving the liberties of America, the present generation may trace the wise policy of their fathers, in erecting schools and colleges.

They may also learn that it is their duty to found more, and support all such institutions. Without the advantages derived from these lights of this new world, the United States would probably have fallen in their unequal contest with Great-Britain. Union, which was essential to the success of their resistance, could scarcely have taken place, in the measures adopted by an ignorant multitude. Much less could wisdom in council, unity in system, or perseverance in the prosecution of a long and self denying war, be expected from an uninformed people. It is a well known fact that persons unfriendly to the revolution, were always most numerous in those parts of the United States which had either never been illuminated, or but faintly warmed by the rays of science. The uninformed and the misinformed constituted a great proportion of those Americans who preferred the leading strings of the Parent State, though encroaching on their liberties, to a government of their own countrymen and fellow citizens.

As literature had in the first instance favoured the revolution, so in its turn, the revolution promoted literature. The study of eloquence and of the *belles lettres,* was more successfully prosecuted in America, after the disputes between Great-Britain and her colonies began to be serious, than it ever had been before. The various orations, addresses, letters, dissertations and other literary performances which the war made necessary, called forth abilities where they were, and excited the rising generation to study arts, which brought with them their own reward. . . .

On the whole, the literary, political, and military talents of the citizens of the United States have been improved by the revolution, but their moral character is inferior to what it formerly was. So great is the change for the worse, that the friends of public order are loudly called upon to exert their utmost abilities, in extirpating the vicious principles and habits, which have taken deep root during the late convulsions.

DR. WADDEL'S SCHOOL

From 'History of South Carolina.'

Besides what has been done by the state, and by religious sects and private societies for the advancement of learning and the diffusion of religious knowledge among the inhabitants, there are several private schools, both in Charlestown and the country for teaching classical and mathematical learning. Among these one under the care of the reverend Dr. Waddel of Abbeville district deserves particular notice. In it from seventy to eighty students are instructed in the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and such of the arts and sciences as are necessary to prepare a candidate for admission into the higher classes at the northern colleges. The school-house is a plain log building in the midst of the woods in a hilly and healthy country, and too small to accommodate all the scholars in the hours of study. To obviate this inconvenience they are permitted and encouraged to build huts in the vicinity. These are the rough carpentry of the pupils, or constructed by workmen for about four dollars. In these, when the weather is cold, and under the trees when it is warm, the different classes study. To the common school or recitation room they instantly repair when called for by the name of the Homer, the Xenophon, the Cicero, the Horace, or Virgil class, or by the name of the author whose writings they are reading. In a moment they appear before their preceptor and with order and decorum recite their lessons—are critically examined in grammar, and syntax—the construction of sentences—the formation of verbs —the antiquities of Greece and Rome—the history and geography of the ancients, illustrative of the author whose works they recite; and are taught to relish his beauties, and enter into his spirit. Thus class succeeds to class without the formality of definite hours for study or recreation till all have recited. In the presence of the students assembled a solemn and appropriate prayer, imploring the Eternal in their behalf, begins and ends the exercises of each day. In this manner the classics are taught 190 miles from the sea-coast. The glowing periods of Cicero are read and admired. The melody and majesty of Homer delight the ear and charm the understanding in the

very spot, and under the identical trees, which sixty years ago resounded with the war-whoop and horrid yellings of savage Indians. Of the large number that attend this school, nine in ten are as studious as their health will permit, and as orderly in their conduct as their friends could wish. Far removed from the dissipation of cities, and among sober, industrious, and religious people, they must be studious or lose all character and be pointed at by the finger of scorn. If disposed to be idle or vicious, they cannot be so otherwise than by themselves; for the place will not furnish them with associates. Monitors are appointed to superintend each subdivision of the students; and such as transgress the rules of the school are reported once in every week. Over them a court is held. They are allowed to justify or extenuate. A summary decision is made. Though corporal punishment is not wholly excluded it is rarely inflicted. The discipline of the institution respects the pride of youth, and is chiefly calculated to repress irregular conduct by attaching to it shame and dishonour. The sagacious preceptor quickly finds out the temper and disposition of each student, and is the first to discover aberrations from the straight line of propriety. By nipping mischief in the bud, he prevents its coming to any serious height. By patience in teaching, and minutely explaining what is difficult, he secures the affections of his pupils and smooths their labors; while at the same time judicious praise rouses ambition and kindles in their breasts an ardent love for improvement, and an eagerness to deserve and gain applause.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

[1839—1908]

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

THE world-wide fame of "Maryland, My Maryland" tended in the lifetime of the author to create the impression that he must be classed with the writers of a single song. This belief became so early and so firmly fixed in the public mind that, by the author's own confession, it served to discourage his too sensitive spirit from giving forth to the world the further products of his poetic genius. Rarely were his poems written to fit any special occasion; they were rather the result of the inspiration of the moment and the reflection of his spirit at the time of their creation. Of an author whose earliest work had won so wide a fame, it is a unique tribute to say that he did not write one line of his poetry for material compensation. His verses were habitually given away to friends who might ask for them; they might then be printed in some purely local publication or kept indefinitely in manuscript form. He did not live to see his poems collected for publication; and it was not known until after his death that the author of the most spirited appeal to arms and to love of country in the English tongue was also master of a wide range in metrical composition, throughout which he shows varied charm in thought and rhythm. In fact, the very excellence of his most popular song so obscured the unassuming singer that, in collections of Civil War verse published as late as the Twentieth Century, its authorship was attributed to another; while some of his poems, in the same or in similar collections, were published anonymously. This instance of injustice done to a reputable author cannot be paralleled in modern literature. The editors presumably had no intention to defraud; but the erroneously credited author of "Maryland, My Maryland" is the man whom Randall once exposed as a false claimant to a song of the war composed by a Northern woman.

Subjectively and objectively, Randall himself is to blame for any failure to secure during his lifetime eminently merited recognition as a poet capable of the highest achievement. Owing to his temperamental modesty, he shrank from general recognition and deprecated praise, where another would have perceived opportunities of securing proper remuneration for the fruits of his genius that he so improvidently gave away. He was almost devoid of business

acumen and of the self-advertising sense in a self-advertising age. From the fearful era of "Reconstruction" to the time of his last longings for his native Maryland, he was called upon to support a growing family in an impoverished land. He might have turned his name and ability to good account in the great publishing center of the Nation; but, like Lee at Washington College, and Maury at the Virginia Military Institute—who for war-stricken Lexington refused, the one opulence and honor in New York, the other distinctions and competence in Paris—Randall was unwilling to leave the cherished land of his earliest song. Although by nature a dreamer, his dreams were cut short in the drudgery of clerical labor or mechanical journalism; yet his newspaper work was often illuminated by such clearness, force, and beauty as to be widely quoted before lost in journalistic oblivion. Throughout his life the poet was repeatedly and earnestly urged to gather in some accessible form his "spirit offspring" that it might receive general appreciation; but, while diligent and conscientious in his work for others, he would not take the pains to collect his own poems for publication.

The poems of James Ryder Randall may be thus classified: War poems of the Southern Confederacy; poems of patriotism and love of country; poems of love and sentiment; poems of religious thought and expression; miscellaneous poems of humor, and juvenilia.

In his war poems of the Southern Confederacy, Randall is always emotional and often passionate. When his collected poems first appeared, several of the greater critics, of other sympathies, deemed him "narrow" or "spiteful"; but calmer views have, in the main, prevailed. Years before this, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Charles Strahan (January 26, 1886): "I always *felt* rather than thought that there was a genuine ring and life-like spirit in that lyric, 'Maryland, My Maryland,'" closing his letter with the statement that he regretted that he could not have written a song devoted to his own State that "would be as musical and as effective on what was for me the right side in the armed controversy." Holmes showed no evidence of injured feelings in his generous praise of the Southern song; and it has been prominently published by J. C. Derby that Randall once "admitted that his 'scum' rhymed with the anticipated 'come.'" On the other hand, Randall made poetical allowance for Holmes's "rag of treason" carried into battle by Southern "sons of Belial."

Randall early felt a passionate love of the heroic. Among the first lines he ever penned were those inspired by a lecture on Greece, which he heard when but a youth of sixteen. So averse in his later life was the poet to self-discussion that it will never be known how much of the art in poetry young Randall had then learned or in-

stinctively grasped. The innate talent, or "the art that plays its part," showed itself in his boyhood in "Marathon." Byron would not have been ashamed of some of these early lines; and very like the skill of Tennyson in bold Sir Bedivere's descent from the clanging cliffs and sharp-smitten crags to the level lake and the long glories of the winter moon is the youthful Randall's onomatopoetic art in the poem from which the following lines are taken:

"The dark Platean in the tide of war,
The comely Median in his battered car,
The bright Athenian dealing death and fear,
The Persian tottering on his shivered spear—
The cloven helmet, and the ghastly blow
The crimson scimitar, the stringless bow—
They smite their shields, they form, prepare, advance;
Sword splinters sword, lance crashes against lance—
Away! the golden lamp swings forth once more
And all is mute upon that dreamy shore."

About a year before his death, Randall wrote: "The influence of good women, young and old, has always been very profound in forming my character and bringing forth the poetic faculty or inspiration." Then follows a beautiful tribute to his mother as the first and best of them all. Frequently, in his poems of love and sentiment, his devotion to the inspiring subject of his passion was idealized and identified with the most exalted religious contemplation. Especially is this seen in the poems "Eidolon" and "Anima."

In his poems of a religious nature, Randall strikes all the keys of human faith from earth to heaven. While in Poe's "Israfel" we have a song of immortality that is gifted with supernal beauty attuned to heavenly contemplation, except through the person of the singer, it is almost apart from the thought of fellow mortals in their earthly pilgrimage. With something less of lyric beauty, but more of love of man, Randall's fugitive and uncollected verses carried into the home thoughts that made the mother clip them for her scrap-book from whatever source they chanced to come. Children and their elders heard them in hundreds of Southern homes, but rarely knew who wrote them; for in the numerous copies found thus preserved a simple "R."—sometimes not even that—was the only indication of their authorship.

James Ryder Randall was born in Baltimore, January 1, 1839. He was a direct descendant of the René Leblanc immortalized in "Evangeline." René's daughter Marguerite married, in Maryland, Cyprian Dupuis, a fellow-Acadian exile, and their daughter married

William Hooper, who was descended from the Massachusetts family represented in the signing of the Declaration of Independence—an unusual union of Catholic Acadian and New England Puritan. This William Hooper and his wife were the grandparents of the poet, who was also descended on the paternal side from the family of Lord Archbishop Killen of Dublin, and Christopher Randall, founder of Randallstown, Maryland, again a union of Catholic and Protestant in an age observing strict religious affiliations.*

The early training of James Ryder Randall was entrusted to Professor Joseph H. Clarke, in Baltimore, who had previously taught the youthful Edgar Allan Poe in Richmond. From Baltimore young Randall went to Georgetown College, and as a student there attracted considerable attention by some remarkably mature lines which were published in the *Evening Star* of Washington, District of Columbia. From Georgetown College, Randall traveled through Florida, the West Indies, and South America. Thence he went to New Orleans, and shortly afterward was persuaded to take the chair of English in the once flourishing Poydras College at Pointe Coupée, Louisiana. Here, after reading the news of the clash between citizens of Baltimore and Massachusetts troops on their way to invade Virginia, "Maryland's sister State," he was inspired to write his most famous battle-hymn; while adding a personal touch to the intensity of his feelings was the fact that the first citizen to fall in the fight was an intimate friend and college mate. "My Maryland" was written in an inspired hour of the sleepless night that followed, and the spirited verses of the youth of twenty-two became not only the war-song of the Confederacy, but were destined to outlive the cause evoking them and become the world-known march of a reunited nation. The author sprang into fame as the hero of the hour in the South, and abroad he was welcomed into the world of poets. He received a letter from a member of the family of Lord Byron, urging him to visit London and begging for a manuscript copy of the poem. A beautiful Russian girl of high rank deemed it an honor to have met a friend of the poet, and after singing the hymn she gave him this message: "When you see your friend who wrote that, tell him you heard it sung by a Russian girl who lives in Archangel, north of Siberia, and learned to sing it there."

Distances were great and the mails uncertain in the South at that time, and although Randall's verses traveled rapidly, his name did not at once go northward with them. "Maryland, My Maryland" was published anonymously in Baltimore and a copy was read to the poet's mother, who, dwelling in her heart upon her son's achieve-

*Genealogy given by Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson of Baltimore.

ments in verse, said immediately of the lines: "Oh! that they had been my boy's!" In Baltimore, they were soon set to music by Mr. H. C. Wagner to the tune of "Ma Normandie"; then by the Misses Cary to "Lauriger Horatius," which air was changed to its original "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum" by Charles Ellerbrock, a young German music teacher. The music of "Lauriger Horatius" and the words of "My Maryland" were taken to the publisher by Miss Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson (a grand-niece of Francis Scott Key), who, because her father was "a Union man," dared to do it when others feared confinement in Fort McHenry or in Federal prisons. Miss Nicholson was a granddaughter of Judge Joseph Hopper Nicholson, who first published "The Star-Spangled Banner" and who was a brother-in-law of its author. The original manuscript of Key's poem was owned by Miss Nicholson's father at the time she procured the publication in musical form of Maryland's second notable contribution to the world's famous battle-hymns.

Not long after writing "Maryland, My Maryland"—which was almost immediately followed by another war-poem, "There's Life in the Old Land Yet"—Randall arrived in New Orleans. As the war had begun, he applied for enlistment in the Confederate service; but, after medical examination, the role of a Tyrtæus was all that was permitted him; he had eleven hemorrhages of the lungs, was found to be unable to endure the hardships of campaigning, and was mustered out.

He was a romantic youth and was possibly over-idolized by the fair sex.* When he was not writing battle-hymns he was inditing softer strains, now to "Ma Belle Créole," now to a "Damsel of Mobile" or other gentle fancies of the passing hour. It is just possible that "Margherita," one of the most remarkable musical fantasies in English poetry, was his only sentimental ballad that was wholly the result of fancy without a mortal form as the exciting cause. One of his love-lyrics, however, which the reader is left to discover among the others in his volume of poems, subtly strikes a note of finality. In a railway coach, near the close of the war, he borrowed a newspaper from a young lady. It is not recorded whether he really wanted the paper or that he ever read it; but it is on record that the young lady, the daughter of General Marcus C. M. Hammond of South Carolina and a stranger to him then, subsequently became his wife; while the newspaper was the Augusta *Chronicle,* with

*Forty-seven years later, Randall's aged but practical friend, Senator William Pinkney Whyte, expressed to the writer of the foregoing, when Randall last visited Baltimore, his impatience at the poet's "persistence in accepting thank-you invitations to lecture to women's clubs when he could have put his talks on a financial basis for his material support."

which Randall was so long connected as Washington correspondent and as editor.

For many years Mr. Randall was secretary to Congressman William H. Fleming of Georgia, and then to Senator Joseph E. Brown. During this time he was brought into close contact with prominent men. His letters to the *Chronicle* make interesting reading to-day, and were widely quoted at the time. Occasionally his true poetic nature would, in some chance time taken from his conscientious application to clerical duties, break forth into verse, as in "Arlington" or "Resurgam." In these later years he met General Anson McCook, of distinguished services on the Union side, who advised him never to publish a volume of his verse, saying: "If I could go down to posterity with 'My Maryland' in one hand and 'Arlington' in the other, I would let everything else go."

Besides the Augusta *Chronicle,* Mr. Randall was connected with other papers from time to time; and, absurd as it may seem, this true poetic genius assumed the editorship of a paper entitled *The Anniston Hot Blast.* This was a journal begun in a new mining and manufacturing town in Alabama. To this place Randall, weary with the struggle for existence in Augusta, was allured by the seductive representations that a few more years of drudgery in a veritable El Dorado would pave the way to competence and comfort for the rest of his days. He was soon undeceived.

In 1907 he was invited by his native State and city to re-visit the home of his childhood. Upon his accepting the invitation, he was made the central figure of a home-coming week of festivities; and it was on this visit that he met a friend, Miss Lilian McGregor Shepherd, who was at last able to induce, or well-nigh compel, the recalcitrant bard seriously to begin to collect his poems for publication. To her were penned his last words of longing for his beloved State of Maryland, written from Augusta and received by her the day of his death, January 14, 1908.

AN INCIDENT IN THE SENATE

From a letter to the Augusta *Chronicle*, Washington, June 19, 1881.

The Weather Bureau prophet never knows when a cyclone is at hand and never has had the luck or skill to fling out a storm signal in advance of the wrath to come. It is the same thing here at the Capitol. The man does not live, from Sam Ward to the youngest page, who can forecast when a row is to spring up, cyclone like, in the Senate or the House. It is true that Senators Vance and Blaine contrived yesterday to illuminate some lively talk on school books, but this was not convulsive beyond the ordinary. It is true that this primer palaver touched Voorhees to the quick and gave him an opportunity to make a really eloquent, if somewhat volcanic, speech, in which he poured the fires of Etna and the lava of Vesuvius upon Brother Blaine and his fellow Radicals. This was exciting and sprightly, for the Senate, but not without precedents of frequency. None of these things superadded to Beck's heavy blows upon Morrill, an old-womanly man who takes punishment with sanctimonious self-sufficiency, petticoated with cant—none of these, I say, prepared the most experienced observer for the grand explosion that was to follow between Conkling and Lamar. The New York Senator, politically, is the most offensive of the human race. He is, either by nature or acquirement, or both, a bully and a phrase-maker. His manner to Democratic Senators is haughty beyond the power of language to express. It must, in the language of the side-show, "be seen to be appreciated." He has a cold, contemptuous glare of the cruel grey eyes, a gesture that suggests the ring-master, a wrinkle of the nose that intimates the indecency of any fellow creature remaining erect in his imperial presence, the general attitude of a person who fancies himself the Supreme Being, and a comprehensive air of pride incarnate inspired by the divinity of hate. His language is the most stately, the most elaborate, and the most cynical that flows from mortal lips by improvisation. You may well understand the power of these marvelously developed gifts, when they are backed by a capacious and thoroughly equipped intellect—an intellect massive and

alert, practical and cultivated, expert by long training, and morbidly imperative by reason of many successes. When the Democrats were in the minority, he had them somewhat at his mercy, until General Gordon brought him to the *ultima ratio* of many gentlemen and some Senators. Since that time, the New Yorker has been icily polite to the Georgian and reasonably courteous, for him, to everybody else in the Senate. Now and then, he would wanton on the perilous verge of mortal insult, but extricate himself by an ingenuity of statement that never failed, while it left a sting behind, to save the epidermis of the assailing gladiator. The fact of a Democratic majority in the Senate has been gall and wormwood to Mr. Conkling, and, in his lordly, opera-bouffe manner, he evidently resents it as a personal indignity. Brooding over this intolerable grievance, which so often galled his self-conceit, he had accumulated an amount of explosive material that only needed an accidental opportunity to precipitate a disturbance. About half past one o'clock this morning, suddenly, unexpectedly, like magic, the emergent chance was created out of the simplest materials, and the catastrophe, in the fiercest dramatic form, culminated. If, a few days ago, anybody had predicted that Mr. Lamar would forge the thunderbolt that dissolved in Mr. Conkling's hand and may politically destroy him, such a person would have been laughed at. Mr. Lamar has sat here for many days, in quiet retirement, taking no part in the debate. He is a man of genius, who has inspirations and listens to supernatural voices. He is as much a master of language as Mr. Conkling, but possesses a trait or virtue totally lacking in the New Yorker—modesty. He never mouths, or rants, or poses for the admiration of the ladies' gallery. He is serious, learned, eloquent, honest, eccentric sometimes, the soul of honor, intrepidity personified—a public man who, moulded like Phocian, believes with Shakespeare that

> A jewel in a ten-times barred-up chest
> Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
> My honor is my life, both grow in one,
> Take honor from me and my life is done.
> Then, good my lord, this honor let me try—
> In it I live and for it will I die!

A man so constituted is plainly the last person for a braggart to attack in the Senate or out of it. That Mr. Conkling should have exercised his worst form of insult upon Mr. Lamar was the sublimity of madness or of audacity. That the insult should have taken the shape of compelling retort that leaves one man prostrate and the other immeasurably triumphant above him was either heroic or insane. I think Mr. Conkling had a touch of lunacy which, at midnight, he miserably mistook for valor. You have already, on the wings of the lightning, been made acquainted with the main incidents and exact words that, over the English-speaking world at least, have "made history" for two extraordinary men. I need not repeat the scene. The charge of bad faith; its indignant repulse; the lying brand; the bucket-shop retort through all the gamut of the subjunctive mood—these things I need not reproduce. But it must be recorded that when Lamar, with absolute calm and awful deliberation, said: "I have only to say to the Senator from New York that he understood me correctly. I said precisely the words he understood me to say. My language was harsh and unparliamentary, and I beg pardon of the Senate for it; but my language was *such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would bear.*" Mr. Conkling lay like Goliath in the dust, with a great gash upon his brazen front, while over him the Mississippian stood in very majesty, the avenger of innocence upon mammoth brutality.

What will come of it I know not. In spite of Mr. Conkling's supra-mortal insolence, there abides in him a streak of well-developed Pickwickianism. The ingenious use of that salutary trait may pave the way for a quasi reconcilement. Lamar will not budge an inch toward compromise of any kind. He simply awaits Mr. Conkling's pleasure, when that gentleman gathers his fragments together and has restored his mental faculties to coherence or something akin to it. Before this reaches you, some conclusion may be arrived at that is not now apparent.

MARYLAND MY MARYLAND

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The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And chant the dauntless slogan-song
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns, she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

PELHAM

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife
With all its gorgeous cheer;
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

A wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the child of Rome
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt,
The champion of the Truth
He won his banner in the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells—
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While 'round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high!
Thy tears may soon be shed—
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Favored with swift renown;
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown!

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED

The Saviour, bowed beneath his cross,
Clomb up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.
The brawny Roman thrust him on
With unrelenting hand—
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin wears his silver vest
Incarnadined with red.

Ah Jesu! Jesu! Son of Man!
My dolour and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or caverns of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there!

FAR OUT AT SEA

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The winged wind warbles melody;
The billows fringe their curls of foam,
And tremble back with thoughts of home;
I stream my soul on every crest
That gambols onward to the west—
'Tis freighted, love, with hope and thee.

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The petrels soar the surge with glee;
The livelong day they skim the air,
The livelong night they slumber there—
Wild, wand'ring souls of those who sleep
Beneath the coral-citied deep,
And from the shades heart-break to be
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The bird-like bark flew merrily!
The day-god slept—his bride on high
Wove isles of light o'er wave and sky;
On, on we flew, and from the wake
What moon-enameled beauties break!
A vapory veil of silver bars
Entangled in a sky of stars—
Supernal visions came to me
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The raven screams upon the lee;
The storm-king rides the lightning now,
And wreck and ruin bare his brow—
A gallant ship, descending fast,
Is whirled beneath the waters vast,
And with her in the whelming tide,
The loveliest child that ever died
In faith, in purity and pride!

One fair white arm upon her breast,
One sunny curl lost from the rest,
And there she lies—sweet Melanie!
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
And art thou happy, Melanie?
Oh! in thy grand and mystic grave
Beneath the blue, blue tropic wave,
Dost see, sweet child, the diamond blaze
Upon the Nereid of old days—
Dost hear the choral song of shells,
More musical than golden bells—
And in thy ocean jubilee
Dost think of him who loveth thee?
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

FLOURINE

Little Flourine, with golden hair,
And rose-red cheeks and features fair,
You shall be the New Year's Queen,
Little Flourine!

Pretty Flourine, with the bright-blue eyes,
Whose tints are caught from the azure skies;
Airy, fairy, with heavenly mien,
Pretty Flourine!

Dainty Flourine, with your dazzling grace,
And the beautiful wonders of your face;
May you have nothing but roses to glean,
Dainty Flourine!

Darling Flourine, may Time bring to you
Days full of music and skies full of blue—
Bliss that the saints and the angels have seen,
Darling Flourine!

RESURGAM

Teach me, my God, to bear my cross
As Thine was borne;
Teach me to make of every loss
A crown of thorn.
Give me Thy patience and Thy strength
With every breath,
Until my lingering days at length
Shall welcome death.

Dear Jesus, I believe that Thou
Did'st rise again,
Instil the spirit in me now
That conquers pain.
Give me the grace to cast aside
All vain desire,
All the fierce throbbing of a pride
That flames like fire.

Give me the calm that Dante wrought
From sensual din;
The peace that errant Wolsey sought
From stalwart sin.
I seek repose upon Thy breast
With child-like prayer;
Oh let me find the heavenly rest
And mercy there!

If I have, in rebellious ways,
Profaned my life;
If I have filled my daring days
With worldly strife;
If I have shunned the narrow path
In crime to fall—
Lead me from th' abode of wrath
And pardon all!

Banished from Thee! where shall I find
For my poor soul
A safe retreat from storms that blind,
Or seas that roll?
Come to me, Christ, ere I, forlorn,
Sink 'neath the wave,
And on this blessed Easter morn
A lost one save!

PEACE TO THE DEAD

Peace to the dead; though the skies are chill,
And the Norse wind waileth coarse and shrill.
Peace to the dead! though the living shake
The globe, with their brawling battle-quake.
Peace to the dead! though peace is not
In the regal dome or the pauper cot.
Peace to the dead; there's peace, we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust.

Roses and pansies guard them well,
Tinging triumphant immortelle,
Minions of Doubt, we bend the knee
To the kings and queens of mystery.
Storm and sunshine, mist and rain,
Do ye mock at their marble doors in vain?
And ye, sepulchral cliffs of night,
Do ye rise to appeal their shadowed sight?
O Darkness! thy mission is not just
To the pale dreamers in the dust.

Peace to the dead! afar and near,
In folds of satin or beggar's bier;
Whether they sleep in the kirk-yard ground,
Or bleach in the gullied seas profound;
Garnered by Time's dull scimitar,
Or cleft in the scarlet fields of war;
Godless is he who breaketh the crust
O'er the pale dreamers in the dust.

EIDOLON

Ah, sweet-eyed Christ! Thy image smiles
  In its Cathedral cell,
Shrined in the heaven-enamored arms
  Of her who never fell;
And if my phantom eyes implore
  A more benignant beam,
'Tis a nepenthe I would crave
  For a memorial dream!

Dear Leonie! here did'st thou kneel
  That musky summer noon,
As the zephyrs kissed in ecstasy
  The dimpled cheeks of June—
As the sunlight drifted o'er thy brow
  A golden wave of grace,
Bright blending with the miracles
  Of that angelic face.

Adorably Madonna-like,
  By this communion rail,
Thy raptured face, though rich with youth,
  Was spirit-lit and pale;
And oh, those opulent blue eyes,
  Those Meccas of despair—
They, they were glorious Eden-isles
  Lost in a lake of prayer!

Saint Leonie! I saw thee flit
  Gazelle-like to the street,
And pure, melodious angels led
  Thy dainty, tinkling feet;
My rebel thoughts were petrel-winged,
  Attendant upon thee,
Chasing thy loved and lissome shape
  As Arabs of the sea.

Long did I love thee, *belle Créole,*
As Gebirs love the sun,
And in the temple of my soul
Thou wast the eidolon;
Long did I love thee, *belle Créole,*
Where corsair billows rise,
And where the silver planets soar
In unfamiliar skies!

Dark Corcovado! did I not,
With heart and soul aflame,
Carve on thy broad, monarchal brow
Her wildly-worshipped name—
Watching the homeward ships scud by
Before the nimble breeze,
Till memory with them wept away
Beyond the tropic seas!

Years, years had died, and once again
I saw the spires of home;
Then, armed with an undying hope,
I stood beneath this dome.
But not within the pillared aisle,
Nor by the sacred sign,
Could my bewildered eyes behold
The loveliness of thine.

The sad November days had come,
And eagerly I fled
To find thee where the maidens deck
The kingdoms of the dead;
I found thee—yes, I found thee, love,
Beneath the willow tree—
With marble cross and immortelle
And one word—"Leonie!"

JOHN RANDOLPH

[1773—1833]

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke was born in King George County, Virginia, June 2, 1773. He was fourth in descent from William Randolph, who, emigrating to the colony in the previous century, accumulated a handsome fortune and founded a family of extraordinary distinction. John Randolph traced straight back to Pocahontas, a fact of which he never ceased to boast. "I am sprung from a race," he once exclaimed in Congress, "who were never known to forget a friend or forgive a foe." His early years were passed at two of the most interesting mansions then standing in Virginia, namely, Cawsons and Matoax. When Randolph was only two and a half years old, his father died, but his place was supplied by the accomplished St. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, whom Mrs. Randolph married early in her widowhood. Mrs. Tucker, who died in 1788, lived long enough to impress herself deeply on the heart of her celebrated son. She was a woman of great personal beauty and charm, of vigorous intellect and sprightly wit. "She alone knew me," he often exclaimed in after life; and with deep feeling he would add, "The lessons taught me by my dear and revered mother at her knee have been of more value to me than all I have learned from my preceptors and compeers."

There was something in the spirit of Randolph's early years that recalls Byron's vehement youth; for instance, he is known to have swooned away in a passion before he was four years of age. Like Byron, too, he evinced, in his boyhood, no desire to take part in athletic sports, or strenuous open-air diversions. Almost from the time he first learned to read, he was in the daily habit of passing many hours in the closet at Matoax where the books were kept. Here, like Dickens at the same age, he devoured every English classic intelligible to a precocious boy. The Matoax library contained a full collection of the English novelists and essayists, and also translations of numerous French and Spanish histories and romances. Before he had reached his twelfth year he had read, until he knew by heart, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Gulliver,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' Thomson's 'Seasons,' Shakespeare, 'The Arabian Nights,' Voltaire's 'Charles the Twelfth,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' 'Orlando

Furioso,' and Plutarch. So lasting was their impression on his memory that his aptest illustrations for his great speeches were invariably drawn from these classical works.

When Arnold invaded Virginia, Mrs. Tucker retired, with her children, to Bizarre, the family estate, situated near Farmville. It was while there, on this occasion, that Randolph for the first time visited the plantation at Roanoke which he had inherited from his father, and which was always to be associated with his name. As he and his mother rode over the property, she gave him advice which he never forgot. "When you get to be a man," said she, "you must not sell your land; keep your land, and your land will keep you." Throughout his long life he never ceased to commend the law of primogeniture, or to admire aristocracy resting upon landed possessions.

Coming of age in 1794, Randolph assumed charge of his extensive landed estate; but it required many years of economical management to clear it of its share of the heavy debt left by his father. Matoax having been sold to reduce this debt, he took up his residence at Bizarre, the home of his brother Richard. Richard was reputed to be the most promising young man in Virginia, but his brilliant prospects were soon blasted by his involvement in a strange and obscure scandal, which proved fatal to his sensitive spirit. When he died, Randolph bravely took on himself all the responsibilities of the family head, but how deeply he was affected at the time was revealed in his conduct. A visitor at Bizarre who occupied the room below his testified that she never waked in the night that she did not hear him moving about, sometimes striding across the floor, and exclaiming "Macbeth hath murdered sleep"; and she also stated that at midnight, ordering his horse to be saddled, he would career over the plantation with a loaded pistol in his hand—an incident that again reminds us of Byron's passionate and ungovernable youth.

It was in full harmony with the custom of that day that a young man like Randolph, of conspicuous talents, and possessing a large fortune and a powerful family connection, should, soon after his majority, offer himself for public office. But the ordinary course was first to become a candidate for the State Legislature. With characteristic audacity and self-confidence, Randolph announced his candidacy for Congress, a step all the bolder because he would have to ascend the hustings as the opponent of Patrick Henry, the most renowned of orators.

It was only recently that the famous Resolutions of 1798 had been passed by the Virginia Legislature as a protest against the Alien and Sedition Acts. These Resolutions had the emphatic approval of Randolph, as a follower of Jefferson and Madison. Henry,

whose speech came first, declared that the General Assembly, in adopting the Resolutions, had gone beyond its powers. What right had a State Legislature to pass on a national statute? Randolph sarcastically twitted his great antagonist with inconsistency. Were not these very Acts that "squinting towards monarchy" which the old orator had denounced in the Constitutional Convention? Was he not the last man who should come forward to apologize for courses which he had so loudly prophesied and had so vehemently sought to render impossible?

Randolph was elected. True to his political faith, his first act in Congress was to oppose a bill authorizing the increase of the standing army. Having, during the debate, stigmatized the regulars as "ragamuffins," he was jostled in the theater by a party of officers to show their resentment of the opprobrious epithet. He promptly complained to the President of the insult. The slighting notice which Adams took of the crimination only served to inflame further the anger aroused by the incident among Randolph's party associates, and to confirm their belief that the Federalist Administration was using every opportunity, great or small, to strengthen the power of the Central Government at the expense of the power of the States.

But the hour of Federalism had struck. When Jefferson was chosen President, Randolph's reputation was so high that he was appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the most important in the House, which made him the spokesman of the new Administration and also of the Republican party in that body, and one of the most influential public men of the country. All the measures touching the acquisition of Louisiana, or its government after its purchase, were matured in this committee; and to Randolph is largely due the success marking the history of that great transaction from its beginning to its conclusion.

It was during this Administration that he was appointed manager of the proceedings in impeachment of Judge Chase, of the Supreme Court, who had been guilty of misconduct in his office. But Chase was acquitted, a fact which shook Randolph's influence with Jefferson and his Cabinet. That influence was further diminished by his bold opposition to the New England Company's assertion of ownership in an enormous tract of the Yazoo region, on the ground that they had purchased, without notice, the titles of the original fraudulent grantees. Madison and Gallatin had reported favorably to the company's claim; and it was also pressed by the company's chairman, Gideon Granger, the Postmaster-general. In the teeth of this powerful combination, Randolph denounced the Yazoo fraud in terms such as he alone could frame.

Nor was he fully in sympathy with some of the other measures

which the President, or members of his Cabinet, approved. Jefferson, for instance, suggested the use of force in retaliation for British impressment of American sailors; Randolph urged negotiation first; and should that fail, an embargo. Finally, largely through his advocacy, a limited non-importation bill, directed against British manufacturers, was passed. When, the following year, the embargo was proposed, he objected to it because he considered some of its provisions unwise; but it became a law, with all the consequences he had foreseen and deprecated.

Randolph disapproved of the War of 1812-'15. Before hostilities broke out, he opposed every step tending to widen the breach between England and America; and he always held that with a little forbearance peace might have been maintained. How disinterested he was in thus firmly breasting the wave of popular passion was shown by his defeat for Congress in 1815. The war had hardly ended, however, when he was urged to again become a candidate for Congress. His canvass resulted in his opponent's defeat, but his own triumph aroused in him no emotion of exultation. "I am a stricken deer," he wrote despondently, "and feel disposed to leave the herd."

The Republican party, founded by Jefferson, was still in office, but the purity of the original States' Rights doctrines had been profoundly modified by the demoralization of power through the defection of the Northern Democrats and the assaults of the Supreme Court. Randolph remained stanchly loyal to the party's original principles because he saw that in those principles, as they were enunciated at first, rested the only hope of safety for the South and its institutions within the Union. Not only did he oppose the reëstablishment of the United States Bank and the increase in the tariff rates as confirming dangerous precedents, and imposing hardships on the Southern States, but he threw himself with all the vehemence of his ardent spirit into the sectional conflict raised by the debates over the proposed Missouri Compromise. Had his advice been followed, the South would have been saved from the unspeakable calamities which overwhelmed her forty-five years later, for she would either have seceded in 1820, when secession was practicable, or she would then have secured a hold on the territories which could never have been loosened by the South or the North.

In 1822, Randolph spent the summer in England, a country which he knew in every aspect through books. All the local allusions by the great English writers—Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Byron and their compeers—were at his tongue's end. His sympathy with English life had from the start been assured by the similarity of that life in essential with life in Virginia, by the identity of spirit of English and Virginia family traditions, and by the substantial ho-

mogeneity of the two peoples. In London he met all who were most distinguished—dined with Miss Edgeworth, whom he flattered by his minute knowledge of her works, joked with Thomas Moore under the gallery of the House of Commons, and received extraordinary courtesies from prominent members of the nobility.

His antagonism to Clay on all the burning questions of that time—the war with Great Britain, the tariff laws, the Act for Internal Improvements—aroused in him a keen antipathy toward that statesman, which culminated in the most celebrated philippic in American history. Clay, as soon as Adams appointed him Secretary of State, had been charged with corruption. Randolph seized upon this groundless assertion to vent his spleen against both men, whom he greatly detested. "I was defeated horse, foot and dragoon," he exclaimed in the House in his most sarcastic tones, "cut up and clean broke down by the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg."

Clay promptly challenged him. The night before the duel came off the seconds found Randolph absorbed in Milton, and before he would permit them to speak of their errand he read aloud some of the noblest passages of that poet. On the field next day he fired his pistol into the air, after receiving his antagonist's bullet in his coat.

In 1826 Randolph occupied a seat in the Senate, but was defeated for reëlection by John Tyler. The following year his faithful district again returned him to Congress, where he became, as before, the leader of the opposition. But his health was now shattered, and at the end of his term, March, 1829, he decided to withdraw from public life. Without his knowledge and against his real wishes, he was soon chosen to be a member of the Convention of 1829-'30, of which he proved to be the most conspicuous personality, whether for brilliancy or eccentricity. Only a short time before he took his seat in the Convention, he had been appointed by Jackson to be Minister to Russia, a position which he held only for a year.

In the spring of 1832 his mind gave way, but after a few weeks his faculties suddenly recovered their strength. His interest in politics at once returned. He deeply resented Jackson's threat at this time to send ships and troops to Charleston to suppress the nullifiers. Expecting war, he publicly declared his determination to have his frail body buckled on his favorite horse, and to fight for the South to the last ditch. Lifted into his carriage, he traveled from county to county, everywhere calling on the people to support their brethren in Carolina.

Randolph now decided to visit England as the last hope of alleviating his maladies. On arriving in Philadelphia, he was too ill to embark. A physician was summoned. "How long have you been

sick, Mr. Randolph?" "I have been sick all my life," was the answer. For many hours before he died (June 24, 1833), he lay perfectly quiet; then, suddenly rousing up, exclaimed with great agitation, "Remorse! Remorse!"

Thus was quenched the most brilliant intellect which Virginia has produced; the greatest and most unhappy genius, excepting Poe, ever associated with her soil. Strangest of facts, the man who was looked upon as the quintessence of eccentricity was the only really consistent statesman of his age. The other representatives of the Virginia school, under the influence of practical expediency, or the relaxations of power, drifted away from the original principles of the States' Rights party. Randolph alone remained faithful to the end, sacrificing to his loyalty all hope of official promotion. He was the forerunner of Calhoun, and as such the first who, recognizing the antagonistic interest of the two sections, sought from the beginning to the end of his political life to erect a barrier for the South's protection by emphasizing the rights of the States.

Unlike Wirt, his only Southern contemporary in political life approaching him in literary power, Randolph left behind no single piece of work of a purely literary character. His productions were confined to speeches and letters. His speeches, too often discoursive and incohesive, have a literary flavor, reflecting a degree of classical culture that is without a parallel in American parliamentary history. Passages can be selected from them that for scintillating wit, corrosive invective, and overwhelming scorn, are unexcelled in the parliamentary history of any country. Admirable even when he addressed his first audience, his power of speech seemed to grow only more tense, simple, direct, and epigrammatic. Although necessarily lacking in some of the pungent qualities of his speeches, his letters show in almost equal degree that copiousness, choiceness, and aptness of language which is only to be obtained by a critical study of the great English classics from youth upward. Randolph was perhaps the most brilliant letter-writer of whom the old civilization of the South could boast.

Philip Alexander Bruce

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REPLY TO MR. EVERETT

Extract from a Speech in the House of Representatives, February 1, 1828.

It is a great mistake to suppose that he [Randolph] had no method in his discourse. His was not a succession of loose thoughts and observations strung together by the commonplace rules of association, but the profound method of a mind of genius, that looked into the very heart of a subject, and drew forth the *law* of association by which its *ideas* are bound together in an adamantine chain of cause and effect. Like the musician who draws from a simple ballad an infinite variety of harmonies, in all of which may be traced the elements of the original song—so, Randolph, in his speeches, expanded the original thought into a rich and copious variety; but every illustration was suggested by the subject; each episode tended to accomplish the purpose he had in view. Let the following extract from the speech now under consideration, suffice as a specimen of his large acquaintance with history, profound knowledge of human character, his copiousness of illustration and the rapidity, beauty, strength, and purity of his style. After reviewing the observations of other speakers that had gone before him, suggested by a former speech of his, he comes directly to the subject in hand—the unfitness of the present rulers: we wanted statesmen who could wisely direct the helm of State, and not orators to make speeches, or logicians to write books.—Garland's 'Life of John Randolph.'

Sir, I deny that there is any instance on record, in history, of a man not having military capacity being at the head of any Government with advantage to that Government, and with

credit to himself. There is a great mistake on this subject. It is not those talents which enable a man to write books and make speeches, that qualify him to preside over a Government. The wittiest of poets has told us that

> All a rhetorician's rules
> Teach only how to name his tools.

We have seen professors of rhetoric, who could no doubt descant fluently upon the use of these said tools, yet sharpen them to so wiry an edge as to cut their own fingers with these implements of their trade. Thomas à Becket was as brave a man as Henry the Second, and, indeed, a braver man —less infirm of purpose. And who were the Hildebrands, and the rest of the papal freebooters, who achieved victory after victory over the proudest monarchs and States of Christendom? These men were brought up in a cloister, perhaps, but they were endowed with that highest of all gifts of Heaven, the capacity to lead men, whether in the Senate or in the field. Sir, it is one and the same faculty, and its successful display has always received, and always will receive, the highest honors that man can bestow: and this will be the case, do what you will, cant what you may about military chieftains and military domination. So long as man is man, the victorious defender of his country will, and ought to receive, that country's suffrage for all that the forms of her government allow her to give.

A friend said to me not long since: "Why, General Jackson can't write." "Admitted." (Pray, Sir, can you tell me of any one that can write? for, I protest, I know nobody that can.) Then turning to my friend, I said: "It is most true that General Jackson cannot write," (not that he can't write his name or a letter, &c.) "because he has never been taught; but his competitor cannot write, because he was not teachable;" for he has had every advantage of education and study. Sir, the Duke of Marlborough, the greatest captain and negotiator of his age, which was the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and who may rank with the greatest men of any age, whose irresistible manners and address triumphed over every obstacle in council, as his military prowess and conduct did in the field—this great man could not spell, and was notoriously ignorant

of all that an under-graduate must know, but which it is not necessary for a man at the head of affairs to know at all. Would you have superseded him by some Scotch schoolmaster? Gentlemen forget that it is an able helmsmen we want for the ship of state, and not a professor of navigation or astronomy.

Sir, among the vulgar errors that ought to go into Sir Thomas Browne's book, this ought not to be omitted: that learning and wisdom are not synonymous, or at all equivalent. Knowledge and wisdom, as one of our most delightful poets sings—

> Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
> Have ofttimes no connection: Knowledge dwells
> In hearts replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
> Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
> Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
> By which the magic art of shrewder wits
> Holds the unthinking multitude enchained.

And not books only, Sir. Speeches are not less deceptive. I not only consider the want of what is called learning, not to be a disqualification for the commander-in-chief in civil or military life; but I do consider the possession of too much learning to be of most mischievous consequence to such a character, who is to draw from the cabinet of his own sagacious mind, and to make the learning of others, or whatever other qualities they may possess, subservient to his more enlarged and vigorous views. Such a man was Cromwell; such a man was Washington: not learned, but wise. Their understandings were not clouded or cramped, but had fair play. Their errors were the errors of men, not of schoolboys and pedants. So far from the want of what is called education being a very strong objection to a man at the head of affairs, over-education constitutes a still stronger objection. (In the case of a lady it is fatal. Heaven defend me from an over-educated, accomplished lady! Yes, accomplished indeed; for she is *finished* for all the duties of a wife, or mother, or mistress of a family.) We hear much of military usurpation,

of military despotism, of the sword of a conqueror, of Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Bonaparte. What little I know of Roman history has been gathered chiefly from the surviving letters of the great men of that day, and of Cicero, especially; and I freely confess that if I had then lived, and had been compelled to take sides, I must, though very reluctantly, have sided with Cæsar, rather than have taken Pompey for my master. It was the interest of the House of Stuart—and they were long enough in power to do it—to blacken the character of Cromwell, that great, and, I must add, bad man. But, Sir, the devil himself is not so black as he is sometimes painted. And who would not rather have obeyed Cromwell than that self-styled Parliament, which obtained a title too indecent for me to name, but by which it is familiarly known and mentioned by all the historians from that day to this. Cromwell fell under a temptation, perhaps too strong for the nature of man to resist; but he was an angel of light, to either of the Stuarts, the one whom he brought to the block, or his son, a yet worse man, the blackest and foulest of miscreants that ever polluted a throne. It has been the policy of the House of Stuart and their successors—it is the policy of kings—to villify and blacken the memory and character of Cromwell. But the cloud is rolling away. We no longer consider Hume as deserving of the slightest credit. Cromwell "was guiltless of his country's blood;" his was a bloodless usurpation. To doubt his sincerity at the outset from his subsequent fall would be madness. Religious fervor was the prevailing temper and fashion of the times. Cromwell was no more of a fanatic than Charles the First, and not so much of a hypocrite. It was not in his nature to have signed the attainder of such a friend as Lord Strafford, whom Charles meanly, and selfishly, and basely, and cruelly, and cowardly repaid for his loyalty to him by an ignominious death—a death deserved indeed by Strafford for his treason to his country, but not at the hands of his faithless, perfidious master. Cromwell was an usurper —'tis granted; but he had scarcely any choice left him. His sway was every way preferable to that miserable corpse of a Parliament that he turned out, as a gentleman would turn off a drunken butler and his fellows; or the pensioned tyrant that succeeded him, a dissolute, depraved bigot and hypocrite, who

was outwardly a Protestant and at heart a Papist. He lived and died one, while pretending to be a son of the Church of England—aye, and sworn to it—and died a perjured man. If I must have a master, give me one whom I can respect, rather than a knot of knavish attorneys. Bonaparte was a bad man; but I would rather have had Bonaparte than such a set of corrupt, intriguing, public plunderers as he turned adrift. The Senate of Rome, the Parliament of England, "the Council of Elders and Youngsters," the Legislature of France—all made themselves first odious and then contemptible; and then comes an usurper; and this is the natural end of a corrupt civil government.

There is a class of men who possess great learning, combined with inveterate professional habits, and who *ipso facto,* or perhaps I should rather say *ipsis factis,* for I must speak accurately, as I speak before a professor, are disqualified for any but secondary parts anywhere, even in the cabinet. Cardinal Richelieu was what? A priest. Yes, but what a priest! Oxenstiern was a chancellor. He it was who sent his son abroad to see *quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—with how little wisdom this world is governed. This administration seemed to have thought that even less than that little would do for us. The gentleman called it a strong, and able cabinet—second to none but Washington's first cabinet. I could hardly look at him for blushing. What, Sir! is Gallatin at the head of the Treasury—Madison in the department of State? The mind of an accomplished and acute dialectician, of an able lawyer, or if you please, of a great physician, may, by the long continuance of one pursuit—of one train of ideas—have its habits inveterately fixed, as effectually to disqualify the possessor for the command of the councils of a country. He may, nevertheless, make an admirable chief of a bureau—an excellent man of details, which the chief ought never to be. A man may be capable of making an able and ingenious argument on any subject within the sphere of his knowledge; but every now and then the master sophist will start, as I have seen him start, at the monstrous conclusions to which his own artificial reasoning had brought himself. But this was a man of more than ordinary natural candor and fairness of mind. Sir, by words and figures you

may prove just what you please; but it often and most generally is the fact, that, in proportion as a proposition is logically or mathematically true, so it is politically and commonsensically (or rather nonsensically) false. The talent which enables a man to write a book, or make a speech, has no more relation to the leading of an army or a senate, than it has to the dressing of a dinner. The talent which fits a man for either office is the talent for the management of men; a mere dialectician never had, and never will have it; each requires the same degree of courage, though of different kinds. The very highest degree of moral courage is required for the duties of government. I have been amused when I have seen some dialecticians, after assorting their words—"the counters of wise men, the money of fools"—after they had laid down their premises, and drawn, step by step, their deductions, sit down completely satisfied, as if the conclusions to which they had brought themselves were really the truth—as if it were irrefragably true. But wait until another cause is called, or till another court sits—till the bystanders and jury have had time to forget both argument and conclusion, and they will make you just as good an argument on the other side, and arrive with the same complacency at a directly opposite conclusion, and triumphantly demand your assent to this new truth. Sir, it is their business—I do not blame them. I only say that such a habit of mind unfits men for action and for decision. They want a client to decide for them which side to take; and the really great man performs that office. This habit unfits them for government in the first degree. The talent for government lies in these two things—sagacity to perceive, and decision to act. Genuine statesmen were never made such by mere training; *nascuntur non fiunt* education will form good business men. The maxim, *nascitur non fit,* is as true of statesmen as it is of poets. Let a house be on fire, you will soon see in that confusion who has the talent to command. Let a ship be in danger at sea, and ordinary subordination destroyed, and you will immediately make the same discovery. The ascendency of mind and of character rises and rises as naturally and as inevitably where there is fair play for it, as material bodies find their level by gravitation. Thus, a great logician, like a certain animal, oscillating between the hay on

different sides of him, wants some power from without, before he can decide from which bundle to make trial. Who believes that Washington could write as good a book or report as Jefferson, or make as able a speech as Hamilton? Who is there that believes that Cromwell would have made as good a judge as Lord Hale? No, Sir, these learned and accomplished men find their proper place under those who are fitted to command, and to command them among the rest. Such a man as Washington will say to Jefferson, do you become my Secretary of State; to Hamilton, do you take charge of my purse, or that of the nation, which is the same thing; and to Knox, do you be my master of horse. All history shows this; but great logicians and great scholars are, for that very reason, unfit to be rulers. Would Hannibal have crossed the Alps, when there were no roads—with elephants—in the face of the warlike and hardy mountaineers, and have carried terror to the very gates of Rome, if his youth had been spent in poring over books? Would he have been able to maintain himself on the resources of his own genius for sixteen years in Italy, in spite of faction and treachery in the Senate of Carthage, if he had been deep in conic sections and fluxions, and the differential calculus, to say nothing of botany and mineralogy, and chemistry? "Are you not ashamed," said a philosopher to one who was born to rule; "are you not ashamed to play so well upon the flute?" Sir, it was well put. There is much which becomes a secondary man to know—much that it is necessary for him to know, that a first-rate man ought to be ashamed to know. No head was ever clear and sound that was stuffed with book learning. You might as well attempt to fatten and strengthen a man by stuffing him with every variety and the greatest quantity of food. After all, the chief must draw upon his subalterns, for much that he does not know and cannot perform himself. My friend, Wm. R. Johnson, has many a groom that can clean and dress a race-horse, and ride him too, better than he can. But what of that? Sir, we are, in the European sense of the term, not a military people. We have no business for an army; it hangs as a dead weight upon the nation, officers and all. All that we hear of it is through pamphlets—indicating a spirit that, if I was at the head of affairs, I should very speedily put down. A state

of things that never could have grown up under a man of decision of character at the head of the State, or the Department—a man possessing the *spirit of command;* that truest of all tests of a chief, whether military or civil. Who rescued Braddock when he was fighting, *secundem artem,* and his men were dropping around him on every side? It was a Virginia militia major. He asserted in that crisis, the place which properly belonged to him, and which he afterwards filled in a manner we all know.

"To my constituents, whose confidence and love have impelled and sustained me under the effort of making it, I dedicate this speech."

ON THE GREEK CAUSE

Extract from a Speech delivered in the House of Representatives, January 24, 1824.

It is with serious concern and alarm, that I have heard doctrines broached in this debate, fraught with consequences more disastrous to the best interests of this people, than any that I ever heard advanced, during the five and twenty years since I have been honored with a seat on this floor. They imply, to my apprehension, a total and fundamental change of the policy pursued by this Government, *ab urbe condita*—from the foundation of the Republic, to the present day. Are we, sir, to go on a crusade, in another hemisphere, for the propagation of two objects as dear and delightful to *my* heart, as to that of any gentleman in this, or in any other assembly—Liberty and Religion—and, in the name of those holy words—by this powerful spell, is this nation to be conjured and beguiled out of the highway of heaven—out of its present comparatively happy state, into all the disastrous conflicts arising from the policy of European powers, with all the consequences which bow from them? Liberty and Religion, sir! Things that are yet dear, in spite of all the mischief that has been perpetrated in their name. I believe that nothing similar to this proposition is to be found in modern history, unless in the famous decree of the French National Assembly, which brought combined Europe against them, with its united strength; and after repeated struggles finally effected the

downfall of the French power. . . . I will respectfully ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether, in his very able and masterly argument—and he has said all that could be said on the subject, and much more than I supposed could have been said by any man in favor of his resolution—whether he, himself, has not furnished an answer to his speech. I had not the happiness myself to hear his speech, but a friend has read it to me—in one of the arguments in that speech, towards the conclusion, I think, of his speech, the gentleman lays down from Puffendorff, in reference to the honeyed words and pious professions of the Holy Alliance, that these are all surplusage, because nations are always supposed to be ready to do what justice and national law require. Well, sir, if this be so, why may not the Greeks presume—why are they not in this principle, bound to presume—that this Government is disposed to do all, in reference to them, that they ought to do, without any formal resolutions to that effect? I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether the doctrine of Puffendorff does not apply as strongly to the resolution as to the declaration of the Allies—that is, if the resolution of the gentleman be indeed that almost nothing he would have us suppose, if there be not something *behind* this nothing, which divides this House, (not *horizontally,* as the gentleman has somewhat quaintly said—but *vertically*) into two unequal parties; one the advocate of a splendid system of crusades, the other, the friends of peace and harmony; the advocates of a *fireside policy*—for, as long as all is right at the fireside, there cannot be much wrong elsewhere—whether, I repeat, does not the doctrine of Puffendorff apply as well to the words of the resolution, as to the words of the Holy Alliance?

There was another remark that fell from the gentleman from Massachusetts—of which I shall speak, as I shall always speak of anything from that gentleman, with all the personal respect that may be consistent with the freedom of discussion. Among other cases forcibly put by the gentleman, why he would embark in this incipient crusade against Mussulmen, he stated this one—that they hold human beings as property. Aye, sir—and what says the Constitution of the United States on this point?—unless, indeed, that instrument is wholly to be excluded from consideration—unless it is to be

regarded as a mere useless parchment, worthy to be burnt, as was once actually proposed. Does not that Constitution give its sanction to the holding of human beings as property? Sir, I am not going to discuss the abstract question of liberty or slavery, or any other abstract question. I go for matters of fact. But I would ask gentlemen in this House, who have the misfortune to reside on the wrong side of a certain mysterious parallel of latitude, to take this question seriously into consideration—whether the Government of the United States is prepared to say, that the act of holding human beings as property, is sufficient to place the party so offending, under the ban of its high and mighty displeasure?

Sir, I am afraid, that along with some most excellent attributes and qualities—the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of habeas corpus, and all the blessings of free government we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, we have got not a little of their John Bull, or rather John Bull-dog spirit —their readiness to fight for anybody, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the gamecock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes; and she will with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting, now for the Queen of Hungary—then for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia —now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons—and now on the eve of war with them for the liberties of Spain.

These lines on the subject, were never more applicable, than they have now become:

> Now Europe's balanced—neither side prevails,
> For nothing's left in either of the scales.

If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road, and endure the same burthens, under which England now groans. But, glorious as such a design might be, a President of the United States would, in my apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the people who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, sir, is debt? In an individual it is slavery. It is slavery of

the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands, for it enslaves the mind, as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and to submit to it, receives, in that condition of his being, perhaps an adequate punishment. Of course, I speak of debt, with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. I speak of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. I am aware that this sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, sir; let us abandon these projects. Let us say to those seven millions of Greeks, "We defended ourselves when we were but three millions, against a power, in comparison with which the Turk is but a lamb. Go and do thou likewise." And so with the governments of South America. If, after having achieved their independence they have not valor to maintain it, I would not commit the safety and independence of this country in such a cause. I will, in both these, pursue the same line of conduct which I have ever pursued, from the day I took a seat in this House, in 1799, from which, without boasting, I challenge any gentleman to fix upon me any colorable charge of departure. Let us adhere to the policy laid down by the second as well as the first founder of our republic—by him who was the Camillus, as well as Romulus, of the infant State—to the policy of peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; for to entangling alliances we must come, if you once embark in policy such as this. And, with all my British predilections, I suspect I shall, whenever that question shall present itself, resist as strongly an alliance with Great Britain, as with any other power. We are sent here to attend to the preservation of the peace of *this* country, and not to be ready, on all occasions, to go to war, whenever anything like what, in common parlance, is termed a *turn up,* takes place in Europe. What, sir, is our condition? We are absolutely combatting shadows. The gentleman would have us to believe his resolution is all but nothing; yet, again, it is to prove omnipotent, and fill the whole globe with its influence. Either it is nothing, or it is something. If it be nothing, let it return to its original nothingness; let us lay it on the table, and have done with it at once; but, if it is that something,

which it has been on the other hand represented to be, let us beware how we touch it. For my part, I would sooner put the shirt of Nessus on my back than sanction these doctrines—doctrines such as I never heard from my boyhood till now. They go the whole length. If they prevail, there are no longer any Pyrenees; every bulwark and barrier of the Constitution is broken down; it is become *tabula rasa,* a *carte blanche,* for every one to scribble on it what he pleases.

A PREDICTION AS TO SLAVERY

Extract from a Speech in House of Representatives, January 31, 1824.

We are told that, along with the regulation of foreign commerce, the States have yielded to the general government in as broad terms the regulation of domestic commerce —I mean the commerce among the several States—and that the same power is possessed by Congress over the one as over the other. It is rather unfortunate for this argument that, *if it applies to the extent to which the power to regulate foreign commerce has been carried by Congress, they may prohibit altogether this domestic commerce,* as they have heretofore, under the other power, prohibited foreign commerce. But why put extreme cases? This government cannot go on one day without a mutual understanding and deference between the state and general governments. This government is the breath of the nostrils of the States. Gentlemen may say what they please of the preamble to the Constitution; but this Constitution is not the work of the amalgamated population of the then existing confederacy, but the offspring of the States; and however high we may carry our heads and strut and fret our hour, "dressed in a little brief authority," *it is in the power of the States to extinguish this government at a blow. They have only to refuse to send members to the other branch of the legislature,* or to appoint electors of President and Vice-President, and the thing is done. . . . I said that this government, if put to the test—a test it is by no means calculated to endure—as a government for the management of the internal concerns of this country, is one of the worst that can be conceived, which is determined by the fact that it is a

government not having a common feeling and common interest with the governed. I know that we are told—and it is the first time the doctrine has been openly avowed—that upon the responsibility of this House to the people, by means of the elective franchise, depends all the security of the people of the United States against the abuse of the powers of this government. But, sir, how shall a man from Mackinaw or the Yellowstone River respond to the sentiments of the people who live in New Hampshire? It is as great a mockery—a greater mockery than to talk to these colonies about their virtual representation in the British Parliament. I have no hesitation in saying that the liberties of the colonies were safer in the custody of the British Parliament than they will be in any portion of this country, if all the powers of the States as well as of the general government are devolved on this House. . . . We did believe there were some parchment barriers—no! what is worth all the parchment barriers in the world, that there was in the powers of the States some counterpoise to the power of this body; but if this bill passes, we can believe so no longer.

There is one other power which may be exercised in case the power now contended for be conceded, to which I ask the attention of every gentleman who happens to stand in the same unfortunate predicament with myself—of every man who has the misfortune to be and to have been born a slaveholder. If Congress possess the power to do what is proposed by this bill, they may not only enact a sedition law—for there is precedent—but *they may emancipate every slave in the United States,* and with stronger color of reason than they can exercise the power now contended for. And where will they find the power? They may follow the example of the gentlemen who have preceded me, and hook the power on to the first loop they find in the Constitution. *They might take the preamble, perhaps the war-making power;* or they might take a greater sweep, and say, with some gentlemen, that it is not to be found in this or that of the granted powers, but results from all of them, which is not only a dangerous but *the most* dangerous doctrine. Is it not demonstrable that slave labor is the dearest in the world, and that the existence of a large body of slaves is a source of danger? Suppose we are at

war with a foreign power, and freedom should be offered them by Congress as an inducement to them to take a part in it; or suppose the country not at war, at every turn of this federal machine, at every successive census, that interest will find itself governed by another and increasing power, which is bound to it neither by any common tie of interest or feeling. And if ever the time shall arrive, as assuredly it has arrived elsewhere, and in all probability may arrive here, that a coalition of knavery and fanaticism shall for any purpose be got up on this floor, *I ask gentlemen who stand in the same predicament as I do to look well to what they are now doing, to the colossal power with which they are now arming this government. The power to do what I allude to is, I aver, more honestly inferable from the war-making power than the power we are now about to exercise. Let them look forward to the time when such a question shall arise, and tremble with me at the thought that that question is to be decided by a majority of the votes of this House, of whom not one possesses the slightest tie of common interest or of common feeling with us.*

OUR AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

We are now making an experiment, which has never yet succeeded in any region or quarter of the earth, at any time, from the deluge to this day. With regard to the antediluvian times, history is not very full; but there is no proof that it has ever succeeded, even before the flood. One thing, however, we do know, that it has never succeeded since the flood; and, as there is no proof of its having succeeded before the flood, as *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio;* it is good logic to infer, that it has never succeeded, and never can succeed anywhere. In fact the *onus probandi* lies on them that take up the other side of the question; for although *post hoc ergo propter hoc* be not good logic, yet when we find the same consequences generally following the same events, it requires nothing short of the skepticism of Mr. Hume, to deny that there is no connection between the one and the other, whatever, metaphysically speaking, there may be of *necessary* connection between cause and effect.

I say, then, that we are here making an experiment which has never succeeded in any time or country, and which—as God shall judge me at the great and final day—I do in my heart believe will here fail; because I see and feel that it is now failing. It is an infirmity of my nature; it is constitutional; it was born with me; it has caused the misery (if you will) of my life; it is an infirmity of my nature to have an obstinate constitutional preference of *the true* over the *agreeable;* and I am satisfied, that if I had an only son, or, what is dearer, an only daughter—which God forbid!—I say, God forbid! for she might bring her father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; she might break my heart; but, worse than that, what! Can anything be worse than that? Yes, sir, I might break hers. I should be more sharp-sighted to her foibles than any one else. . . . I say, in my conscience and in my heart, I believe that this experiment will fail. If it should not fail, blessed be the Author of all Good for snatching this people as a brand from the burning, which has consumed as stubble all the nations—all the fruitfulness of the earth—which, before us, have been cut down, and cast into the fire. Why cumbereth it the ground? Why cumbereth it? Cut it down! Cut it down!

I believe that it will fail; but, sir, if it does not fail, its success will be owing to the resistance of the usurpation of one man, by a power which was not unsuccessful in resisting another man, of the same name, and of the same race. And why is it that I think it will fail? Sir, with Father Paul, I may wish it to be perpetual, *esto perpetua,* but I cannot believe that it will be so. I do not believe that a free republican government is compatible with the apery of European fashions and manners—is compatible with the apery of European luxury and habits; but if it were, I do know that it is entirely incompatible with what I have in my hand—a base and baseless paper system of diplomacy, and a hardly better paper system of exchange.

Now, sir, John Quincy Adams, coming into power under these inauspicious circumstances, and with these suspicious allies and connections, has determined to become the apostle of liberty, of universal liberty, as his father was, about the time of the formation of the Constitution, known to be the

apostle of monarchy. It is no secret. I was in New York when he first took his seat as Vice-President. I recollect—for I was a schoolboy at the time—attending the lobby of Congress, when I ought to have been at school. I remember the manner in which my brother was spurned by the coachman of the then Vice-President, for coming too near the arms emblazoned on the scutcheon of the vice-regal carriage. Perhaps I may have some of this old animosity rankling in my heart, and, coming from a race who are known never to forsake a friend or forgive a foe, I am taught to forgive my enemies; and I do, from the bottom of my heart, most sincerely, as I hope to be forgiven; but it is *my* enemies, not the enemies of my country, for, if they come here in the shape of the English, it is my duty to kill them; if they come here in a worse shape—wolves in sheeps' clothing, it is my duty and my business to tear the sheep-skins from their backs, and, as Windham said to Pitt, open the bosom, and expose beneath the ruffled shirt the filthy dowlas. This language was used in the House of Commons, where they talk and act like men; where they eat and drink like men; and do other things like men, not like Master Bettys. Adams determined to take warning by his father's errors; but in attempting the perpendicular, he bent as much the other way. Who would believe that Adams, the son of the sedition-law President, who held office under his father—who, up to December 6, 1807, was the undeviating, stanch adherent to the opposition to Jefferson's administration, then almost gone—who would believe he had selected for his pattern the celebrated Anacharsis Cloots, "orator of the human race?" As Anacharsis was the orator of the human race, so Adams was determined to be the President of the human race, when I am not willing that he should be President of my name and race; but he is and must be, till the third day of March, eighteen hundred and—I forget when. He has come out with a speech and a message, and with a doctrine that goes to take the whole human family under his special protection. Now, sir, who made him his brother's keeper? Who gave him the President of the United States, the custody of the liberties, or the rights, or the interests of South America, or any other America, save, only, the United States of America, or any other country under the

sun? He has put himself, we know, into the way, and I say, God send him a safe deliverance, and God send the country a safe deliverance from his policy—from his policy.

RETORT ON McLANE

How easy, sir, would it be for me to reverse the gentleman's proposition, and to retort upon him that I would not, in return, take that gentleman's heart, however good it may be, if obliged to take such a head into the bargain! But, sir, I do not think this—I never thought it—and therefore I cannot be so ungenerous as to say it; for, Mr. Speaker, who made me a searcher of hearts? . . . And, sir, if I should ever be so unfortunate, through inadvertence or the heat of debate, as to fall into such an error (as that which Mr. McLane had made in his argument), I should, so far from being offended, feel myself under obligation to any gentleman who would expose its fallacy even by ridicule—as fair a weapon as any in the whole parliamentary armory. I shall not go so far as to maintain, with Lord Shaftesbury, that it is the unerring test of truth, whatever it may be of temper; but if it be proscribed as a weapon as unfair as it confessedly is powerful, what shall we say, I put it, sir, to you and to the House, to the poisoned arrow? to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife? Would the most unsparing use of ridicule justify a resort to these weapons? Was this a reason that the gentleman should sit in judgment on my heart? yes, sir, *my heart*—which the gentleman, whatever he may say in his heart, believes to be a frank heart, as I trust it is a brave heart! Sir, I dismiss the gentleman to his self-complacency—let him go—yes, sir, let him go and thank his God that he is not as *this* publican!

LABOR IS NECESSARY TO EXCELLENCE

From 'Letters of John Randolph to a Young Relative.'

GEORGETOWN, Jan. 8, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I have just received your letter of the 4th, and wait, with great anxiety, for one from Dr. Haller, on the same subject.

Let me recommend to you another perusal of Lord Chatham's letters to his nephew. Attend to his precepts respecting *deportment* to inferiors, equals, and superiors. Let these words, also, be engraven on your mind—"Whatever you take from pleasure, amusement, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages, of all your remaining days." The candour with which you confess your indiscretion towards Dr. H., and your determination to avoid giving him future cause of displeasure, prevent my saying anything on that subject; except to caution you against any indulgence of *sudden* suggestions of your feelings. Some impulse of this kind, I must persuade myself, and not boyish conceit, would have impelled you to lay down a regular exercise of your school. Remember that *labour is necessary to excellence.* This is an eternal truth, although vanity cannot be brought to believe, or indolence to heed it. I am deeply interested in seeing you turn out a respectable man, in every point of view; and, as far as I could, have endeavoured to furnish you with the means of acquiring knowledge and correct principles, and manners, at the same time. Self-conceit and indifference are unfriendly, in an equal degree, to the attainment of knowledge, or the forming of an amiable character. The first is more offensive, but does not more completely mar all excellence than the last; and it is truly deplorable that both flourish in Virginia, as if it were their native soil. A petulant arrogance, or supine, listless indifference, marks the character of too many of our young men. They early assume the airs of manhood; and these premature men remain children for the rest of their lives. Upon the credit of a smattering of Latin, drinking grog, and chewing tobacco, these striplings set up for legislators and statesmen; and seem to deem it derogatory from their

manhood to treat age and experience with any degree of deference. They are loud, boisterous, overbearing, and dictatorial: profane in speech, low and obscene in their pleasures. In the tavern, the stable, or the gaming-house, they are at home; but, placed in the society of real gentlemen, and men of letters, they are awkward and uneasy; in all situations, they are contemptible.

The vanity of excelling in pursuits, where excellence does not imply merit, has been the ruin of many a young man. I should, therefore, be under apprehensions for a young fellow, who danced uncommonly well, and expect more hereafter from his heels than from his head. Alexander, I think, was reproached with singing well, and very justly. He must have misapplied the time which he devoted to the acquisition of so great a proficiency in that art. I once knew a young fellow who was remarkably handsome; he was highly skilled in dancing and fencing—an exceeding good skater, and one of the most dexterous billiard players and marksmen that I ever saw:—he sang a good song, and was the envy of every foolish fellow, and the darling of every silly girl, who knew him. He was, nevertheless, one of the most ignorant and conceited puppies whom I ever beheld. Yet, it is highly probable, that if he had not been enamoured of the rare qualities which I have enumerated, he might have made a valuable and estimable man. But he was too entirely gratified with his superficial and worthless accomplishments to bestow a proper cultivation on his mind.

Farewell, my dear Theodore. I am almost blind. May you, my son, prove all that can be desired by your sincere friend, and affectionate kinsman, JOHN RANDOLPH.

P.S.—Have you read all Miss Edgeworth's tales? Do you remember the story of Lame Jervas? It is hardly romance. I mean in this respect, that temperance, fidelity, and industry, have raised many a man, from as low beginnings, to respectability and affluence. The Lottery, too, is an admirable story, and, perhaps, a true one, except as to the happy conclusion. The little sketch which I have sent Buona, will serve to give you a rude idea of the waters of the Missouri. I hope you have not forgotten your geography. Do not neglect

that amusing and useful study. Write me often, and continue to send copies of your translations and exercises in French, as well as Latin.

THE CULTIVATION OF CORRECT PRINCIPLES

From 'Letters of John Randolph to a Young Relative.'

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1821.

YOUR letter of the 20th has lain several days on my table. The difficulty of writing, produced by natural decay, is so increased by the badness of the materials furnished by our contractors, (who make the public pay the price of the best,) that I dread the beginning of a letter. At this time, it requires my nicest management to make this pen do legible execution.

So true is your remark, that I have tried to strike root into some of the people around me—one family, in particular; but I found the soil too stony for me to penetrate, and, after some abortive efforts, I gave it up—nor shall I ever renew the attempt, unless some change in the inhabitants should take place.

The medical gentleman, whom you suppose to be actuated by no friendly spirit towards you, made the observation in question, to one whom he believed well disposed towards you; and he mentioned it to another, of the same description, who told it to me. I do not believe that the remark extended beyond us three.

One of the best and wisest men I ever knew, has often said to me that a decayed family could never recover its loss of rank in the world, until the members of it left off talking and dwelling upon its former opulence. This remark, founded on a long and close observation of mankind, I have seen verified, in numerous instances, in my own connexions—who, to use the words of my oracle, "will never thrive, until they can become 'poor folks' ";—he added, "they may make some struggles, and with apparent success, to recover lost ground; they may, and sometimes do, get half way up again; but they are sure to fall back—unless, reconciling themselves to circumstances, they become in form, as well as in fact, poor folks."

The blind pursuit of wealth, for the sake of hoarding, is a species of insanity. There are spirits, and not the least worthy, who, content with an humble mediocrity, leave the field of wealth and ambition open to more active, perhaps more guilty, competitors. Nothing can be more respectable than the independence that grows out of self-denial. The man who, by abridging his wants, can find time to devote to the cultivation of his mind, or the aid of his fellow-creatures, is a being far above the plodding sons of industry and gain. His is a spirit of the noblest order. But what shall we say to the drone, whom society is eager to "shake from her encumbered lap?" —who lounges from place to place, and spends more time in "Adonizing" his person, even in a morning, than would serve to earn his breakfast?—who is curious in his living, a connoisseur in wines, fastidious in his cookery; but who never knew the luxury of earning a single meal? Such a creature, "sponging" from house to house, and always on the borrow, may yet be found in Virginia. One more generation will, I trust, put an end to them; and their posterity, if they have any, must work or steal, *directly*.

Men are like nations. One founds a family, the other an empire—both destined, sooner or later, to decay. This is the way in which ability manifests itself. They who belong to a higher order, like Newton, and Milton, and Shakespeare, leave an imperishable name. I have no quarrel with such as are content with their original obscurity, vegetate on from father to son; "whose ignoble blood has crept through *clod-poles* ever since the Flood"—but I cannot respect them. He who contentedly eats the bread of idleness and dependence is beneath contempt. I know not why I have run out at this rate. Perhaps it arises from a passage in your letter. I cannot but think you are greatly deceived. I do not believe the world to be so little clear-sighted.

What the "covert insinuations" against you, on your arrival at Richmond, were, I am at a loss to divine. I never heard the slightest disparagement of your moral character; and I know nobody less obnoxious to such imputations.

When you see the C's., present my best wishes and remembrance to them all. I had hoped to hear from Richard. He is one of the young men about Richmond, with whom it

is safe to associate. *Noscitur è Sorio* is older than the days of Partridge; and he who is the companion of the thriftless, is sure never to thrive: tavern haunters and loungers are no friends to intellectual, moral, or literary improvement, any more than to the accumulation of wealth.

I have seen nobody that you know but Frank K. and Gen. S. The last asked particularly after you. That you may prosper in this life, and reach eternal happiness in the life to come, is my earnest prayer.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke.

Dr. Dudley.

OPIE READ

[1852—]

W. L. VISSCHER

OPIE READ, the son of Guilford and Elizabeth Wallace Read, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on December 22, 1852. His gift of story-telling must have been innate, for he says: "At our home when I was a boy, were several of my nephews. They were younger than I, and to tell them stories was my assignment. They would ask my father to make me tell them stories, and he did. I don't know why. He never heard me tell a story." But Read liked his assignment, and from individual stories turned to an improvised serial about one "Robert, the Good Shooter." This thrillingly sensational and somewhat bloodcurdling romance ran through nearly two years, affording to the young *raconteur* abundant exercise in oral improvisation and ministering, no doubt, to his facility in invention and in rapidity of composition.

About this time came his own most thrilling adventure, for when he was a boy of little more than nine years, during the Civil War, he rode into battle behind a Confederate bugler on the same horse. The bugler was shot dead and tumbled from his seat. Opie clambered into the empty saddle, and looked around. The scrambled mass of blue and gray was gone. He was in an open field. He saw a meadow lark light on a swaying red-tasseled iron-weed and heard the bird sing its summer song. He knew that the battle had ended and he rode home on the dead bugler's horse.

After the close of the war he persuaded his father to let him learn printing and then turned his skill to good account in setting type for his college magazine. Whether engaged in this mechanical work or serving in a more literary capacity on a newspaper, he had but one real aim, to become a novelist. To this end he bent his energies, and because he knew that a writer must have a publisher, he made for himself friends in that guild. He began his newspaper work in Franklin, Kentucky, but went later to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he so identified himself with his adopted State as to be reckoned among her men of letters. From 1878 to 1881 he was editor of the Arkansas *Gazette,* but in this latter year he bettered his condition by marrying Miss Ada Benham and accepting a position on the staff of the Cleveland *Leader.* After two years' sojourn on the

Northern Lakes, he returned to the balmier climate of his Southern home and established in 1883 the Arkansas *Traveler,* a humorous paper that reached a circulation of sixty thousand. This paper he gave up in 1883 that he might move to Chicago and give his whole time to writing novels and short stories. By 1896 he had written either in Arkansas or Chicago the following novels: 'Emmett Bonlore,' with much of himself in it; 'Len Gassett,' in which his father appears; 'A Kentucky Colonel,' his most successful production; 'The Colossus,' 'The Tennessee Judge,' pronounced by critics his most finished work; 'The Wives of the Prophet,' 'Down on the Suwanee River,' 'The Jucklins,' his favorite; 'Miss Madam,' with glimpses of his own wayward life, and 'My Young Master,' marked by care. Since 1896 his principal works are: 'Tear in the Cup and Other Stories,' 'Old Ebenezer,' 'The Carpet-Bagger,' 'The Starbucks,' 'The Harkriders,' 'The Son of the Swordmaker,' 'By the Eternal,' 'An American in New York,' 'In the Alamo,' 'Judge Elbridge,' 'A Yankee from the West,' 'An Arkansas Planter,' 'Up Terrapin River,' 'The Waters of Caney Fork,' and 'The Confessions of Marguerite.'

These, with several scattering titles, number about thirty, all of which have been commercially successful, some of them phenomenally so. 'The Starbucks' and 'The Harkriders' have been effectively dramatized by their author.

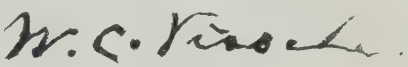
Read's romances are strong and pure, and he writes of character, custom, and peculiarities among the scenes he depicts just precisely as they are. When his characters talk, they talk naturally; and when the author speaks, his diction is pure and rich, yet plain and unassuming. The man utterly despises pedantry, and is as easy in his work as he is in telling a brilliant story to a party of admiring listeners; and yet he loiters along paths where flowers bloom, among the woods where birds are singing, into places where passions surge and amid the secluded nooks where love is sweetest and most blissful. He writes poetry in prose as naturally as white clouds float beneath the blue of summer skies. Yet with all his greatness Opie Read seems to comprehend it less than anyone who knows him and in his work and daily life is an exemplification of the kinship between humor and pathos.

Read has the reputation, among those who see him frequently and know him least, of being indolent. He is, in fact, one of the most incessant workers in the literary field. His very recreations are taken in the interest of his work. He tells stories at his club (the Chicago Press Club) to the knots of men who draw their chairs up to his to listen, and he does that to keep his fancy at work. He reads the heaviest, strongest and most voluminous books and then re-reads them. Gibbon, Macaulay, Motley, Carlyle, Hume are

his best friends and he loves Shakespeare. He is familiar with the great poets; these he goes to for strength and style.

At his best, Read is physically astonishing. Six feet three inches tall, heavily built, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds without an ounce of superfluous flesh, he seems a giant. His great strength enables him to endure, without succumbing, the exactions of travel and lecturing, for this is his present career. For five or six years he has traveled thousands upon thousands of miles in America under the auspices of lecture bureaus and Chautauqua managements, giving readings from his short stories and lectures that exploit his deep, quaint, wise, and humorous philosophies. In that work he has become an entertainer of such charm that he cannot begin to fill all the engagements that are offered him.

"You must know Opie Read, the editor of the Arkansas *Traveler*," once said Eugene Field. "He is one of our kind of people." No subtler compliment could be paid this Southern humorist and romancer.



GETTING ACQUAINTED

From 'A Tennessee Judge.' Copyright by the author and used here by permission.

HAWLEY told the agent that he would take the place if the matter of terms and title could be satisfactorily settled; and early in the afternoon they drove back to town. Under the heat of the fervid day the place had lost some of its poetic freshness, but its air of restfulness remained. It held a lazy attractiveness. There was no sign anywhere of want, and yet the people ruffled not their good humor with unseemly thrift. Every man appeared to regard himself as eminently respectable, and if it be true that leisure is one of the marks of gentility, he certainly placed not too high an estimate upon himself. About the court-house, sitting in the shade with their chairs tipped back, reposed the town's aristocracy, waiting for some one to cut a watermelon. Their hats were on the ground beside them and each hat contained a handkerchief. They had not come merely to rest for a few moments

—they were there for all day. No, not exactly for all day. They had a "recess" when the court-house bell startled them into the consciousness that it was time to go home and get something to eat. How did they live? That question has been asked a thousand times, and no Solomon has ever been able satisfactorily to answer it. Occasionally the group would receive reinforcement from the lawyers and tradesmen about the square, and sometimes the county clerk would come out, and standing in the door, would tell a joke that had been brought from North Carolina in 1795.

Hawley was introduced. The business in hand was as nothing in comparison with a presentation to these worthies. The old gentlemen tilted forward as if they were about to pitch straight out on their faces, but recovered themselves with a knack learned after many years of practice, they straightened up and shook hands with him. How cordial they were; how perfect was their mastery over that smooth palaver which distinguishes the well-bred man who has nothing to say and who therefore must say it well. An old justice of the peace took the agent's place and acted as director of ceremonies. "I wish to assure you," he said to Hawley, "that you are most welcome. At all times, sir, we stand ready to invite the infusion of new and vigorous blood. You are from a city, sir, that we greatly admire, and if it were not for the fact that some of your thoughtless people have perpetuated Libby Prison—"

"Libby Prison," Hawley broke in, "is owned by a man who fought in the Confederate Army."

"Ah, you don't tell me! And if that fact were generally known, our trade with your city would be bigger than it is. But that's no matter. We welcome you most heartily and feel that you will become a most useful citizen. Just wait a moment." Hawley had started into the court-house. "Wait a moment, sir, we are going to cut a watermelon."

The agent was not dull to the importance of closing the trade; indeed his keenness was shown by a reproachful glance which he shot at the old justice of the peace, but the cutting of a watermelon, attended by many ceremonial flourishes, was a social function not to be interrupted by the harsh details of a business transaction. The melon was served and a number

of hogs that held the foraging privilege of the neighborhood, came across the square and devoured the rinds. After this the land transaction was again taken up. In the records held by a dusty shelf, not an obstructing mark was found; the title came down like a clear stream from a hill-top; and without searching for a perplexity, Hawley soon brought the deal to a close.

At evening the new owner of Ingleview sat in the ruined room of the old mansion and looked through the vines at the moon. How different from his wonted evening gaze out upon the tangled humanity of a thronged street. He heard the low murmur of the creek, a strange accompaniment to a negro's wierd song that came from somewhere away off in the shadow. His commercial instincts lay asleep, the spirit of his father was dormant; his gentler nature ruled his being —the soul of his mother was there.

* * * * * *

The next few days were spent in making arrangements for the improvement of the place. It was a time of great excitement in the neighborhood, it was the revival of business after a long season of inactivity. Carpenters, stonemasons and day laborers were summoned. It was an industrial "boom." A number of men were repairing a tumbledown place in a stone wall that ran parallel with the turnpike, and Hawley was standing near watching them, when an old gentleman rode up. "Here, boy," he called, speaking to one of the men, "hold this horse." The man obeyed; and the old gentleman, dismounting, came toward Hawley with his hand outstretched.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said he as Hawley took his hand. "I am a neighbor of yours. Trapnell is my name."

"Judge Trapnell?"

"Yes, sir. You will please pardon this intrusion—it is not intended as a formal visit—but as I was passing I could not help but stop and ask you a question concerning the improvements you are to make. And sir, it may appear like a piece of impertinence—"

"Not at all," said Hawley, smiling at the peculiar old gentleman.

"I thank you, sir. I wanted to ask you if you intended

to pull down any of these old rock fences and replace them with barbed wire?"

"I had not thought of such a thing," Hawley answered.

"You are a gentleman, sir," said the Judge, bowing. "A number of our people have done this outlandish thing," he continued, wrinkling his brow with a severe frown. "They have pulled down the landmarks of a settled civilization and have replaced them with a devilish and un-American contrivance."

He took off his white hat, an ancient and fuzzy "plug," and with a red handkerchief which he grabbled out of the crown, wiped his face. And Hawley, looking closely at him, thought that he had never seen a more impressive man. He was very tall and exceedingly spare—no whiskers, no mustache—shaved almost under the skin. His complexion was red and there were broken veins in his cheeks; his "Adam's apple" looked like a knot tied in a red comforter; his nose was large, thin and of a pronounced Roman type; his hair was white and stood up straight in front; his eyes were gray, steady of gaze and quick of glance. He looked like an old oil painting of Andrew Jackson, and his temperament yielded to this resemblance. He swore "By the Eternal." While a young man he had been received by Jackson, with stately courtesy at the Hermitage, and now in his old age he worshiped that memory as a time when he had stood in the presence of God's greatest creation.

"Boy," the Judge called, "bring me my horse."

"You must not go yet, Judge," Hawley insisted. "It is about noon-time. Let us go to the house and get something to eat."

"I should like to go into the old house again, sir, and I intend to; but I do not wish to intrude."

"There can be no intrusion, and no embarrassment if you can put up with my fare."

"By the Eternal, sir, I can put up with anything. I will go with you."

They passed through a gap in the fence, the Judge leading his horse. "It has been a long time since I was on these grounds," he said, looking about him. "Old Radford and I had a falling out many years ago, and I swore that I would

never set foot on this soil so long as it belonged to any of his kin. There is no doubt as to the fact that the trade is closed, is there?" he asked, halting.

"None whatever."

"I am glad of it, sir," he rejoined, moving forward again. After a time he said: "If I am not impertinent in making the request I should like you to tell me what you intend to do here."

"I am going to repair the old place and live here, a part of the time at least. I know that I can't bring it back to the importance it once held, but I can make it attractive, at least to me. I am not going to cut down a single one of these plum thickets; not a stick of the timber shall be touched and the house shall remain practically the same."

"But I suppose you will fix up that end room where the wall is tumbled down," said the Judge.

"No, I am going to let that remain just the same. No repair and no adornment could change it for the better. I don't know what its memories are, but—"

"By the Eternal!" exclaimed the Judge, halting, "one of its memories is this—old Andrew Jackson slept in it. And you are not going to disturb it, Mr. Hawley," he said, holding out his hand and bending over when Hawley grasped it, "I can say, sir, with a deep feeling of truth that I welcome you to this neighborhood."

They strolled on again and the Judge continued: "There are very few people here that are worth knowing, sir. The young crop is a worthless set in comparison with those that are gone. As you doubtless know the world has fallen into decay. There is here and there a struggling remnant of worth, but the average man is a fool."

"Ah, but hasn't man in every age said the same thing, Judge?"

"Man has said many things in every age, sir, and the average man in every age has been a liar. But I speak from facts. Where are your great men now? Point them out, will you? There are talkative men and fussy men, but the great men are dead. Why, we have no man now as great as Henry Clay, even, and, in comparison with Jackson, Henry Clay was a mere trumpeter. The great men are dead, sir,

and the world is dying. When I say the world, I mean this country, for this is the only part of the world that ever was worth living in. Ah, and suppose Andrew Jackson could have had a real successor. Would there have been any war? No, sir. Rebellion would not have dared to lift its head—by the Eternal, sir, it would have been afraid to lick out its tongue. I was a Union man because I knew that Jackson would have been a Union man, and I remained one long after our boys went into the Confederate Army. And I should always have remained true to the cause if a lot of foreign hirelings hadn't come down upon us and destroyed our homes. But let that go. I am heartily glad, as I said before, that you have come among us. You are a man of sentiment and are therefore a gentleman. But I had my doubts when I heard that you were from Chicago, a town that respects nothing old or venerable."

* * * * * *

Early Sunday morning while Hawley lay in that state of drowsiness which luxuriates in the dreamy valley between sleep and a knowledge of surroundings, Aunt Lily's voice aroused him. "Breckfus is dun ready," she said, tapping on the door. "You didn' tell me not ter hab breckfus Sundays de same ez udder days an' I sorter had ter take mer chances; but it dun ready now, an' lessen you want it ter git col' you better come on."

When Hawley entered the breakfast-room, the old woman was standing near the table, and with a peach tree bough she was keeping off the flies.

"I must get some screens for this house," said he.

"Lawd, chile, whut you want wid screens?"

"To keep the flies out."

"Ain't I keepin' 'em out?"

"Yes, but it's too much trouble."

"Not fur me, caze I been doin' it too many years, now; an' I doan know 'bout dem screens, no how. But set right down caze deze vidults is gittin' col'. I doan know dat I cooks jest ter suit you ur not, sah, but ef I doan, tell me so an' I'll l'arn how. I yere e'm say de cookin' in dis country doan suit folks fum de Nawf, an' I jes' wanter tell you dat I stan's yere ready ter change my cou'se."

"Your cooking is all right," Hawley replied. But the old woman's suspicion was aroused when he added: "After a while I may get some one to help you."

"I doan wan' nobody fussin' roun' tryin' ter he'p me, sah," she quickly rejoined.

"I won't let any one interfere with you, Aunt Lily."

"I thanks you fur sayin' dat, de Lawd knows."

"By the way," said Hawley, smiling at her, "you don't resemble the lily that Solomon spoke of, for you toil and I think I've heard your spinning wheel."

The old woman shook her fat sides with laughter. "Now you ain' gwine joke me 'bout my name, is you? White folks been pesterin' me 'bout my name all my life. My young mistis named me, sah. An' I reckon her haid wuz mighty full o' nonsense at de time. Dar's my triflin' husband out dar now. See 'im settin' under dat tree?"

Hawley looked out and saw a short, bow-legged negro dozing on a bench. "He's er putty lookin' specimen fur er pusson ter be tied up wid, ain't he? But does you know dat man's er doctor? He is."

"Not a regular doctor, is he?"

"I doan know how regular he is, sah, but he's er doctor. He goes out in de woods an' digs up yarbs, an' I has yearn folks say dat dar is some zeazes dat kain' git er way fum 'im no way you kin fix it. But not laung ergo one o' his sick folks died an' it wuz sorter hinted roun' dat Ben pizened 'im, but not on purpose. Dat Dr. Moffet an' 'im do hab some awful quarls. Yander comes Dr. Moffet now."

The doctor came through the althea bushes, halted for a moment when he spied old Ben dozing and then sat down on the farther end of the bench. Ben looked up and demanded: "Whut you wanter come 'ruptin' er man, fur?"

"I'm not interrupting you, you black rascal."

"I 'knowledges dat I'se black, but I ain' no rascal. I'se er man o' science."

"Science!" the Doctor contemptuously repeated. "You couldn't read your name if you were to see it in letters a yard long."

"I doan kere nutin' 'bout dat; I doan kere nuthin' 'bout letters er yard laung—I'm er science, all de same. Man has

de rheumatiz an' I fetches out mer medicine an' 'e drinks some o' hit an' I rubs 'im wid some o' hit; an' den whut? de man walks on off, 'joycin'. But whut do 'e do ef you comes ter see 'im? Hah, whut do 'e do den? He lays dar in de bed an' mebby 'e neber do git up."

"But what about Sam Norris?"

"Oh, dat nigger? 'E didn' hab no rheumatiz."

"Ah, but you killed him."

"Who killed 'im?"

"You did, you black butcher."

"I didn' kill de man. De Lawd killed 'im. Lawd seed dat it wuz de man's time ter go—jes' happened ter ricolleck dat it wuz 'is time ter go an' 'E tuck 'im. I ain' 'sponsible fur whut de Lawd do. Ef de Lawd wants er man ter git well, my medicine cures 'im; an' ef de Lawd doan wan' 'im ter git well, nobody's medicine ain' gwine do 'im no good."

"I've told you a dozen times to leave this place; you've got no right here."

"Got ez much right yere ez you has. Science is got er right most anywhar."

"Well, I'm going to see Mr. Hawley and—"

" 'E's right dar in de house, I reckon; you better see 'im now."

"Here," said Hawley, stepping out into the yard, "I don't want any quarreling on this place."

"Dat's whut I been tellin' dis generman, sah, all de time," old Ben declared. "S' I 'dar's er monstus fine pusson got dis place now an' 'e doan wan' no jowerin'."

"Mr. Hawley," said the Doctor, getting up and bowing low, "I am delighted to see you this morning, sir. It is a beautiful day. I was just over by the old race track—a lovely place—with a wild flower here and there to shed a mourning fragrance over its lost glory."

"Won't you come into breakfast, Doctor?"

"No, I thank you. I scarcely eat enough, sir, to keep a chicken alive. What are you snorting at!" he demanded, turning upon the negro.

"Gracious er live, has it come ter er p'int w'er er pusson ain' got er right ter smile? Mr. Hawley, doant pay no 'ten-

tion ter dis white pusson, sah, caze 'e ain' right bright in 'is mine."

"I don't want any such talk as that," said Hawley, laughing in spite of all effort to restrain himself.

"No, sah, an' you ain' gwine git it, nuther. Caze lemme tell you right now dat whateber you wants done is law wid me. I'se been down ter de stable dis mawnin' er workin' hard er takin' kere o' dem new hosses o' yourn; an' ef you'll jest let me stay yere along wid dat ole wife o' mine, dar ain' nuthin' dat I ain' gwine do fur you. I gwine clean out de well dis day."

"I don't want you to work on Sunday."

"Dat's er fack, dis is Sunday. I clar I so busy dat I dun furgot de day o' de week. But I gwine hump merse'f ter mor. An' say; w'en you runs fur office, jes' let me know. I kin pull an' haul deze niggers er 'roun' like da wan' nuthin' but er rag kyarpet. Wall, I mus' go an' be er layin' out my plans."

"I wants you ter chop some wood 'fo' you goes," his wife called.

"Honey, dat wuz on my mine dis minit. Yas, I'll chop all de wood you wan'. Skuze me, sah," he added, speaking to Hawley, "but whut is yo' fust name?"

"Robert," Hawley answered.

"Ah, hah, an' does you wan' me ter call you Marse Bob?"

"No, I don't."

"Wall, ef you doan' I won'; but I'se mighty tempted ter. Wall, good mawnin', Marse Bob—dar, I dun furgit merse'f. Skuze me dis time but I does feel mighty wa'm toward you."

Ben hastened away as if upon an important errand, Aunt Lily turned to her household duties and Hawley went out and sat on the bench. It was still early and dew drops clinging to the rose bushes, flashed off miniature photographs of the sun. The shrivelled old Doctor sat in the fervid light, with his overcoat drawn about him. Hawley lighted a cigar, half musingly, and then, arousing himself, said: "Have a cigar. Pardon me for not offering you one sooner."

The Doctor bowed and took the cigar. They smoked in silence. But the proprietor of Ingleview did not know what an effort that silence cost the Doctor; he did not realize that the morphine eater's reserve required his strongest exercise of will. The young man felt a sense of loneliness. Had the

romance, the freshness of this old place so soon begun to fade? Was he holding dear the remembered roar of Chicago? The Doctor looked at him, their eyes met; and a sudden revulsion overcame Hawley's pity for that withered creature. He looked like a sneak, a malicious gossip. But he coughed —a hollow echo sent back the land of the dead—and the strong man's pity was alive again.

"I'm going into the library to see what books have fallen into my keeping," said Hawley. "Won't you come along?"

"No, I thank you. I must go to my lowly abode."

Hawley could have thanked him for this, but he did not; he mumbled a regret, fearing the while that the Doctor might decide to go with him, and then rather hastily he entered the house. A man that had spent much of his life among books would have laughed at this library. There were numerous volumes of light romances, all English, all teeming with lords and ladies, with not a glimpse of actual life as it once existed or as it is likely ever to exist. But there was a religious streak running from top to bottom. Tempestuous tracts conceived in hot and passionate enmity to Catholicism and indeed toward all forms of religion save the one bigoted creed of the writer thereof, were piled here and there, covered with dust, the dry mockery of old Earth. Amid this rubbish of fiction and fanaticism, Hawley found a book that must have been greatly cherished in its day; a large volume for the most part taken up with colored plates of race horses. How well thumbed it was; how smeared with the eager hands of childhood. And what signs of rivalry in ownership were found. Below the plate of one fleet-looking racer were these words, dim, yellowed: "This here is Tom's hoss;" and beneath them was scrawled: "No he ain't; he's Jim's." A Webster's spelling book fell to the floor and flew open at the picture of the old man pelting the youngster that had refused to come down out of the tree; and then there tumbled down an old novel, 'The Planter's Northern Bride.' With what a sniff of contempt the abolitionists had turned from it, but how devoted was the slave owner to its high-flown pages. It etherealized, it consecrated human bondage; it darkly frowned upon the earthly aspiration of black flesh; it told the negro that his glory in the world to come depended upon his meekness here.

Abraham had servants that he bought with his money; and no further was there need of argument. Hawley soon lost himself amid the gaudy decorations of this old book, finding here a silken banner with an error inscribed upon it; there he seemed to turn over a handkerchief of lace, musty with dead perfume. But in these faded fineries how clearly was traced the inner life of Ingleview, forty years ago. He put the book aside and stood gazing at the negro quarter on a hill-side, not far away. Old Ben, carrying a bundle of roots, crossed his view; and he heard Aunt Lily singing in the yard. An ancient clock in the hall growled and began to strike. It was more like a complaint, this whang, whang, whang—it was a begrudging release of the hour, a whining acknowledgment of time. Hawley snatched out his watch; the morning had slipped away and now it was hasten or miss his appointment with the Judge.

* * * * * *

The Judge's house was built of red bricks and stood with its sharp gable end toward the turnpike. There were numerous trees in the yard, oaks, elms and stubbed cedars; an orchard came close up to the fence, on one side, and on the other side was a garden wild with shrubbery and berry-briars. The creek that flowed through Ingleview, turned at a bluff a mile away, and ran past the foot of the stony hill on which the Judge's house seemed to sit in dullness, brooding.

The Judge was walking to and fro in the yard, with his hands behind him. His white hat was on the ground under a tree, and an old, sleepy-eyed dog lay with one paw resting on it.

"Come right in," cried the Judge, hastening toward the gate. "Here, I'll open it; has to be lifted up. Been threatening to fix it for more than a year. That's it. How do you find yourself this morning?" he asked, shaking hands with his visitor.

"First rate."

"I'm pleased to hear it. Step right this way."

A fleeting vision of white and pink told Hawley that a girl had disappeared behind a corner of the house, and the broad haw, haw, of a negro woman who stood in the door of a cabin informed him that the escape had been observed in another quarter. With stately, but easy ceremony, the Judge

showed his visitor into the hall, and when he had hung up his hat, conducted him into the old-fashioned parlor. The room was severe and the furniture was heavy. In one corner was a piano, so antiquated, so crippled in its legs that it appeared to lean against the wall for rest. There was a great arm-chair with a sheep-skin bottom; a horse-hair sofa nearly as large as a bed; a red bell-cord hung near the door; brass andirons gleamed in the fire-place—the whole bore the appearance of a room in a museum, representing the home life of some political leader of the past. . . . In the dining-room was the inevitable negro with a leafy bough, keeping the flies away. The light, coming aslant through a high, narrow window, fell upon the heavy silverware and beglittered the table. At an old mahogany side-board, knobbed, gnarled and twisted with cunning artifice, the Judge and his visitor stood and sipped the mint infusion. Time had thrown reverence upon this indulgence, and the Judge appeared in no haste to bring it to an end, although his wife, with worry-flushed face, stood at the foot of the table waiting for him to sit down. But the old man was at a shrine where confidences are spoken, where habits are confessed. He told Hawley that since early life he had taken three drinks a day, never more and never fewer; he did not believe in striving to enforce temperance, for, in the government of the appetite every man was a law unto himself. Whisky was plentiful in his day; every respectable house had its side-board, and yet, besotted drunkenness was rare. The liquor was purer and man had more pride. If a traveler stopped at a house to ask direction to a place, before his question was answered he was invited to drink. The negroes were given a dram every morning. It was a mistake to believe that the introduction of that vile brew, lager beer, had aided the cause of temperance. It was a dastardly slop, an un-American hog-wash. It dulled our native keenness, it put clogs on the nimbly-tripping feet of fancy, compelled fancy to labor with phlegmatic legs.

THE GREATEST SOLDIER

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THE great war was nearing its close. It was the evening when men looked back upon the noonday of slaughter. At the front all was expectant. In the conquered states civil law began to lift its head. But even here there were independent bands to be captured or destroyed. One band was headed by Lit Braze. The soldier who studies the moods of his enemy was not slow to learn the whims of Braze. One night in a downpour of rain the colonel commander of a post remarked:

"We may expect that fellow now."

And he came, his horses dashing madly, and with sabers glittering like evil snakes in the air. But he was driven back.

One day the colonel sent for Captain Lane.

"Captain," said he, "I am informed that Braze and his men are lurking in the Gath neighborhood, about thirty miles from here. The band is greatly reduced in numbers. Take your company and finish them."

The captain saluted and withdrew. He rode forth at the head of his troops. Along toward nightfall he picked up a guide.

"He is a dashing fellow, and it is a pity to kill him," said the captain to the guide, who rode with him at the head of the column.

"I guess he's dashing enough," the guide replied. "He knows how to fight and then get away."

"I imagine that he's young and handsome," said the captain.

"Wait till you see him," the guide remarked.

It was thought best, after a certain time, to dismount and advance on foot. The country was wild. All night the captain and his men wandered about in the woods. Beneath a big tree the commander halted to rest.

"Let me poke around and see if I can find him," said the guide.

The captain turned upon him. "Look here, I am beginning to suspect you, and if my suspicions become a little stronger I'll hang you up to this tree."

The guide laughed. He had nerve. "You may suspect me all you please," said he. "If I try to throw you down you may hang me up. I want you to catch him—or kill him, rather, for he won't give up. I once belonged to his gang."

"Ah, then, of course you want him killed," replied the captain. "Very well," he added, "go out and see if you can locate him."

The guide, with his neck thrust out, glided away among the trees. "Boa constrictor," said the captain, watching him.

At daylight the guide returned. "I have found him," said he. "And he couldn't be in a better place—down in a hollow. He thinks he's hid away where nobody can find him. It isn't much bigger than a sink-hole, the place isn't, and you can station your men all around and pick him and his men like shooting turkeys. Come on."

"Sergeant," said the captain, "keep your eye on this fellow and if you catch him in a lie shoot him down."

The sergeant saluted and took his place beside the guide.

They found Braze situated just as the guide had reported. "We will make short work of him," the captain whispered. "Wait. What are they doing? They are holding Easter services. Who is that gray-haired man preaching?"

"That's Braze," the guide answered. "Let me pick him." He cocked a carbine.

"Wait," the captain commanded. "Why did he take up arms? Do you know?"

"The Union guerrillas hanged his son."

"What for?"

"Because they could."

"What was the father doing at the time?"

"Praying beside the deathbed of a Federal soldier. He was a preacher."

"Listen. They are singing. Keep low, everyone."

They crouched in silence till the hymn was done. Then the guerrilla preacher began to pray. He thanked the Lord that peace was near at hand. He prayed for his enemies. He asked the Lord to forgive those who had injured him. He spoke of his son, and sat down, sobbing.

"About face," whispered the captain.

Through the woods the soldiers marched, sullen, and with

many a dark look cast at the captain. The guide was disgusted.

"Why didn't you kill him? You had him in your power?"

"Silence, sir. I shall make my report to the colonel."

"And so will I. You had him and you let him get away. I believe you said something about hanging me. It may be my turn to say something about hanging to you. Oh, you can't do anything with me now. The men are all hot at you, and you'll be in luck if they don't string you up themselves."

The captain tapped the butt of a pistol, and the guide rode on in silence.

The colonel was sitting in his tent when the captain's troop rode into camp. The guide jumped off his horse and hastened to the colonel. The captain slowly followed. When he entered the tent the colonel was in a rage. For a time he could not speak. At last he uttered the word: "Traitor." The captain smiled.

"Colonel," said he, "you are a Christian, and when you are calmer you will agree with me. I was sent to kill those wretches. I found them—their leader was preaching to them of the Resurrection—an old man preaching to a congregation in rags. They had decked a stump for an altar. The sun was just rising and fell upon it. And what you may call treason, but which I call a tenderness, fell upon me. I saw a sort of misled John Brown praying. Sincerity was his accent. Faith was his watchword. The great guns of the war were hushing one by one. Birds were building their nests. And I said to myself: 'Does my country in the glory of her victory want the blood of these poor misguided wretches?' And I believe it was the spirit of my country that whispered: 'No.' I admit that I have disobeyed orders. I make no defense, except that I could not find it in my heart to murder them. Colonel, I am covered with wounds. I enlisted as a private and I have fought my way up. You have commended me for bravery. You know that there is no treason in my nature. You know that I love my country better than I do my life. In New England my father is preaching—praying for the souls of men. And the old man standing in the valley with the sun upon his gray head reminded me of him. I will take off my sword; I will—"

A shout arose. A soldier came running into the tent. "Braze and his men have come in and surrendered," the soldier said.

The colonel reached forth and grasped the captain's hand. "Keep your honored sword," he said. "Mercy is the greatest soldier."

THE LAST OF THEM

From 'The Fiddle and the Fawn, and Other Stories.' Copyright, Rand, McNally and Company, and used here by permission.

THE Squatter, once so famous in Arkansas, and who gave rise to the song and the dialogue of the Arkansas Traveler, has almost entirely disappeared. Where his cabin stood there is not a cotton factory, and at the forks of the road, where his daughter Sal saw "sperets," there is an academy for young women. The old man and the old woman are asleep away off somewhere beneath the trees, and Sal's son is the prosecuting attorney of his district, and next year he may go to Congress.

I am inclined to believe that I saw, or encountered would be the better expression, the very last of the genuine Arkansas Squatters. A newspaper had sent me up among the hills to stir a sensation out of an alleged discovery of gold, and I was returning, horseback, when one evening about "half an hour by sun" I came to the typical log house of the traditional Squatter. I had long since lost the road and was simply riding at large. The Squatter, with his wheat-straw beard, his hay hair and his autumn leaf complexion, was standing with his arms resting on the rail fence that made a pretense of surrounding his cabin, but I noticed that the fence was thrown down in several places and that a skinny hog and a hip-shot cow wandered in and out at will. The old fellow nodded at my approach and immediately withdrew his attention from me, and I believe that he would have suffered me to pass on without a word on his part, so careless was he and so unconcerned with regard to the children of the world. But I drew rein and spoke to him, and not ignorantly, for I knew his character—knew that to get directions from him I must indeed be adroit.

"How are you, sir?"

"About the same."

"Fine weather."

"So I hearn."

"You live here, I suppose."

"Ain't died here."

"I see! and I suppose you have been here long enough to give me instructions as to the best way to reach the Dardanelle road. I am lost."

"When do you expect to find yourself?"

"That's what I don't know. But as soon as I strike the Dardanelle road I'll know where I am."

"Don't you know where you are now?"

"I must confess that I don't."

"Well, I'll tell you."

"I'll be much obliged to you."

"You are right here talkin' to me."

"That's true, but where are you, that's the question."

"Why, I'm with you," he answered with a drawl.

"I don't suppose there's any disputing of that fact. But I'd like to go to the Dardanelle road."

"Then why don't you?"

"I will as soon as I can."

"There ain't nobody a holdin' of you."

"That's a fact, but I don't know which way to go."

"Go as you please."

"But that might not be right."

"Then turn to the left."

I saw that this tact was useless, so I thought that I would try the effect of skilful flattery. Surely the old scoundrel had a weak place hidden somewhere. "By the way, didn't I see you in Little Rock last winter?"

"Don't know what you seed last winter nur summer befo' last."

"I didn't know but I saw you at the state house. Weren't you in the Legislature?"

"It must 'a' been my brother you seen."

"Was he in the Legislature?"

"No, in the penitentiary."

That wouldn't do. I must try some other way. "You look as if you might be a pretty good sort of a man."

"I've had 'ligion four times."

"How did you lose it?"

"Cussin' that cow out yan; and I wanter tell you she would snatch the 'ligion outen the possul Peter and the rest of them. She's a caution."

"I mean you must be a good man physically, boxing or wrestling."

"I used to be, but since I broke the neck of the county jedge an' crippled the sheriff for life rasslin, w'y I ain't prided myself much."

"I don't suppose you could be induced to show me how to get to that road."

"I'm afeerd not."

"But do you think you are showing a Christian spirit?"

"Don't reckon I am, but as I tell you I ain't a Christian since I lost my 'ligion a cussin' of the cow."

"Look here, the night is going to be fearfully dark. Are you going to see me sleep in the woods?"

"I won't be thar to see you."

"I am half inclined to get down and take a fall out of you." I believed that I might possibly have found his weak spot. His old eyes brightened.

"Pardner, git down and look at yo' saddle, won't you?"

I dismounted, tied my horse and told him that I was ready, and with many a capering, didoish for so old a fellow, he came toward me—he wrapped his long arms about me and told me to help myself; he laughed with a strange glee; he swore that he hadn't been so happy since he broke the neck of the county judge. I clutched him, and began to struggle, in the pretense of exerting my might to throw him down, but in reality looking out for a place to fall; and I did fall. "Got enough?" the old rascal asked, a yellowish grin spreading broadcast over his face.

"Yes, plenty," I answered. "I know when I have enough. I can tell a man as soon as I put my hands on him, and I want to say without shame, either, that you are the first man that has thrown me since I reached my prime. You talk of throwing the county judge—why, not long ago I threw a circuit judge."

"You don't tell me!" he cried, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, I do tell you and it is a fact; and furthermore, I believe you can throw down the supreme judge of the state."

He put his head affectionately on my shoulder. "Podner," said he, lifting his head to wipe his eyes, "you ain't goin' to leave me to-night. It's goin' to rain, an' thar ain't a house over yonder on that road. I'll give you the best on the place, and to-morrow mornin' I'll take you to the road. Mother," he yelled at his wife who had just appeared in the doorway, "kill the finest chicken you've got, git out yo' Sunday stuff, for the Progician son is here."

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

[1856—]

LETITIA H. WRENSHALL

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE was born in that part of Baltimore County which is now within the city limits of Baltimore and known as Waverly. She still lives in this locality, her pretty cottage immediately facing Lake Montebello, a small but beautiful sheet of water. Her poetic gift may be traced as an inheritance from the pure Welsh blood of her father's family, whose origin is evidenced by the surnames of Davis, Morgan, Woodworth, and Reese; while from her German mother she has received the enduring powers of application and tenacity of purpose, which are among her strongest characteristics.

Miss Reese commenced teaching at an early age, and is at this time, as for some years past, teacher of English in the Western High School of Baltimore. Though closely occupied with her professional duties, she finds time to take an active part in others of a semi-public nature, notably those of "The Teachers' Literary Club"; reading for the benefit of associations in whose advancement she is interested; and the work of "The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore," an organization strictly confined to the purpose indicated by its name. One of the founders, in 1891, she has remained closely identified with it, is a director in its board of management, chairman of the Committee on Poetry, and is a frequent contributor to the programs of the Committee on Fiction. She is also one of the two chairmen of the Memorial Committee, which on All Souls' Day, November the second, decorates the graves of the authors and artists in the cemeteries of Baltimore. The autumn flowers of her garden are treasured for weeks before the day, in order that her tribute may be personal; and in storm and sunshine alike she places the laurel wreaths and blooms with her never idle hands.

Miss Reese's first poem, "The Deserted Home," was published in the *Southern Magazine,* in 1874, when she was a young girl. Some years passed before she again appeared in print; since this she has become widely known, and her prose and poetry alike are quickly accepted by the leading publications of the United States. Among the magazines in which her writings have been published during the last twenty years are *The Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's, Harper's Monthly, The Smart Set,* etc., etc.

Her short stories have been well received and have attracted much attention. As delineations of human passion and pain, half smothered yet struggling with hard conditions of life, held fast in fate, they are powerfully written, with unusual perception and analysis of the contrarieties of the spiritual self. The extreme simplicity and directness of style compel vivid realization of her word-painting, as in "Old Miss Rich," in *The Outlook* of February, 1898; "Cornelia's Birthday," in *Harper's Monthly* of June, 1903; "Lavender," in *Lippincott's,* in 1904, and "Henrietty," in the same magazine, in 1905. Justice demands reference to much writing, bright and breezy, of keen yet gentle wit (not bearing Miss Reese's signature), contributed to the editorial departments of well-known publications.

It is, though, with Miss Reese's poetry that the first and paramount interest must remain. All written prior to 1896 has been collected in three volumes; the first, 'A Branch of May,' was published in 1887 by Cushing and Company of Baltimore. The edition was soon exhausted, but the poems were included in her second book, 'A Handful of Lavender,' which is dedicated "To the Sweet Memory of Sidney Lanier." This was issued by the Riverside Press in 1891, and is now likewise out of print. The third book, 'A Quiet Road,' was issued in 1896. A number of the poems in these volumes have been selected by Edmund Clarence Stedman for his 'American Anthology.' From the first two come "Anne," "Lydia," "The Daffodils," "Thomas à Kempis," and "Immortality." From 'A Quiet Road' come "Telling the Bees," "In Time of Grief," "To a Town Poet," "Trust," "A Holiday," "Keats," and "Reserve." This noted author and critic writes as follows: "Miss Reese's poetry is of rare quality, artistic, natural, beautiful with the old-time atmosphere and association, and at times rising to a noble classicism, of which the lines 'To a Town Poet' afford a fine example." Mr. Stedman also pronounces "Immortality" a classic. These lines, with "Tell Me Some Way," "Daffodils," "A Colonial Picture," "Tears" (a sonnet published in *Scribner's* of 1899), and other poems have been frequently reprinted, finding their way to the public through many channels.

Abroad, as at home, Miss Reese has won recognition. The *London Spectator* has accorded her high praise, placing her in the front rank of American poets. In the East she has been read and appreciated, as witnessed by a recent request from Japan for permission and material to make her writings the subject of lectures before the University of Tokyo; the lecturer is a Japanese writer who has published two or three books of poems, and is a contributor to American magazines.

It has been said that thoughts come either in color or in sound, but Miss Reese thinks in form; sculpture appeals to her with greater

strength than painting, hence the crystal clearness of her verse. She works slowly and polishes much, and every word is chosen and placed in her mind before pen is put to paper.

While close acquaintance with the Elizabethan literature has undoubtedly influenced, though not molded, the careful expression of her beautiful thoughts, it would be impossible for one so original and possessing her strong personality to write in any but her own way. She sings her own song, clear, sweet, and true, with the passing of time ever circling in higher flights. She writes of what she sees, seeing with the eyes of the poet. Her strong sense of the beauty of nature is manifest. The bare trees of winter, the living green of summer, the blossoming orchards, the wind through the grass, alike call to her for speech, and she gives the message truly.

Many of her poems may be recognized as descriptive of scenes in and around Baltimore, as "An Old Belle," "The Seller of Herbs"; and visitors to Druid Hill Park will read with delight of that which they have there seen, when on some hillside, silhouetted against the sunset, slowly passes the "Shepherd" and his sheep. Yet as truly as she interprets nature's voice, this is not the limit of her powers. The eyes of the poet see deep into the human heart, and she reads, as few can, its longing in life and in death. This dramatic quality has grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, as evidenced by her later poems. Time's sunlight is still overhead with Miss Reese; inspiration and courage are strong and fresh in her unflagging nature; her zenith is yet before her.

Letitia N. Wrenshall

ANNE

From 'A Branch of May.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Her eyes be like the violets,
  Ablow in Sudbury Lane;
When she doth smile her face is sweet
  As blossoms after rain;
With grief I think of my gray hairs,
  And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old door
  Upon this Sabbath day;
And she doth bring the tender wind
  That sings in bush and tree;
And hints of all the apple boughs
  That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,
  For our dear souls to pray,
And of the place where sinners go,
  Some grewsome things doth say;
Now she is highest Heaven to me;
  So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk sit
  To hear the sermon through;
But if our God be such a God,
  And if these things be true,
Why did He make her then so fair,
  And both her eyes so blue?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,
  And finds her sitting there;
And touches soft her lilac gown,
  And soft her yellow hair;
I look across to that old pew,
  And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury Lane,
  Amid the grasses green,
This maid who stirs ye with her feet
  Is far more fair I ween!
I wonder how my forty years
  Look by her sweet sixteen!

INSPIRATION

All selections from 'A Quiet Road' are copyrighted by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Upon the hills I left my sheep;
  Shepherd no more was I,
With staff and scrip a watch to keep;
  My flocks were of the sky.

I ran down to the river-reeds;
  I set the foremost loose;
I made it ready for my needs,
  And sweet enough for use.

The rude East smote me where I stood;
  The stars were great and few;
Sudden, along the expectant wood,
  A wavering note I blew.

Fog wrapped me in a winding-sheet;
  Nor sky nor road was clear;
I blew a note so echoing sweet
  The night rose up to hear.

The kine came from the pastures chill;
  The flock came from the fold;
By tavern-sides the folk sat still;
  The dead stirred in the mould.

Ere yet the dark was at its close,
  Quaking I blew once more;
The silence petaled like a rose,
  And all my song was o'er.

Myriad and golden past the wood,
The spears of morn grew plain;
Empty within the light I stood
And brake my reed in twain.

TELL ME SOME WAY

From 'A Handful of Lavender.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Oh, you who love me not, tell me some way
Whereby I may forget you for a space;
May clean forget you and your lovely face—
Yet well I know how vain this prayer I pray.

All weathers hold you. Can I make the May
Forbid her boughs blow white in every place?
Or rob June of her Rose that comes apace?
Cheat of their charms the elder months and gray?

Aye, were you dead, you could not be forgot:
So sparse the bloom along the lanes would be;
Such sweetness out the briery hedges fled:
My tears would fall that you had loved me not,
And bitterer tears that you had gone from me;
Living, you break my heart, so would you dead.

AN OLD BELLE

From 'A Quiet Road.'

A Daughter of the Cavaliers
(A phrase a little dulled with years),
But something sweeter than them all,
Serene she sits at evenfall.

Tall tulips crowd the window-sill
Vague ghosts of those that blew at will—
Ere she was old and time so fleet—
In one walled space down Camden street.

And straight she and her lover there
In that town garden take the air;
Tall tulips lift in scarlet tire,
Brimming the April dusk with fire.

Without, the white of harbored ships;
The road that to the water slips;
The tang of salt, the scent of sea;
Within, her only love and she!

Back to the new she comes once more,
To roofs ungabled, ways that roar;
To the sole April left her still,
That potted scarlet on the sill.

Dust are those pleasant garden walls;
Her only love in green Saint Paul's;
Serene she sits at her day's close;
Last of her kin, but still a rose!

A HOLIDAY

From 'A Quiet Road.'

Along the pastoral ways I go,
To get the healing of the trees;
The ghostly news the hedges know;
To hive me honey like the bees,
Against the time of snow.

The common hawthorn that I see,
Beside the sunken wall astir,
Or any other blossoming tree,
Is each God's fair white gospeler,
His book upon the knee.

A gust-broken bough; a pilfered nest;
Rumors of orchard or of bin;
The thrifty things of east and west—
The countryside becomes my Inn,
And I its happy guest.

TRUST

From 'A Quiet Road.'

I am Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day; beneath Thy sword
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
In that brief day of mine?
The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown;
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; Love cuts me down;
And it is well with me.

Love, Love, keep it but so;
Thy purpose is full plain;
I die that after I may grow
As tall, as sweet again.

IN TIME OF GRIEF

From 'A Quiet Road.'

Dark, thinned, beside the wall of stone,
The Box dripped in the air;
Its odor through my house was blown
Into the chamber there.

Remote and yet distinct the scent,
The sole thing of the kind,
As though one spoke a word half meant
That left a sting behind.

I knew not Grief would go from me,
And naught of it be plain,
Except how keen the Box can be
After a fall of rain.

TO A TOWN POET

From 'A Quiet Road.'

Snatch the departing mood;
  Make yours its emptying reed, and pipe us still
Faith in the time, faith in our common blood,
Faith in the least of good;
  Song cannot fail if these its spirit fill!

What if your heritage be
  The huddle trees along the smoky ways;
At a street's end the stretch of lilac sea;
The vendor, swart but free,
  Crying his yellow wares across the haze?

Your verse awaits you there;
  For love is love though Latin swords be rust.
The keen Greek driven from gossiping Mall and square;
And care is still but care
  Though Homer and his seven towns are dust.

Thus Beauty lasts, and Lo!
  Now Proserpine is barred from Enna's hills,
The flower she plucked yet makes an April show,
Sets some town still aglow,
  And yours the Vision of the Daffodils.

The Old-World folk knew not
  More surge-like sounds than urban winters bring
Up from the wharves at dusk to every spot;
And no Sicilian plot
  More fire than heaps our tulips in the spring.

Strait is the road of Song,
  And they that be the last are oft the first;
Fret not for fame; the years are kind though long;
You, in the teasing throng,
  May take all time with one shrewd lyric burst.

Be reverend and know
  Ill shall not last, or waste the ploughed land;
Or creeds sting timid souls; and naught at all,
Whatever else befall,
  Can keep us from the hollow of God's hand.

Let trick of words be past;
  Strict with the thought, unfearful of the form,
So shall you find the way and hold it fast,
The world hear, at the last,
  The horns of morning sound above the storm.

AN ENGLISH MISSAL

From 'A Quiet Road.'

Upon these pages clear,
  I, Basil, write my name;
My task is ended, and the year
  Is gone out like a flame.

Martin and John the good
  Are gathered to the blest;
It seems an hour ago they stood
  And praised me with the rest.

I missed them when they went;
  Then filled this page with palms,
And saw them both—their travail spent—
  Harbored in Heavenly calms.

The tulips in this book
  Their like our garden knew,
All spring what could I do but look,
  And set them here anew?

The Saint that yonder walks
  Smiles from our chancel space;
But Mary with the lily-stalks
  Has mine own Mother's face.

The thought of her was sweet
As blossoms are in Lent,
Green turned our wending Convent street,
And all about was Kent.

Kent lilies round her nod;
I drew her staid and fair;
I drew her with the Son of God
Clasped to her bosom there.

Brief is our life and dark;
The grave shall hold us fast;
Yet here I find in old Saint Mark
That only right shall last.

I Basil, too, must heed,
Else were my task undone,
God has more books than I can read,
I praise Him for this one.

FRA GREGORY'S WORD TO THE LORD

From 'A Quiet Road.'

My years in this green close are set;
The mint buds lilac row by row;
Thy suns blaze on; Thy showers wet;
And I rejoice that it is so.

Each stalk of lavender is sweet;
As I fare back from ailing men,
I smell it out there in the street,
And praise Thee I am home again.

Lord, in the shop at Nazareth,
Was not the scent of Cedar thine
Mixed with thy work a country breath,
As is this Lavender with mine?

Ever the while I sow or reap
My sick folks seem about me, Lord,
As were I shepherd, they the sheep;
Their cares smite through me like a sword.

Fra Simon has a lovely book,
  On rainy days he comes to me,
Over the painted leaves to crook
  And therefrom read some word of Thee.

Fra Simon wrought this book himself;
  Luke with his viol breaks my heart;
A few dried simples on a shelf
  Are all my song, and all my art.

I sort them out on floor and sill;
  Fennel, and balm, and silver sage;
This one for fever, this for chill;
  And loving each, I get my wage.

Do such as I to glory pass,
  Skilled but in what each season grows?
I, gatherer of the Convent grass,
  With smell of mould about my clothes?

I cannot sing; I scarce can pray;
  Let me have there some garden space,
Where I may dig in mine old way,
  And looking up, Lord, see thy face.

A CELTIC MAYING SONG

From 'A Quiet Road.'

Seven candles burn at my love's head,
  Seven candles at his feet;
He lies as he were carved of stone
  Under the winding sheet.

The Mayers troop into the town
  Each with a branch of May,
But when they come to my love's house
  Not one word do they say.

But when they come to my love's house,
  Silent they stand before;
Out steps a lad with one white bough,
  And lays it at the door.

APRIL WEATHER

From 'A Quiet Road.'

Oh! hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white—ay, white as my love's throat—
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedge row and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and joy comes in,
And care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win;
For here is April weather.

THE MYSTERY

From *The Smart Set.* Copyright, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

"I have been here before."—*Rosetti.*

As up and down the world I go,
All ancient do the places show;
The gardens full of honeybees,
The roofs, the high and windy trees.

April begins. The gnarled pear
Out in the lane buds white and fair;
Long since—for I can see it plain—
It blossomed in just such a lane.

This sunset light upon the glass,
Long since I saw across the grass;
Perhaps in Rouen, perhaps in Rome;
Where'er, I know that it was home.

The very thought of this is sweet;
What though the memory be fleet!
The sound, the odor but a snatch?
It is the clicking of the latch.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

From *The Smart Set.* Copyright, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

The Host lifts high the candle-light—
  Out in the dark she waits before—
"Now who is this at mid of night,
  Comes faring to my door?"

With rushes is the chamber set;
  The house is sweet without, within;
For it may be she will forget
  The place where she hath been.

But lonely, lonely in the room,
  With strange eyes looks she all about;
She sees the broken boughs in bloom,
  The red wine poured out.

They crowd around her where she stands,
  The children and the elders there;
They put the cup within her hands;
  They break the loaf so fair.

Oh! what to her that they are kind!
  Oh! let the tears come like a tide!
She cannot keep from out her mind
  The son for whom she died!

AT COCKCROW

From *The Congregationalist*. Copyright, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

The stars are gone out spark by spark;
  A cock crows up the cloudy lane,
A cart toils creaking through the dark;
  Lord, in Thy sight all roads are plain,
Or run they up or down,
Sheep tracks, highways to town,
Or even that little one,
Beneath the hedge, where seldom falls the sun.

If it were light, I would go west;
  I would go east across the land;
But it is dark; I needs must rest
  Till morn breaks forth on every hand;
Lord, choose for me,
The road that runs to Thee.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER

[1825—1887]

GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1825 and died in 1887. He was descended from French stock, and having been educated in the schools of his native city, was admitted to the Bar in 1844. In 1842 he published a play in blank verse entitled 'The Spanish Exile,' which was acted with success and gave him popularity as an author. Two years later appeared 'The Old Sanctuary,' a pre-Revolutionary romance. After practicing his profession for a short time, he removed to Marion, South Carolina, where he resided for four or five years. From 1850 to 1865 he resided in Mobile, Alabama, where in 1853 he was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama. During the Civil War he held the office of Confederate States Attorney for Alabama. He afterward made his home in the city of New York, where he practiced law until his death.

Judge Requier was the author of 'The Spanish Exile' (1842); 'The Old Sanctuary, A Romance of South Carolina' (1844); 'Marco Bozzaris: A Tragedy;' 'Crystalline, and Other Poems' (1859). Among his best poems are "Ashes of Glory," "Only a Dream," "Clouds in the West," "Who Was It?" "The Legend of Tremaine" (1862), "Ode to Shakespeare," and "Ode to Victory" (1862). He also wrote a number of essays which were published in various periodicals.

Upon the departure of Judge Requier from Mobile to New York a newspaper of the former city said of him: "It is natural that we should grant grudgingly what we cannot afford to part with; and in the present case we thus constrainedly contribute a jurist of eminent skill, energy, and acquirements; an orator who blends the impassioned fervor of Prentiss with the laboriously informed acumen of Pinckney; a littérateur whose productions are foremost among those which illustrate the artistic resources of his section; and last, but not least, a gentleman whose amiable deportment and refined manners are the genuine reflex of a soul incapable of guile."

"Cultivated and sensitive himself," says Dr. James Wood Davidson, "he has tastes that separate him from the many. His genius is chaste, logical, vigorous, ideal, and subjective. In chastened energy,

ideal purity, and symmetrical art, he stands clearly first among the poets of the South. He has less sensuous fervor than Hayne; less geniality and naturalness than Timrod; less melodramatic verve and brilliant antithesis than Flash; and less dash and graceful fire than Randall; but at the same time he has more suggestive ideality, greater philosophical art, and a more elevated range of thought than any of them. He is metaphysical, and in the same degree removed from the sensuous and the popular. . . . Among the sad utterances of lament for a lost cause—the threnodies of a sorrowing South in her recent defeat, and the furling and folding of her conquered banner —Mr. Requier's 'Ashes of Glory' holds honorable place."*

George Armstrong Wauchope.

*'Living Writers of the South,' pp. 455-456 (1869).

ASHES OF GLORY

From Simms's 'War Poetry of the South,' Charleston, 1867.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
  By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
  Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blare—
  No drum funereal roll—
Nor trailing sables drape the bier
  That frees a dauntless soul!

It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
  From Fate's empyreal Palm:
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
  As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered—not outdone;
  And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
  Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded Ensign! not the breeze
That smote the victor tar,
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar;

Not Arthur's knights, amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard;

Not all that antique fables feign,
And Orient dreams disgorge;
Nor yet, the Silver Cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep! in thine own historic night—
And be thy blazoned scroll,
A warrior's Banner takes its flight,
To greet the warrior's soul!

ONLY A DREAM

From Simms's 'War poetry of the South,' Charleston, 1867.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow—
As the young moon dipt and lifted
Her reflected bow!—
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of rapture,
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail, and Passion fleeting—
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets
With the sunsets go;
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below!

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow—
Oh! the glory there that perished,
None shall ever know—
When a human heart was broken,
Many years ago!

WHO WAS IT?

From Davidson's 'Living Writers of the South,' New York and London, 1869.

I met—when was it, oh! between
The sunset and the morn
Of one indelible day as green
As memory's oldest born.
I met her where the grasses grow—
Away from tower and town—
Whose gypsy bonnet clipt the glow
Of chestnut isles of brown!

I asked the rose to breathe her name;
She pouted and she said,
She could not speak of her who came
To pale her richest red.
I asked the lily, ripple-rimmed—
A flake-like curve of snow—
She sighed her glory had been dimmed
By one she did not know.

I stooped beside a tufted bed
Of leaflets moist with dew,
Where one sweet posy hung its head
Of deep, divinest blue;

And asked the violet if her power
Could reach that spell of flame.
She smiled, "I am her favourite flower,
And—Lizzie!—is her name."

ODE TO SHAKESPEARE

From 'Poems,' 1860.

He went forth into Nature and he sung,
Her first-born of imperial sway—the lord
Of sea and continent and clime and tongue;
Striking the Harp with whose sublime accord
The whole Creation rung!

He went forth into Nature and he sung
Her grandest terrors and her simplest themes—
The torrent by the beetling crag o'erhung,
And the wild-daisy on its brink that gleams
Unharmed, and lifts a dew-drop to the sun!
The muttering of the tempest in its halls
Of darkness turreted; beheld alone
By an o'erwhelming brilliance which appals—
The turbulence of Ocean—the soft calm
Of the sequestered vale—the bride-like day,
Or sainted Eve, dispensing holy balm
From her lone lamp of silver thro' the gray
That leads the star-crowned Night adown the mountain way!
These were his themes and more—no little bird
Lit in the April forest but he drew
From its wild notes a meditative word—
A gospel that no other mortal knew:
Bard, priest, evangelist! from rarest cells
Of riches inexhaustible he took
The potent ring of her profoundest spells,
And wrote great Nature's Book!

They people earth and sea and air,
The dim, tumultuous band,
Called into being everywhere
By his creative wand;

In kingly court and savage lair,
Prince, Peasant, Priest, and Sage and Peer,
And midnight hag and ladye fair,
Pure as the white rose in her hair,
And warriors that on barbèd steed,
Burn to do the crested deed,
And lovers that delighted rove
When moonlight marries with the grove,
Glide forth—appear!
To breathe or love or hate or fear;
And with most unexampled wile,
To win a soul-enraptured smile,
Or blot it in a tear.

* * * * *

Bright shall thine altars be,
First of the holy Minstrel band,
Green as the vine-encircled land
And vocal as the sea!
Thy name is writ
Where stars are lit,
And thine immortal shade,
'Mid archangelic clouds displayed
On Fame's imperial seat,
Sees the inseparable Nine
In its reflected glory shine,
And Nature at its feet.

THE IMAGE

From 'Poems,' 1860.

Thou dwellest in my thoughts,
As shines a jewel in some ocean cave,
Which the eye marks not and the waters lave—
A ray of light imprisoned! which none save
The soul that shrines it knows—its temple and its grave.

Thou bathest in my dreams;
A form of dainty Beauty—something seen
At cloudy intervals, through a gauze-like screen—
A voice of gentle memories—a mien
Too tender for an angel's, yet as fair, I ween.

Thou sparklest through my fears;
A hope which blossoms as an early flower,
Shines in the sun nor droops beneath the shower—
A holy star that glides at vesper hour
Into the dusk-hung sky—and, saintly, seems to lower!

In daylight and in dreams,
'Mid hopes that beckon and 'mid fears that frown,
Thou art the juice that every care can drown;
A rose amongst the thorns—the azure down
Of the meek-brooding dove—the Halo and the Crown!

ALICE HEGAN RICE

[1870—]

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

ALICE HEGAN RICE, the daughter of Samuel Hegan and Sallie Caldwell, is of English and Irish stock by both lines of descent. She was born at Shelbyville, Kentucky, at the Caldwell homestead, in January, 1870, but has lived her entire life in Louisville, Kentucky, in which city her paternal grandfather, Francis Hegan, settled in 1834.

Her education was received at Hampton College, a private school of Louisville. Previous to the appearing of her first book, her life was that of the Southern girl and woman of easy circumstances, a purely social experience, in which casual travel, and some interest in organized club work among women, had their part, together with philanthropic work among such poor as she came in personal contact with.

Out of these ordinary experiences, social and philanthropic, she drew her first book, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' which appeared in 1901 under the signature of Alice Caldwell Hegan, the reception of which at once placed her among the American humorists. A few pen sketches only, slight and casual in their nature, had preceded the writer's first book.

Miss Hegan was married, in 1902, to Cale Young Rice, poet and dramatist. A considerable portion of the time since has been spent by Mr. and Mrs. Rice in travel in Europe and Japan. In 1903 her second book appeared, under the title of 'Lovey Mary,' followed in 1905 by 'Sandy.' A book for children, entitled 'Captain June,' appeared in 1907. The most recent work of Mrs. Rice, now appearing serially in *The Century Magazine* (1908-'09), bears the title of 'Mr. Opp.' Several short stories also have appeared from her pen in various magazines. The present year, 1909, finds the subject of this sketch returned to Japan for an indefinite stay, from which country Mr. and Mrs. Rice go to India for travel and study of the land and its people.

Mrs. Rice is characterized by the same qualities which are to be found in her writings, a strong and genial interest in human life and human nature, a bent toward practical philanthropy and an optimistic insistence upon the ultimate good in all that these inter-

ests have revealed to her. Her knowledge of life and people as she sees them comes from acquaintance with life and people direct. She is a humorist at first hand rather than a closet student of human nature. Back of her writings lie a sympathy with the subjects, and a heartiness and appreciation, as though with her it be "the first of democratic doctrines, that all men are interesting."

Perhaps her place as a writer in American fiction rests as yet with her two books, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' a piece of that rare product, pure comedy, and the continuation of the same story, in the same vein, 'Lovey Mary.' The history of the popularity of the two books is necessarily a part of this sketch. Their sales in America and England reaching and passing what hitherto had been the phenomenal in that day of the curiously phenomenal sales in fiction, no sketch of Mrs. Rice or of her work would be consistent or complete that omitted such reference to the publisher's record; both because it is a bit of the history of fiction of her day, and because the figures are a register by the public of that day's choice in popular tales.

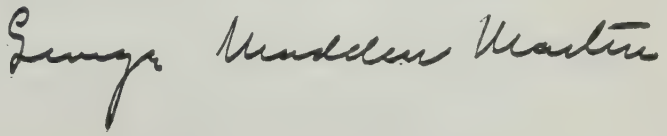
These stories, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' and 'Lovey Mary,' its sequel, are simple in construction and in the manner of their telling. Both are stories born, not made, and characterized by the spontaneity which as a rule marks natural utterance. Both are youthfully joyous expressions, stories *virginibus puerisque,* their incidents and their characters transcending the experiences of no one, and therefore capable of appealing to all classes, the lines of the stories being those followed by the universal and conventional story-tellers from the beginning. Both stories deal charitably and affectionately with the lives of the plain people, a love of humanity pervading them, their creed being an optimistic and simple one. Their humor is natural and unforced, a mixture of comic appreciation and human sympathy. In 1903 the two books were dramatized as one story, and again the history of the response of the American and English public must be referred to as proof of the successful appeal of the writer to her public.

'Sandy,' the story of a little Irish emigrant and stowaway, and his subsequent fortunes in America, lacks the convincing quality of the author's first books. Also to this stage of the writer's development, that of the emergence from the natural utterance to the conscious and constructive, belongs 'Captain June,' a story for children, the scene of which is laid in Japan.

To yet another phase in the development of Mrs. Rice would seem to belong a short story, "The Soul of O Sana San," a narrative in Japanese setting, told in an imaginative and poetic strain thus far peculiar to this one tale from the writer.

In 'Mr. Opp,' the most recent work of Mrs. Rice, the author presents a new study and characterization, purely American in the drawing, of the optimist and visionist in the daily business of life, and in this case, of the optimist, instinctively and triumphantly persistent in his attitude, even beyond the end which, for him, is failure.

In this story the writer again deals with the plain people, and again does so with that affectionate appreciation and sympathetic humor which in her hands result in kindly comedy. The setting and the characters are purely and typically local; and because they are faithful they are also typically American. While the story, in conscious purpose and constructive planning, is to be regarded as the author's first venture into the field of the novel as distinct from the simple story, yet in it, as in her first books, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' and 'Lovey Mary,' the achievement, over and above story or characterizations, lies in the writer's interpretations of the lives and the philosophy of the people she portrays.



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THE ANNEXATION OF CUBY

From 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' Copyright, The Century Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.

ALMOST a year rolled over the Cabbage Patch, and it was nearing Christmas again. The void left in Mrs. Wiggs's heart by Jim's death could never be filled, but time was beginning to soften her grief, and the necessity for steady employment kept her from brooding over her trouble.

It was still needful to maintain the strictest economy, for half the money which had been given them was in Miss Olcott's keeping as a safeguard against another rainy day. Mrs. Wiggs had got as much washing as she could do; Asia helped about the house, and Billy did odd jobs wherever he could find them.

The direct road to fortune, however, according to Billy's ideas, could best be traveled in a kindling-wagon, and, while he was the proud possessor of a dilapidated wagon, sole relic of the late Mr. Wiggs, he had nothing to hitch to it. Scarcely a week passed that he did not agitate the question, and, as Mrs. Wiggs often said, "When Billy Wiggs done set his head to a thing, he's as good as got it!"

So she was not surprised when he rushed breathlessly into the kitchen one evening, about supper-time, and exclaimed in excited tones: "Ma, I've got a horse! He was havin' a fit on the commons an' they was goin' to shoot him, an' I ast the man to give him to me!"

"My land, Billy! What do you want with a fit-horse?" asked his mother.

" 'Cause I knowed you could cure him. The man said if I took him I'd have to pay for cartin' away his carcass, but I said, 'All right, I'll take him, anyway.' Come on, ma, an' see him!" and Billy hurried back to his new possession.

Mrs. Wiggs pinned a shawl over her head and ran across the commons. A group of men stood around the writhing animal, but the late owner had departed.

"He's most gone," said one of the men, as she came up.

"I tole Billy you'd beat him fer takin' that ole nag offen the man's han's."

"Well, I won't," said Mrs. Wiggs, stoutly. "Billy Wiggs 's got more sense than most men I know. That hoss's carcass is worth somethin'; I 'spect he'd bring 'bout two dollars dead, an' mebbe more livin'. Anyway, I'm goin' to save him if there's any save to him!"

She stood with her arms on her hips, and critically surveyed her patient. "I'll tell you what's the matter with him," was her final diagnosis: "his lights is riz. Billy I'm goin' home for some medicine; you set on his head so 's he can't git up, an' ma 'll be right back in a minute."

The crowd which had collected to see the horse shot began to disperse, for it was supper-time, and there was nothing to see now but the poor suffering animal, with Billy Wiggs patiently sitting on its head.

When Mrs. Wiggs returned she carried a bottle, and what appeared to be a large marble. "This here is a calomel pill," she explained. "I jes' rolled the calomel in with some soft, light bread. Now, you prop his jaws open with a little stick, an' I'll shove it in, an' then hole his head back, while I pour down some water an' turkentine outen this bottle."

It was with great difficulty that this was accomplished, for the old horse had evidently seen a vision of the happy-hunting ground, and was loath to return to the sordid earth. His limbs were already stiffening in death, and the whites of his eyes only were visible. Mrs. Wiggs noted these discouraging symptoms, and saw that violent measures were necessary.

"Gether some sticks an' build a fire quick as you kin. I 've got to run over home. Build it right up clost to him, Billy; we 've got to git him het up."

She rushed into the kitchen, and, taking several cakes of tallow from the shelf, threw them into a tin bucket. Then she hesitated for a moment. The kettle of soup was steaming away on the stove ready for supper. Mrs. Wiggs did not believe in sacrificing the present need to the future comfort. She threw in a liberal portion of pepper, and seizing the kettle in one hand and the bucket of tallow in the other, staggered back to the bonfire.

"Now, Billy," she commanded, "put this bucket of tallow

down there in the hottest part of the fire. Look out; don't tip it—there! Now, you come here an' help me pour this soup into the bottle. I'm goin' to git that ole hoss so het up he'll think he's havin' a sunstroke! Seems sorter bad to keep on pestering him when he's so near gone, but this here soup'll feel good when it once gits inside him."

When the kettle was empty, the soup was impartially distributed over Mrs. Wiggs and the patient, but a goodly amount had "got inside," and already the horse was losing his rigidity.

Only once did Billy pause in his work, and that was to ask:

"Ma, what do you think I'd better name him?"

Giving names was one of Mrs. Wiggs's chief accomplishments, and usually required much thoughtful consideration; but in this case if there was to be a christening it must be at once.

"I'd like a jography name," suggested Billy, feeling that nothing was too good to bestow upon his treasure.

Mrs. Wiggs stood with the soup dripping from her hands, and earnestly contemplated the horse. Babies, pigs, goats, and puppies had drawn largely on her supply of late, and geography names especially were scarce. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"I'll tell you what, Billy! We'll call him Cuby! It's a town I heared 'em talkin' 'bout at the grocery."

By this time the tallow was melted, and Mrs. Wiggs carried it over by the horse, and put each of his hoofs into the hot liquid, while Billy rubbed the legs with all the strength of his young arms.

"That's right," she said; "now you run home an' git that piece of carpet by my bed, an' we 'll kiver him up. I am goin' to git them fence rails over yonder to keep the fire goin'."

Through the long night they worked with their patient, and when the first glow of morning appeared in the east, a triumphant procession wended its way across the Cabbage Patch. First came an old woman, bearing sundry pails, kettles, and bottles; next came a very sleepy little boy, leading a trembling old horse, with soup all over its head, tallow on its feet, and a strip of rag-carpet tied about its middle.

And thus Cuba, like his geographical namesake, emerged from the violent ordeal of reconstruction with a mangled

constitution, internal dissension, a decided preponderance of foreign element, but a firm and abiding trust in the new power with which his fortunes had been irrevocably cast.

THE SOUL OF O SANA SAN

From *The Century Magazine*, December, 1905, and used here by permission of the publishers.

O Sana San stood in the heart of a joyous world, as much a part of the radiant, throbbing, irresponsible spring as the golden butterfly which fluttered in her hand. Through the close-stemmed bamboos she could see the sparkling river racing away to the Inland Sea, while slow-moving junks, with their sixfold sails, glided with almost imperceptible motion toward a far-distant port. From below, across the rice-fields, came the shouts and laughter of naked bronze babies who played at the water's edge, and from above, high up on the ferny cliff, a mellow-throated temple bell answered the call of each vagrant breeze. Far away, shutting out the strange, big world, the luminous mountains hung in the purple mists of May.

And every note of color in the varied landscape, from the purple irises whose royal reflection stained the water below, to the rosy-tipped clover at the foot of the hill, was repeated in the kimono and *obi* of the child who flitted about in the grasses, catching butterflies in her long-handled net.

The constant echo of war that sounded around her disturbed her no more than it did the birds overhead. All day long the bugles sounded from the parade-grounds, and always and always the soldiers went marching away to the front. Around the bend in the river were miniature fortifications where recruits learned to make forts and trenches, and to shoot through tiny holes in a wall at imaginary Russian troopers. Down in the town below were long white hospitals where twenty thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay. No thought of the horror of it came to trouble O Sana San. The cherry-trees gladly and freely gave up their blossoms to the wind, and so must the country give up its men for the Emperor. Her father had marched away, then one brother, then another, and she had held up her hands and shouted, "Banzai!" and smiled

because her mother smiled. Everything was vague and uncertain, and no imagined catastrophe troubled her serenity. It was all the will of the Emperor, and it was well.

Life was a very simple matter to O Sana San. She rose when the sun climbed over the mountain, bathed her face and hands in the shallow copper basin in the garden, ate her breakfast of bean-curd and pickled fish and warm yellow tea. Then she hung the quilts over poles to sun, dusted the screens, and placed an offering of rice on the steps of the tiny shrine to Inari, where the little foxes kept guard. These simple duties being accomplished, she tied a bit of bean-cake in her gaily colored handkerchief, and stepping into her *geta,* went pattering off to school.

It was an English school, where she sat with hands folded through the long mornings, passively permitting the lessons to filter through her brain, and listening in smiling patience while the kind foreign ladies spoke incomprehensible things. Sometimes she helped pass the hours by watching the shadows of the dancing leaves outside; sometimes she told herself stories about "The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees to Blossom," or about "Momotaro, the Little Peach Boy." Again she would repeat the strange English words and phrases that she heard, and would puzzle out their meaning.

But the sum of her lore consisted in being happy; and when the shadow of the mountains began to slip across the valley, she would dance back along the homeward way, singing with the birds, laughing with the rippling water, and adding her share of brightness to the sunshine of the world.

As she stood on this particular morning with her net poised over a butterfly, she heard the tramping of many feet. A slow cavalcade was coming around the road—a long line of coolies bearing bamboo stretchers—and in the rear, in a jinrikisha, was a foreign man with a red cross on his sleeve.

O Sana San scrambled up the bank and watched with smiling curiosity as the men halted to rest. On the stretcher nearest her lay a young Russian prisoner with the fair skin and blond hair that are so unfamiliar to Japanese eyes. His blanket was drawn tight around his shoulders, and he lay very still, with lips set, gazing straight up through the bamboo leaves to the blue beyond.

Then it was that O Sana San, gazing in frank inquisitiveness at the soldier, saw a strange thing happen. A tear formed on his lashes and trickled slowly across his temple; then another and another, until they formed a tiny rivulet. More and more curious, she drew yet nearer, and watched the tears creep unheeded down the man's face. She was sure he was not crying, because soldiers never cry; it could not be the pain, because his face was very smooth and calm. What made the tears drop, drop on the hard pillow, and why did he not brush them away?

A vague trouble dawned in the breast of O Sana San. Running back to the field, she gathered a handful of wild flowers and returned to the soldier. The tears no longer fell, but his lips quivered and his face was distorted with pain. She looked about her in dismay. The coolies were down by the river, drinking from their hands and calling to one another; the only person to whom she could appeal was the tall English nurse who was adjusting a bandage for a patient at the end of the line.

With halting steps and many misgivings, she timidly made her way to his side; then placing her hands on her knees, she bowed low before him. The embarrassment of speaking to a stranger and a foreigner almost overwhelmed her, but she mustered her bravest array of English, and pointing to the stretcher, faltered out her message:

"Soldier not happy very much is. I sink soldier heart sorry."

The Red Cross nurse looked up from his work, and his eyes followed her gesture.

"He is hurt bad," he said shortly; "no legs, no arms."

"*So—deska?*" she said politely, then repeated his words in puzzled incomprehension: "Nowarms? Nowarms?"

When she returned to the soldier she gathered up the flowers which she had dropped by the wayside, and timidly offered them to him. For a long moment she waited, then her smile faded and her hand dropped. With a child's quick sensitiveness to rebuff, she was turning away when an exclamation recalled her.

The prisoner was looking at her in a strange, distressed

way; his deep-set gray eyes glanced down first at one bandaged shoulder, then at the other, then he shook his head.

As O Sana San followed his glance, a startled look of comprehension sprang into her face. "Nowarms!" she repeated softly as the meaning dawned upon her, and with a little cry of sympathy she ran forward and gently laid her flowers on his breast.

The cavalcade moved on, under the warm spring sun, over the smooth white road, under the arching cryptomerias; but little O Sana San stood under the yellow disk of her big sunshade and watched it with troubled eyes. A dreadful something was stirring in her heart, something clutched at her throat, and she no longer saw the sunshine and the flowers. Kneeling by the roadside, she loosened the little basket which was tied to her *obi* and gently lifted the lid. Slowly at first, and then with eager wings, a dozen captive butterflies fluttered back to freedom.

Along the banks of the Upper Flowing River, in a rudely improvised hospital, lay the wounded Russian prisoners. To one of the small rooms at the end of the ward reserved for fatally wounded patients a self-appointed nurse came daily, and rendered her tiny service in the only way she knew.

O Sana San's heart had been so wrought upon by the sad plight of her soldier friend that she had begged to be taken to see him and to be allowed to carry him flowers with her own hand. Her mother, in whom smoldered the fires of dead samurai, was quick to be gracious to a fallen foe, and it was with her consent that O Sana San went day after day to the hospital.

The nurses humored her childish whim, thinking each day would be the last; but as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, her visits became an established fact.

And the young Russian, lying on his rack of pain, learned to watch for her coming as the one hour of brightness in an interminable night of gloom. He made a sort of sun-dial of the cracks in the floor, and when the shadows reached a certain spot his tired eyes grew eager, and he turned his head to listen for the patter of the little *tabi* that was sure to sound along the hall.

Sometimes she would bring her picture-books and read him wonderful stories in words he did not understand, and show him the pictures of Momotaro, who was born out of a peach and who grew up to be so strong and brave that he went to the Ogres' Island and carried off all their treasures—caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels which made the tide come or go, coral and amber and tortoise-shell—and all these things the little Peach Boy took back to his kind old foster mother and father, and they all lived happily forever after. And in the telling O Sana San's voice would thrill, and her almond eyes grow bright, while her slender brown finger pointed out the figures on the gaily colored pages.

Sometimes she would sing to him, in soft minor strains, of the beauty of the snow on the pine-trees, or the wonders of Fuji-San.

And he would pucker his white lips and try to whistle the accompaniment, to her great amusement and delight.

Many were the treasures she brought forth from the depths of her long sleeves, and many were the devices she contrived to amuse him. The most ambitious achievement was a miniature garden in a wooden box—a wonderful garden where grasses stood for tall bamboo, and a saucer of water, surrounded by moss and pebbles, made a shining lake across which a bridge led through a *torii* to a diminutive shrine above.

He would watch her deft fingers fashioning the minute objects, and listen to her endless prattle in her soft, unknown tongue, and for a little space the pain-racked body would relax and the cruel furrows vanish from between his brows.

But there were days in which the story and the song and the play had no part. At such times O Sana San slipped in on tiptoe and took her place at the head of the cot where he could not see her. Sitting on her heels, with hand folded in hand, she watched patiently for hours, alert to adjust the covers or smooth the pillow, but turning her eyes away when the spasms of pain contorted his face. All the latent maternity in the child rose to succor his helplessness. The same instinct that had prompted her to strap her doll upon her back when yet a mere baby herself, made her accept the burden of his suffering, and mother him with a very passion of tenderness.

Longer and sultrier grew the days; the wistaria, hanging

in feathery festoons from many a trellis, gave way to the flaming azalea, and the azalea in turn vanished with the coming of the lotus that floated sleepily in the old castle moat.

Still the soul of the young Russian was held a prisoner in his shattered body, and the spirit in him grew restive at the delay. Months had passed before the doctor told him his release was at hand. It was early in the morning, and the sun fell in long level rays across his cot. He turned his head and looked wistfully at the distance it would have to travel before it would be afternoon.

The nurse brought the screen and placed it about the bed —the last service she could render. For hours the end was expected, but moment by moment he held death at bay, refusing to accept the freedom that he had so earnestly longed for. At noon the sky became overcast and the slow falling of rain was heard on the low wooden roof. But still his fervent eyes watched the sun-dial, and he waited for her coming.

At last the sound of *geta* was heard without, and in a moment O Sana San slipped past the screen and dropped on her knees beside him. Under one arm was tightly held a small white kitten, her final offering at the shrine of love.

When he saw her quaint little figure, a look of peace came over his face, and he closed his eyes. An interpreter, knowing that a prisoner was about to die, came to the bedside and asked if he wanted to leave any message. He stirred slightly, then in a scarcely audible voice asked in Russian what the Japanese word was for "good-by." A long pause followed, during which the spirit seemed to hover irresolute upon the brink of eternity.

O Sana San sat motionless, her lips parted, her face full of the awe and mystery of death. Presently he stirred and turned his head slowly until his eyes were on a level with her own.

"*Sayonara,*" he whispered faintly, and tried to smile; and O Sana San, summoning all her courage to restrain the tears, smiled bravely back and whispered, "*Sayonara.*"

It was scarcely said before the spirit of the prisoner started forth upon his final journey, but he went not alone. The soul of a child went with him, leaving in its place the tender, newborn soul of a woman.

THE EDITOR ENTERTAINS

From 'Mr. Opp.' The *Century Magazine;* used here by permission of the publishers.

As Willard Hinton stood on the porch of "Your Hotel" and waited for his host for the night to call for him, he was in that state of black dejection that comes to a young man whose Ambition has proposed to Fortune, and been emphatically rejected. For six years he had worked persistently, and ceaselessly towards a given goal, doing clerical work day by day and creative work by night, going from short hand into long hand, and from numerical figures into figures of speech. For the way that Hinton's soul was traveling was the Inky Way, and at its end lay Authorship.

Unlike the great masses of literary porcupines who shoot a quill at a moment's notice, Hinton had taken himself and his work seriously, and served an apprenticeship of hard study, and conscientious preparation. So zealous was he, in fact, that he had arrived at the second stage of his great enterprise with a teeming brain, a practiced hand, and a pair of seriously affected eyes over which the oculists shook their heads and held out little encouragement.

For four months he had implicitly obeyed orders, attending only to his regular work, eating and sleeping with exemplary regularity, and spending all of his spare time in the open air. But the ravages, made in the long nights dedicated to the Muse, were not to be so easily repaired, and his eyes instead of improving were growing rapidly worse. The question of holding his position had slipped from a matter of months into weeks.

As he stood on the porch, he could hear the bustle of entertainment going on within the limited quarters of Your Hotel. Jimmy Fallows was in his element; as bar-tender, head-waiter, and jovial landlord he was playing a triple bill to a crowded house. Occasionally he opened the door, and urged Hinton to come inside:

"Mr. Opp'll be here 'fore long," he would say, "He's expecting you, but he had to stop by to take his girl home. You better step in and git a julep."

But Hinton, wrapped in the gloom of his own thoughts, preferred to remain where he was. Already he seemed to

belong to the dark, to be a thing apart from his fellow men. He shrank from companionship and sympathy as he shrank from the light. He longed to crawl away like a sick animal into some lonely corner and die. Whichever way he turned, the great Spectre of Darkness loomed before him. At first he had fought, then he had philosophically stood still, now he was retreating. Again and again he told himself that he would meet it like a man, and again and again he shrank back, ready to seek escape anywhere, anyhow.

"Oh God, if I weren't so damnably young," he cried to himself, beating his clenched hand against his brow, "more than half my life yet to live, and in the dark!"

The rattle of wheels and the stopping of a light in front of the Hotel, made him pull himself together.

The small gentleman in the checked suit, whom he had seen on the wharf, strode in without seeing him. He paused before he opened the door and smoothed his scanty locks and rearranged his pink necktie. Then he drew in his chin, threw out his chest and with a carefully prepared smile of welcome entered.

The buzz within increased, and it was some minutes before the door opened again and Jimmy Fallows was heard saying:

"He's round here some place. Mr. Hinton! Oh! here you are; let me make you acquainted with Mr. Opp, he's going to take you out to his house for the night."

No sooner had Hinton's hand been released from Mr. Opp's cordial grasp, than he felt that gentleman's arm thrust through his, and was conscious of being rapidly conducted down the steps and out to the vehicle.

"On no possible account," Mr. Opp was saying, with Hinton's grip in one hand and two umbrellas in the other, "would I have allowed myself to be late, except that it was what you might consider absolutely necessary. Now you get right in, just take all that robe. No, the grip can go right here between my feet. We trust that you will not regard the weather in any ways synonymous with the state of our feelings of welcome."

Mr. Hinton remarked rather shortly that the weather never mattered to him one way or another.

"That's similar to myself," Mr. Opp went on, "I come of very sturdy, enduring stock. For a man of my size I doubt

if you'd find a finer constitution in the country. You wouldn't particularly think of it to look at me, now would you?"

Hinton looked at the small, stooping figure, and at the peaked, sallow face, and said rather sarcastically that he would not.

"Strong as an ox," declared Mr. Opp.

Just here the horse stumbled and they were jerked violently forward.

Mr. Opp apologized: "Just at present we are having a little difficulty with our country roads. We have taken the matter up in the Opp *Eagle* last week. All these things takes time to regulate but we are getting there. This oil boom is going to revolutionize things. It's my firm and abiding conviction that we are on the eve of a great change. It wouldn't surprise me, in the least, if this town grew to be one of the principalest cities on the Ohio River."

"To be a worthy eyrie for your *Eagle?*" suggested Hinton.

"The Opp *Eagle,*" corrected Mr. Opp, "I don't know as you know that I am the sole proprietor, as well as being the editor in addition."

"No," said Hinton, "I did not know. How does it happen that a man with such colossal responsibilities can take time to dabble in oil wells?"

"You don't know me," said Mr. Opp, with a paternal smile at his own ability, "promoting and organizing comes as natural to me as breathing the atmosphere! I am engineering this scheme with one hand, the Town Improvement League with another, and the Opp *Eagle* with another. Then, in a minor kind of way, I am a active Odd Fellow, first cornetist in the Unique Orchestra and a director in the bank. And beside," Mr. Opp concluded with some coyness, "there is the natural, personal, social diversions that most young men indulge in."

By this time they had reached the grey old house on the river bank, and Mr. Opp hitched the horse and held the lantern while Hinton stepped from one stony island to another in the sea of mud.

"Just enter right into the dining room," said Mr. Opp throwing open the door, "Unfortunately we are having a temporary difficulty with the parlor heating apparatus. If you'll

just pass right on up stairs, I'll show you the guest chamber. Be careful of your head please!"

With pomp and dignity Mr. Hinton was conducted to his apartment, and urged to make known any possible want that might occur to him.

"I'll be obliged to leave you for a spell," said Mr. Opp, "in order to attend to the proper putting up of the horse. If you'll just consider everything you see as yours, and make yourself entirely at home, I'll come up for you in about twenty minutes."

Left alone Hinton went to the bureau to pin a paper around the lamp, and as he did so he encountered a smiling face in the mirror. The face was undoubtedly his, but the smile seemed almost to belong to a stranger, so long had it been since he had seen it.

He made a hasty toilet, and sat down with his back to the light to await his summons to dinner. The large room poorly and scantily furnished gave unmistakable evidence of having been arranged especially for his coming. There was no covering on the floor, and no pictures on the wall, but the wall paper was of a sufficiently decorative character to warrant the absence of other adornment. It may be said to have been a botanical paper, for roses and lilies, and sunflowers, and daisies grew in riotous profusion. The man who hung the paper evidently was of a scientific turn, for in matching the strips he had gained some results in cross-grafting that approached the miraculous.

After sufficient time had elapsed to have stabled half a dozen horses, Hinton, whose appetite was becoming ravenous, went into the hall and started down the steps. When half way down he heard a crash of china, and saw his host, in his shirt sleeves, staggering under a large tray overcrowded with dishes.

Beating a hasty retreat he went quietly up the steps again, but not before he heard a querulous voice saying:

"Now Mr. D. if you haint done busted two plates and a tea-cup!"

Retiring to his room until the trouble should be adjusted, Hinton once more contemplated the floral paper. As he sat there the door creaked slightly and looking up, he thought he

saw some one peeping at him through the crack. Later he distinctly heard the rustle of garments, a stealthy step, and the closing of the door across the hall.

At last Mr. Opp came somewhat noisily up the steps and, flinging wide the door, invited him to descend. In the dining room below the scene was nothing short of festal! All the candlesticks were filled with lighted candles, an American flag was draped across the top of the clock, and the little schooner that rocked behind the pendulum seemed fired with the determination to get somewhere to-night if it never did again. Even the owls on either end of the mantel wore a benignant look, and seemed to beam a welcome on the honored guest.

But it was the dining table that held the center of the stage, and that held everything else as well. The dinner, through its sequence of soup, meat, salad, and dessert, was displayed in lavish hospitality. Cove etiquette evidently demanded that no square inch of the table cloth should remain unoccupied.

Seated at the table, with hands demurely folded, was the most grotesque figure that Hinton had ever seen. Clad in a queer, old-fashioned garment of faded blue cloth, with very full skirt and flowing sleeves, with her hair gathered into a tight knot at the back of her head, and a necklace of nut-shells about her neck, a strange little lady sat and watched him with parted lips and wide excited eyes.

"If you'll just sit here opposite my sister," said Mr. Opp, not attempting an introduction, "I'll as usual take my customary place at the head of the board."

It was all done with great *éclat,* but from the first there were unmistakable signs of nervousness on the part of the host. He left the table twice before the soup was removed, once to get the napkins which had been overlooked, and once to persuade his sister not to put the baked potatoes in her lap.

When the critical moment for the trial of strength between him and the goose arrived, he was not in good condition. It was his first wrestling match with a goose, and his technical knowledge of the art consisted in the meagre fact that the strategic point was to become master of the opponent's legs. The fowl had, moreover, by nature of its being, the advantage

of extreme slipperiness, an expedient recognized and made use of by the gladiators of old.

Mr. Opp, limited as to space, and conscious of a critical audience, rose to the occasion, and with jaw set and the light of conquest in his eye entered the fray. He pushed forward, and pulled back, he throttled, he went through facial and bodily contortions. The match was conducted in "the catch hold first down to loose style," and the honors seemed equally divided. At last, by the adroit administration of a left leg stroke, Mr. Opp succeeded in throwing his adversary, but unfortunately he threw it too far.

The victory, though brilliant, was not without its casualties. The goose, in its post-mortem flight, took its revenge, and the overturned cranberries sent a crimson stain across the white cloth, giving a sanguinary aspect to the scene.

When order was restored and Mr. Opp had once more taken his seat, the little lady in the blue dress, who had remained quiet during the recent conflict, suddenly raised her voice in joyous song.

"Now Kippy," warned Mr. Opp, putting a restraining hand on her arm, and looking at her appealingly. She shrank back in her chair and her eyes filled, as she clasped his hand tightly in both of hers.

"As I was remarking," Mr. Opp went steadily on, trying to behave as if it were quite natural for him to eat with his left hand, "the real value of the underground product in this country has been but fairly made apparent, and now that you capitalists are coming in to take a hold there's no way of forming an idea of the ultimate result."

Hinton, upon whom no phase of the situation had been lost, came valiantly to Mr. Opp's rescue. He roused himself to follow his host's lead in the conversation, he was apparently oblivious to the many irregularities of the dinner. In fact it was one of the rare occasions upon which Hinton took the trouble to exert himself. Something in the dreary old room with its brave attempt at cheer, in the half-witted little lady who was making such superhuman effort to be good, and above all in the bombastic, egotistical, ignorant editor who was trying to keep up appearances against such heavy odds, touched the best and deepest that was in Hinton, and lifted him out

of himself. Gradually he began to take the lead in the conversation. With infinite tact he relieved Mr. Opp of the necessity of entertaining, and gave him a chance to eat his dinner. He told stories so simple that even Miss Kippy loosened her hold on her brother's hand to listen.

When the sunset of the dinner in the form of a pumpkin pie had disappeared, the gentlemen retired to the fire.

"Don't you smoke?" asked Hinton, holding a match to his pipe.

"Why yes," said Mr. Opp, "I have smoked occasionally. It's amazing how it assists you in creating newspaper articles. One of the greatest editorials I ever turned out was when I had a segar in my mouth!"

"Then why don't you smoke?"

Mr. Opp glanced over his shoulders at Aunt Tish who, with Miss Kippy's doubtful assistance, was clearing the table.

"I don't mind telling you," he said confidentially, "that up to the present time I've experienced a good many business reverses, and considerable family responsibility. I hope now in a year or two to be able to indulge them little extra items. The lack of money," he added somewhat proudly, "is no disgrace, but I can't deny it's what you might call limiting."

Hinton smiled. "I think I've got a cigar somewhere about me. Here it is, will you try it?"

Mr. Opp didn't care if he did, and from the manner in which he lighted it, and the way in which he stood with one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his feet gracefully crossed, while he blew curling wreaths toward the ceiling, it was not difficult to reckon the extent of his self-denial.

"Do you indulge much in the pleasure of reading?" he asked, looking at Hinton through the cloud of smoke.

"I did," said Hinton, drawing a deep breath.

"It's a great pastime," said Mr. Opp. "I wonder if you are familiar with this here volume," he took from the shelf "The Encyclopedia of Wonder, Beauty, and Wisdom."

"Hardly a thumb-nail edition," said Hinton, receiving it with both hands.

"Say, it's a remarkable work," said Mr. Opp earnestly, "you ought to get yourself one. Facts in the first part, and the prettiest poetry you ever read in the back; a dollar down

and fifty cents a month until paid for. Here, let me show you; read that one:

"I can't see it," said Hinton.

"I'll get the lamp."

"Never mind, Opp, it isn't that. You read it to me."

Mr. Opp read with great pleasure, and having once started he found it difficult to stop. From "Lord Ullin's Daughter" he passed to "Curfew," thence to "Barbara Frietchie" and "Young Lochinvar" and as he read, Hinton sat with closed eyes and traveled into the past.

He saw a country school house, and himself a youngster of eight, competing for a prize. He was standing on a platform, and the children were below him, and behind him was a row of visitors. He was paralyzed with fear, but bursting with ambition. With one supreme effort he began his speech,

"Oh! the Young Lochinvar has came out of the West!

He got no further, a shout from the big boys and a word from the teacher, and he burst into tears and fled for refuge to his mother. How the lines brought it all back! He could feel her arms about him now, and her cheek against his and hear again her words of comfort. In all the years since she had been taken from him he had never wanted her so insistently, as during those few moments that Mr. Opp's high voice was doing its worst for the long suffering Lochinvar.

"Mr. D," said a complaining voice from the doorway, "Miss Kippy won't lemme tek her dress off to go to baid. She 'low she gwine sleep in hit."

Mr. Opp abruptly descended from his elocutionary flight, and asked to be excused for a few moments.

"Just a little domestic friction," he assured Hinton, "you can glance over the rest of the poems and I'll be back soon."

Hinton left alone, paced restlessly up and down the room. The temporary diversion was over, and he was once more face to face with his problem. He went to the table and taking a note from his pocket bent over the lamp to read it. The lines blurred and ran together, but a word here and there recalled the contents. It was from Mr. Mathews, who preferred writing disagreeable things to saying them. Mr. Mathews, the note said, had been greatly annoyed recently by repeated errors in the reports of his secretary, that he was neither as

rapid nor as accurate as formerly, and that an improvement would have to be made, or a change would be deemed advisable.

"Delicate tact!" sneered Hinton, crushing the paper in his hand; "courtesy sometimes begets a request, and the shark shrinks from conferring favors. And I've got to stick it out, to go on accepting condescending disapproval until 'a change is deemed advisable.'"

He dropped his head on his arms, and so deep was he in his bitter thoughts that he did not hear Mr. Opp come into the room. That gentleman stood for a moment in great embarrassment; then he stepped noiselessly out, and heralded his second coming by rattling the door knob.

The wind had risen to a gale, and it shrieked about the old house and tugged at the shutters, and rattled the panes incessantly.

"You take the big chair," urged Mr. Opp, who had just put on a fresh log and sent the flames dancing up the chimney, "and here's a pitcher of hard cider whenever you feel the need of a little refreshment. You ain't a married man, I would judge, Mr. Hinton?"

"Thank the Lord, no!" exclaimed Hinton.

"Well," said Mr. Opp, smiling and pursing his lips, "you know that's just where I think us young men are making a mistake."

"Matrimony," said Hinton, "is about the only catastrophe that hasn't befallen me during my short and rocky career."

"See here," said Mr. Opp, "I used to feel that way too."

"Before you met her?" suggested Hinton.

Mr. Opp looked pleased but embarrassed. "I can't deny there is a young lady," he said, "but she is quite young as yet. In fact I don't mind telling you she's just about half my age!"

Hinton, instead of putting two and two together, added eighteen to eighteen. "And you are about thirty-six?" he asked.

"Exactly," said Mr. Opp surprised. "I am most generally considered a long sight younger."

From matrimony the conversation drifted to oil wells, then to journalism, and finally to a philosophical discussion of life itself. Mr. Opp got beyond his depth again and again, and at times he became so absorbed that he gave a very poor imita-

tion of himself, and showed signs of humility that were rarely if ever visible.

Hinton meantime was taking soundings, and sometimes his plummet stopped where it started, and sometimes it dropped to an unexpected depth.

"Well," he said at last, rising, "We must go to bed. You'll go on climbing a ladder in the air, and I'll go on burrowing like a mole in the ground, and what is the good of it all? What chance have either of us for coming out anywhere? You can fool yourself; I can't; that's the difference."

Mr. Opp's unusual mental exertions had apparently affected his entire body; his legs were tightly wrapped about each other, his arms were locked, and his features were drawn into an amazing pucker of protest.

"That ain't it," he said emphatically, struggling valiantly to express his conviction, "this here life business ain't run on any such small scale as that. According to my notion or understanding it's—well—what you might call, in military figures, a fight." He paused a moment, and tied himself if possible into even a tighter knot; then he proceeded slowly and groping his way, "Of course there's some that just remains around in camp, afraid to fight and afraid to desert, just sort of indulging in conversation, you might say, about the rest of the army. Then there is the cowards and deserters. But a decent sort of a individual, or rather soldier, carries his orders around with him, and the chief and principal thing he's got to do is to follow them. What the fight is concerning, or in what manner the General is a-aiming to bring it all correct in the end, ain't, according to my conclusion, *a particle of our business!*"

Having arrived at this point of the discussion in a somewhat heated and indignant state, Mr. Opp suddenly remembered his duties as host. With a lordly wave of the hand he dismissed the subject and conducted Hinton in state to his bed chamber, where he insisted upon lighting the fire and arranging the bed.

Hinton sat for a long time before undressing, listening to the wind in the chimney, to the scrape, scrape of the cedar on the roof, and to the yet more dismal sounds that were echoing in his heart. Everything about the old house spoke

of degeneration, decay, yet in the midst of it lived a man who asked no odds of life, who took what came, and who lived with a zest, an abandon, a courage that were baffling. Self-deception, egotism, cheap optimism, could they bring a man to this state of mind? Hinton wondered bitterly what Opp would do in his position, suppose his sight was threatened, how far would his foolish self-delusion serve him then?

But he could not imagine Mr. Opp—lame, halt, or blind—giving up the fight. There was that in the man, egotism, courage, whatever it was, that would never recognize defeat, that quality that wins, out of a life of losing, the final victory.

Before he retired, Hinton found there was no drinking water in his room, and, remembering a pitcher full in the dining room, he took the candle and softly opened his door. The sudden cold draught from the hall made the candle flare, but as it steadied, Hinton saw that an old cot had been placed across the door opposite his, as if on guard, and that beside it, in his night clothes, a shivering figure knelt, with his head clasped in his hands. It was Mr. Opp saying his prayers.

CALE YOUNG RICE

[1872–]

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

CALE YOUNG RICE, poetic dramatist and lyric poet, was born in Dixon, Webster County, Kentucky, December 7, 1872. While he was still in early childhood his family removed to Evansville, where he grew up and prepared for college. He went first to Cumberland University and afterward to Harvard, where he took the degrees of A.B. and A.M. In 1890 his family removed to Louisville, he joining it later, after filling, for a year, the chair of English literature at Cumberland. On December 18, 1902, he was married to Alice Caldwell Hegan, whose first work was then making its way in the field of the short novel. Since that time, though varied by much travel and other pleasures, the life of the two has been a life of literary work, Mr. Rice giving most of his time to poetic drama, which he finds his particular element. While distinctly a poet and devoting his life to his work, he is interested in affairs political and social; he is a man who has thought much of the great problems of religion and of morals; he is equally the student of the outdoor world and of psychical forces; and his sympathies, naturally acute, have been broadened by the sight of a varied life. Mr. Rice, being still a young man, has, humanly speaking, a long life of work in front of him. Up to this time he has written four dramas, one of which, "A Night in Avignon," has been successfully played by Donald Robertson, whose ventures in producing the literary drama are already known to the public. "Yolanda of Cyprus," another play, will be staged by Mr. Robertson in 1909; and meanwhile a new volume of lyrics, 'Nirvana Days,' will be published by the McClure Company.

Mr. Rice's lyrical work may be divided, perhaps, into four groups: poems of nature, poems of philosophy and meditation, poems of love, and many brief, dramatic narratives. Of his lyrics, which deal with nature, it may be said that their distinguishing quality is a faithfulness to both material and spiritual truth. It is not merely the colors of autumn that delight the poet; it is also her melancholy and the longing she evokes for something after death. It is not merely the ripeness of July that he loves, but the silence and solitude of her deep forests where the stillness suggests eternities. It is not only the outward beauty and majesty of the sea that compels him, but

the sea as "a surging shape of life's unfathomed morn," the "incarnate motion of all mystery." The deep reveling in tangible beauty —which is natural and joyous—is the lesser part of this poetry; and here, too, the revel is ethereal, symbolized, not so much by the nymph in the brake, as by the delicate day-moon.

In his poetry of philosophy and meditation there is a constant sense of the highest, the noblest. This is most fully expressed in two poems, "The Young to the Old" and "Invocation," the first of which is a plea for human dream and endeavor; in the second we find the aspiring spirit which marks so much of his poetry.

Of the dramatic lyrics, the finest, perhaps, are "Jael," "Adelil," "Mary at Nazareth," "A Japanese Mother," "Wormwood" and "On the Moor," all of which have the true romantic character, a mingling of simplicity and mystery. The conception of Jael is unusual, the woman being portrayed as at once triumphant and terrified.

As exemplifying the delicate quality of the love-poems, we may take "Transcended," a short lyric expressive of the highest human love; allied to the dramatic narratives are his occasional ballads, such as "A Song of the Old Venetians."

In the past two or three years Mr. Rice has written a number of poems on Japanese subjects—poems which are, in effect, appreciations of the Japanese life, spirit, religion, and art. "Maya," for instance, expresses the ageless age of the Orient, while the inward look of the Eastern religions is intimated in the poem entitled "The Great Buddha of Kamakura to the Sphinx."

The body of Mr. Rice's lyrical verse is characterized by a feeling that is finely romantic—romantic in the highest sense of the word, which implies at its best, a profound and dominating sense of the wonder of life, the beauty of it, the glory and the passion. Of these qualities he is peculiarly aware, both in his lyrics and in his dramas.

Mr. Rice's plays, in their high spirit, in their feeling toward that lordly, passionate life which is the one element for poetic drama, in their excellence of build, and by reason of many passages of beauty, are comparable to those of Stephen Phillips, who led the modern way in this form of literature. Mr. Rice is one of our few present-day poets who have the steadiness, the weight, the substance, for a long, well-balanced, well-sustained drama. His first play, "Charles di Tocca," while, perhaps, not of such merit as the others, is excellent in motive and contains, in its latter part particularly, some passages of Elizabethan force and splendor.

This play, like "David" and like "Yolanda of Cyprus," has the motive, movement, and color of true romantic drama, which de-

mands not only the setting of an older world, but that varied prismatic light which symbolizes the romantic spirit.

In "David," his second drama, Mr. Rice has taken for his subject, not the mature monarch of Israel, but the young shepherd of the hills, who has been secretly anointed king by the prophet Samuel, but who is still far from his throne, and the theme of the drama is the courage, trial, and triumph of this chosen soul. It is a subject which appeals inevitably to our ancient, sweet, unconquerable passion for ideal youth, and to that reawakened love of the heroic, the glamorous which has made possible the revival of poetic drama. The figure of David, as Mr. Rice conceives it, is not borrowed from the big, clumsy boy, divinely immature, of Michel Angelo's sculpture, nor from the inspired musician and seer of Browning; the emphasis here is on the patriot and the lover—young, but no mere lad—a poet, but not old enough for the great heights of vision which appear in Browning's monologue, and which are possible to age alone. He corresponds, indeed, more closely to the David of Scripture, who is described as "a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters." A splendid purity, a fidelity which nothing shakes, a oneness of purpose, a courage that triumphs alike over his enemies and himself—such are the points of character brought out and emphasized in this drama. The figure is large, as it was in fact and must be in poetry; but it is not overdrawn; it is heroic, not gigantic. The other notable characters of the drama are Saul, Samuel, Merab, Michal, and the pythoness Miriam, all of whom are distinct and effective, Saul, the half-mad king being drawn with a notable vigor.

In "Yolanda of Cyprus" the theme is the beauty of a sacrificial love, the girl Yolanda assuming the guilt of her adopted mother, Berengere of Lusignan. The fine simplicity of this theme is emphasized by the construction of the play, which shows a peculiar unity. The thing is rounded, whole, complete. Every line has a vital relation to the center, and from this art, it is needless to say, comes the strength of the drama. As for the grouping and movement of figures, the setting, the atmosphere, the colors, they are all significant of a keen sense for artistic and effective externals. The stage directions are in themselves most exquisitely suggestive of the life and air of this island in the Mediterranean; and through the entire drama there is a fragrance as of a Southern sea-breath mingled with odors of jasmine and touched by Eastern spices and balms.

"A Night in Avignon" is a one-act play, the material for which is Petrarca's love for Laura. The treatment here is exquisite, the sympathy most acute. Mr. Rice has a perfect appreciation of medi-

eval, chivalrous love—which was, in reality, the lore of Love itself, the passion for a dream, the adoration of an ideal, about which such sonnets as those of Dante and those of Petrarch were hung like wreaths of small but perfect roses. In an hour of weakness Petrarca falls from his dream and turns to things material and lawless. In the midst of his half-hearted revel the lady Laura appears, the very substance of his faith, coming to him only to express her gratitude for his pure affection.

In summing Mr. Rice's lyric poetry, one may say that it expresses a great variety of moods, that it is charged with sympathy for human hopes, aspirations, and passions, and that in form it is suited to material and to spirit. Of his poetic drama the final estimate must, of course, be the stage; but "A Night in Avignon" has recently met this test, while "David" and "Yolanda of Cyprus" have the approval of such critics as Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, and Donald Robertson, all of whom have noted these as actable dramas. Mr. Rice's work, throughout, is lofty and delicate, with no least hint of decadence; it is distinctly individual and copies from none; it is, of course, not without its faults, but the faults are never those of the spirit. In one of his earliest poems, an answer to the sensuous fatalism of the Rubáiyát, he showed clearly the figure of his ideal—which since that time has grown in stature and in faith.

Margaret Steele Anderson

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JAEL

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Jehovah! Jehovah! art Thou
not stronger than gods of the heathen?
I slew him, that Sisera, prince
of the host Thou dost hate.
But fear of his blood is upon me,
about me is breathen
His spirit—by night and by day
come voices that wait.

Athirst and affrightened he fled from
the star-wrought waters of Kishon.
His face was as wool when he swooned
at the door of my tent.
The Lord hath given him into
the hand of perdition.
I smiled—but he saw not the face
of my cunning intent.

He thirsted for water: I fed him
the curdless milk of the cattle.
He lay in the tent under purple
and crimson of Tyre.
He slept and he dreamt of the surge
and storming of battle.
Ah ha! but he woke not to waken
Jehovah's ire.

He slept as he were a chosen
of Israel's God Almighty.
A dog out of Canaan!—thought he
I was woman alone?
I slipt like an asp to his ear
and laughed for the sight he
Would give when the carrion kites
should tear to his bone.

I smote thro' his temple the nail,
to the dust a worm did I bind him.
My heart was a-leap with rage
and a-quiver with scorn.
And I danced with a holy delight
before and behind him—
I that am called blessed o'er all
who're of Judah born.

"Aye, come, I will show thee, O Barak,
a woman is more than a warrior,"
I cried as I lifted the door
wherein Sisera lay.
"To me did he fly and I
shall be called his destroyer—
I, Jael, who am subtle to find
for the Lord a way!"

"Above all the daughters of men
be blest—of Gilead or Asshur,"
Sang Deborah, prophetess, under
her waving palm.
"Behold her, ye people, behold her
the heathen's abasher;
Behold her the Lord hath uplifted—
behold and be calm.

"The mother of him at the window
looks out thro' the lattice to listen—
Why roll not the wheels of his chariot?
why does he stay?
Shall he not return with the booty
of battle, and glisten
In songs of his triumph—ye women,
why do ye not say?"

And I was as she who danced when
the Seas were rendered asunder
And stood, until Egypt pressed in
to be drowned unto death.

My breasts were as fire with the glory,
the rocks that were under
My feet grew quick with the gloating
That beat in my breath.

At night I stole out where they cast him,
a sop to the jackal and raven.
But his bones stood up in the moon
and I shook with affright.
The strength shrank out of my limbs
and I fell a craven
Before him—the nail in his temple
gleamed bloodily bright.

Jehovah! Jehovah! art Thou
not stronger than gods of the heathen?
I slew him, that Sisera, prince
of the host Thou dost hate.
But fear of his blood is upon me
about me is breathen
His spirit—by day and by night
come voices that wait.

I fly to the desert, I fly to the
mountain, but they will not hide me.
His gods haunt the winds and the caves
with vengeance that cries
For judgment upon me; the stars in
their courses deride me—
The star Thou hast hung with a breath
in the wandering skies.

Jehovah! Jehovah! I slew him
the scourge and sting of Thy Nation.
Take from me his spirit, take from me
the voice of his blood.
With madness I rave—by day
and by night, defamation!
Jehovah, release me! Jehovah!
If still Thou art God!

TRANSCENDED

I who was learned in death's lore
Oft held her to my heart
And spoke of days when we should love no more—
In the long dust, apart.

"Immortal?" No—it could not be,
Spirit with flesh must die.
Tho' heart should pray and hope make endless plea,
Reason would still outcry.

She died. They wrapped her in the dust—
I heard the dull clod's dole,
And then I knew she lived—that death's dark lust
Could never touch her soul!

ADELIL

Proud Adelil! Proud Adelil!
Why does she lie so cold?
(I made her shrink, I made her reel,
I made her white lids fold.)

We sat at banquet, many maids,
She like a Valkyr free.
(I hated the glitter of her braids,
I hated her blue eye's glee!)

In emerald cups was poured the mead;
Icily blew the night.
(But tears unshed and woes that bleed
Brew bitterness and spite.)

"A goblet to my love!" she cried,
"Prince where the sea-winds fly!"
(Her love!—it was for that he died,
And for it she should die.)

She lifted the cup and drank—she saw
A heart within its lees.
(I laughed like the dead that feel the thaw
Of summer in the breeze.)

They looked upon her stricken still,
And sudden they grew appalled.
("It is thy lover's heart!" I shrill
As the sea-crow to her called.)

Palely she took it—did it give
Ease there against her breast?
(Dead—dead she swooned, but I cannot live,
And dead I shall not rest.)

ON THE MOOR

I

I met a child upon the moor
A-wading down the heather;
She put her hand into my own,
We crossed the fields together.

I led her to her father's door—
A cottage mid the clover.
I left her—and the world grew poor
To me, a childless rover.

II

I met a maid upon the moor,
The morrow was her wedding.
Love lit her eyes with lovelier hues
Than the eve-star was shedding.

She looked a sweet goodbye to me,
And o'er the stile went singing.
Down all the lonely night I heard
But bridal bells a-ringing.

III

I met a mother on the moor,
By a new grave a-praying.
The happy swallows in the blue
Upon the winds were playing.

"Would I were in his grave," I said,
"And he beside her standing!"
There was no heart to break if death
For me had made demanding.

A JAPANESE MOTHER

(In Time of War.)

The young stork sleeps in the pine-tree tops,
Down on the brink of the river.
My baby sleeps by the bamboo copse—
The bamboo copse where the rice field stops:
The bamboos sigh and shiver.

The white fox creeps from his hole in the hill;
I must pray to Inari.
I hear her calling me low and chill—
Low and chill when the wind is still
At night and the skies are starry.

And ever she says, "He's dead! he's dead!
Your lord who went to battle.
How shall your baby now be fed,
Ukibo fed, with rice and bread—
What if I hush his prattle?"

The red moon rises as I slip back,
And the bamboo stems are swaying.
Inari was deaf—and yet the lack,
The fear and lack, are gone, and the rack,
I know not why—with praying.

For though Inari cared not at all,
Some other god was kinder.
I wonder why he has heard my call,
My giftless call—and what shall befall?
Hope has but left me blinder!

THE DAY-MOON

So wan, so unavailing,
Across the vacant day-blue dimly trailing!

Last night, sphered in thy shining,
A Circe—mystic destinies divining;

To-day but as a feather
Torn from a seraph's wing in sinful weather,

Down-drifting from the portals
Of Paradise, unto the land of mortals.

Yet do I feel thee awing
My heart with mystery, as thy updrawing

Moves thro' the tides of Ocean
And leaves lorn beaches barren of its motion;

Or strands upon near shallows
The wreck whose weird form at night unshallows

The fisher maiden's prayers—
"For *him!*—that storms may take not unawares!"

So wan, so unavailing,
Across the vacant day-blue dimly trailing!

But Night shall come atoning
Thy phantom life thro' day, and high enthroning

Thee in her chambers arrassed
With star-hieroglyphs, leave thee unharassed

To glide with silvery passion,
Till in earth's shadow swept thy glowings ashen.

THE WINDS

The East Wind is a Bedouin,
  And Nimbus is his steed;
    Out of the dusk with the lightning's thin
Blue scimitar he flies afar,
  Whither his rovings lead.
      The Dead Sea waves
      And Egypt caves
    Of mummied silence laugh
When he mounts to quench the Siroc's stench,
And to wrench
      From his clutch the tyrant's staff.

The West Wind is an Indian brave
  Who scours the Autumn's crest.
Dashing the forest down as a slave
He tears the leaves from its limbs and weaves
  A mælstrom for his breast.
    Out of the night
    Crying to fright
  The earth he swoops to spoil—
There is furious scathe in the whirl of his wrath,
In his path
  There is misery and moil.

The North Wind is a Viking—cold
  And cruel, armed with death!
Born in the doomful deep of the old
Ice Sea that froze ere Ymir rose
  From Niflheim's ebon breath.
  And with him sail
      Snow, Frost, and Hail,
  Thanes mighty as their lord,
To plunder the shores of Summer's stores—
And his roar's
  Like the sound of Chaos' horde.

The South Wind is a Troubadour;
  The Spring, his serenade.
Over the mountain, over the moor,
He blows to bloom from the winter's tomb
  Blossom and leaf and blade.
    He ripples the throat
    Of the lark with a note
  Of lilting love and bliss,
And the sun and the moon, the night and the noon,
Are a-swoon—
  When he woos them with his kiss.

TO THE SEA

Art thou enraged, O sea, with the blue peace
Of heaven, so to uplift thine armèd waves,
Thy billowing rebellion 'gainst its ease,
And with Tartarean mutter from cold caves,
From shuddering profundities where shapes
Of awe glide through entangled leagues of ooze,
To hoot thy watery omens evermore,
And evermore thy moanings interfuse
With seething necromancy and mad lore?

Or, dost thou labour with the drifting bones
Of countless dead, thou mighty Alchemist,
Within whose stormy crucible the stones
Of sunk primordial shores, granite and schist,
Are crumbled by thine all-abrasive beat?
With immemorial chanting to the moon,
And cosmic incantation dost thou crave
Rest to be found not till thy wild be strewn
Frigid and desert over earth's last grave?

Thou seemest with immensity mad, blind—
With raving deaf, with wandering forlorn;
Parent of Demogorgon whose dire mind
Is night and earthquake, shapeless shame and scorn
Of the o'ermounting birth of Harmony.

Bound in thy briny bed and gnawing earth
With foamy writhing and fierce-panted tides,
Thou art as Fate in torment of a dearth
Of black disaster and destruction's strides.

And how thou dost drive silence from the world,
Incarnate Motion of all mystery!
Whose waves are fury-wings, whose winds are hurled
Whither thy Ghost tempestuous can see
A desolate apocalypse of death.
Oh, how thou dost drive silence from the world,
With emerald overflowing, waste on waste
Of flashing susurration, dashed and swirled
'Gainst isles and continents and airs o'erspaced!

Nay, frustrate Hope art thou of the Unknown,
Gathered from primal mist and firmament;
A surging shape of Life's unfathomed moan,
Whelming humanity with fears unmeant.
Yet do I love thee, O, above all fear,
And loving thee unconquerably trust
The runes that from thy ageless surfing start
Would read, were they revealed, gust upon gust,
That Immortality is might of heart!

A SEA-GHOST

Oh, fisher-fleet, go in from the sea
  And furl your wings.
The bay is gray with the twilit spray
  And the loud surf springs.

The chill buoy-bell is rung by the hands
  Of all the drowned,
Who know the woe of the wind and tow
  Of the tides around.

Go in, go in! O haste from the sea,
  And let them rest—
A son and one who was wed and one
  Who went down unblest.

Aye, even as I whose hands at the bell
  Now labour most.
The tomb has gloom, but O the doom
  Of the drear sea-ghost!

He evermore must wander the ooze
  Beneath the wave,
Forlorn—to warn of the tempest born,
  And to save—to save!

INVOCATION

(From a High Cliff)

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Sweep unrest
Out of my blood,
Winds of the sea! Sweep the fog
Out of my brain
For I am one
Who has told Life he will be free.
Who will not doubt of work that's done,
Who will not fear the work to do.
Who will hold peaks Promethean
Better than all Jove's honey-dew.
Who when the Vulture tears his breast
Will smile into the Terror's Eyes.
Who for the World has this Bequest—
Hope, that eternally is wise.

* * * * * *

Then go, go in! and leave us the sea,
For only so
Can peace release us and give us ease
Of our salty woe.

THE SONG OF THE OLD VENETIANS

From 'Nirvana Days.' Copyright, The McClure Company.

The seven fleets of Venice
  Set sail across the sea
For Cyprus and for Trebizond
  Ayoub and Araby.
Their gonfalons are floating far,
  St. Mark's has heard the mass,
And to the noon the salt lagoon
  Lies white, like burning glass.

The seven fleets of Venice—
  And each its way to go,
Led by a Falier or Tron,
  Zorzi or Dandalo.
The Patriarch has blessed them all,
  The Doge has waved the word,
And in their wings the murmurings
  Of waiting winds are heard.

The seven fleets of Venice—
  And what shall be their fate?
One shall return with porphyry
  And pearl and fair agate.
One shall return with spice and spoil
  And silk of Samarcand.
But nevermore shall *one* win o'er
  The sea, to any land.

Oh, they shall bring the East back,
  And they shall bring the West,
The seven fleets our Venice sets
  A-sail upon her quest.
But some shall bring despair back
  And some shall leave their keels
Deeper than wind or wave frets,
  Or sun ever steals.

THE GREAT BUDDHA OF KAMAKURA TO THE SPHINX

From 'Nirvana Days.' Copyright, The McClure Company.

Grave brother of the burning sands,
  Whose eyes enshrine forever
The desert's soul, are you not worn
Of gazing outward to dim strands
  Of stars that weary never?

Infinity no answer has
  For Time's untold distresses.
Its deepest maze of mystery
Is but Illusion built up as
  The blind build skies—with guesses.

Nor has Eternity a place
  On any starry summit.
The winds of Death are wide as Life,
And leave no world untouched—but race,
  And soon with Night benumb it.

And Karma is the law of soul
  And star—yea, of all Being.
And from it but one way there is,
Retreat into that trancèd Whole—
  Which is not Sight nor Seeing;

Which is not Mind nor Mindlessness,
  Nor Deed nor driven Doer,
Nor Want nor Wasting of Desire;
But only that which won can bless;
  And of all else is pure.

Turn then your eyes from the far track
  Of worlds, and gazing inward,
O brother, fare where Life has come,
Yea, into its far Whence fare back,
  All other ways are sinward.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR JONATHAN

From 'David.' Copyright, The McClure Company.

DAVID (*at last*). Adriel! Adriel!
What have you?
ADRIEL. Saul—is slain!
MICHAL. My father?
ADRIEL. Slain!
And Jonathan—
DAVID.—No!
ADRIEL. Fell beside him down . . .
The fray was fast—Israel fled—the foe
Fierce after Saul, whom Jonathan defended.
MICHAL.—My father!
DAVID. And my brother Jonathan!
If I believe it will not miracle
Alone bring joy again unto my pain?
(*The wailing again, and deeper groans.*)
O Israel, the Infinite has touched
Thy glory and it changes to a shroud!
Thy splendor is as vintage overspilt,
For Saul upon the mountains low is lying,
And Jonathan beside him, beautiful
Beyond the mar of battle and of death.
Yea, kingly Jonathan! And I would give
The beating of my life into his veins.
Willing for it would I be drouth and die! . . .
(*As the wails re-arise.*)
Peaks, mountains of Gilboa! let no more
Dew be upon you, and as sackcloth let
Clouds cover you, and ashes be your soil,
Until I bring upon Philistia
And Gath and Askalon extinguishing,
And sorrow—and immensity of tears!
(MICHAL *goes to him. He folds her in his arms.*)
But we must calm the flowing of this grief.
Though yet we cannot mind us to remember,
Love will as sandal-breath and trickling balm
O'erheal us in the unbegotten years,

Too headlong must not be our agony.
Hush now thy woundedness, my Michal, now.
See, o'er the East the lifted wings of Dawn.
(*They climb the stair to the house-top. As they look away toward the battle's rout the clouds part, and over them breaks the full brightness of the sun.*)

THE YOUNG TO THE OLD

From 'Nirvana Days.' Copyright, The McClure Company.

You who are old—
And have fought the fight—
And have won or lost or left the field—
Weigh us not down
With fears of the world, as we run!
With the wisdom that is too right,
The warning to which we cannot yield,
The shadow that follows the sun,
Follows forever!
And with all that desire must leave undone
Though as a god it endeavor;
Weigh, weigh us not down!
But gird our hope to believe—
That all that is done
Is done by dream and daring—
Bid us dream on!
That Earth was not born
Or Heaven built of bewaring—
Yield us the dawn!
You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we
Would dream till all you despaired of *be;*
Would dare—till the world,
Won to a new wayfaring,
Be thence forever easier upward drawn!

YOLANDA'S SACRIFICE

From "Yolanda." 'Plays and Lyrics.' Copyright, The McClure Company.

BERENGERE.—A change is over you—a difference
Drawn as a veil between us.
YOLANDA. I am weary.
BERENGERE.—You love me?
YOLANDA. As, O mother, I love him,
With love impregnable to every ill,
As Paradise is.
BERENGERE. Then—
YOLANDA. I pray, no more,
To-night I am flooded with a deeper tide
Than yet has flowed into my life—and through it
Sounds premonition: so I must have calm.
(She embraces Berengere, goes slowly up steps and off.)
BERENGERE (*chilled*).—What fear—if it is fear—has so unfixed her?
It is suspicion—Then I must not meet
Him here to-night—or if to-night, no more.
Her premonition!—and my dream that I
Should with a cross bring her deep bitterness.
(Thinks a moment, then takes the crucifix from her neck.)
Had Renier but come, perhaps I might . . .
(*Lays it on table.*)
O were I dead this sinning would awake me! . . .
And yet I care not (*dully*). . . . No, I will forget
(*Goes firmly from door to door and looks out each. Then lifts, unnoting, the cross-shaped candlestick; and waving it at the loggia turns, holding it before her.*)
Soon he will come up from the cool, and touch
Away my weakness with mad tenderness.
Soon he will . . . Ah!
(*Has seen with terror the candlestick's structure.*)
The cross! . . . My dream! . . . Yolanda!
(*Lets it fall.*)
Mercy of God, move me in! . . . Sacrilege!
(*Sinks feebly to the divan, and bows, overcome.*)

CAMARIN (*appearing after a pause on the loggia*).
My Berengere, a moment, and I come!

(*Enters, locking the grating behind him. Then he hurries down and leans to lift her face.*)

BERENGERE.—No, no! nor ever, ever again, for ever!
(*Shrinks.*)
Go from me and behind leave no farewell. . . .
CAMARIN.—This is—illusion. In the dew I've waited,
And the night's song of you is in my brain—
A song that seems—
BERENGERE Withhold from words. At last
Fate is begun! See, with the cross it was
I waved you hither. Leave me—let me pass
Out of this sin—and to repentance—after.
CAMARIN.—I cannot, cannot!
BERENGERE. Pity, then, my fear.
This moment were it known would end with murder,
Or did it not, dishonour still would kill!
Leave, leave.
CAMARIN.—To-morrow, then; but not to-night!
(*He goes behind and puts his arms around her.*)
Give me thy being once again, thy beauty.
For it I'm mad as bacchanals for wine.
(Yolanda, entering on the balcony, hears, and would retreat, but sees Renier come to the grating.)
Once more be to me all that woman may!
Let us again take rapture wings and rise
Up to our world of love, guilt would unsphere.
Let us live over days that passed as streams
Limpid by lotus-banks unto the sea,
O'er all the whispered nights that we have clasped
Knowing the heights and all the deeps of passion!
But speak, and we shall be amid the stars.
(Renier draws a dagger and leaves the grating. With a low cry Yolanda staggers down: the two rise, fearful.)
BERENGERE.—Yolanda!
YOLANDA. Mother, mother! . . . Ah, his eyes!
BERENGERE.—What brings you here—to spy upon me?

YOLANDA. Listen! . . .
Think not of me—no, hush—but of the peril
Arisen up . . . Your husband!
CAMARIN. Renier?
YOLANDA.—Was at that grating—heard. And from its sheath,
A dagger—! Ah, he will come.
BERENGERE (*weakly*). What does she say?
YOLANDA.—Find calmness now, and some expedient.
(*She struggles to think.*)
BERENGERE.—I cannot die.
YOLANDA. No, no.
BERENGERE. My flesh is weak,
Is poor of courage—poverished by guilt,
As all my soul is! But, Yolanda, you—!
YOLANDA.—Yes, something must be done—something be done.
(*Camarin goes to the curtains and returns.*)
BERENGERE.—The shame . . . the shame . . . the shame!
YOLANDA. There yet is time.
BERENGERE.—You can deliver! you are innocent.
YOLANDA.—Perhaps. Let me but think.—He came—
BERENGERE. You see?
There is escape? a way from it?
YOLANDA. Perhaps.
He came after your words . . . yes . . . could not see
Here in the dimness . . . but has only heard
Sir Camarin?
BERENGERE. I do not know!
YOLANDA. Go, go,
Up to your chamber and be asleep.
There is a way—I think—dim, but a way.
Go to your chamber; for there yet may be
Prevention!
BERENGERE. I—yes, yes.
YOLANDA. There is a way.
(*Berengere goes.*)
Strength now to walk it! strength unfaltering.
CAMARIN.—What do you purpose?

YOLANDA. Here to take her place,
Here at the lowest of her destiny.
CAMARIN.—I do not understand.
YOLANDA. But wholly shall.
Clasp me within your arms; he must believe
'Tis I and not his wife you have unhallowed,
Your arms about me, though they burn! and breathe me
Thirst of unbounded love as unto her.
(*He clasps her, and they wait.*)
Ah, it is he!
CAMARIN. No.
YOLANDA. Yes, the words; at once!
CAMARIN (*hoarsely*).—With all my body and soul-breath
I love you,
(*Renier enters with Moro.*)
And all this night is ours for ecstasy.
Kiss me with quenchless kisses, and embrace
Me with your beauty, till—
(*Yolanda with a cry, as of fear, looses herself, pretending to discover Renier, who is struck rigid.*)
MORO. My lord, my lord! . . .
It is Yolanda.
RENIER. Then—
(*The dagger falls from him.*)
Why, then—Amaury!
(*Yolanda, realizing, stunned, sinks back to the divan.*)

THE TRYST BENEATH THE MOON

From "Charles di Tocca." Copyright, The McClure Company.

HELENA. Antonio!
ANTONIO.—My Helena, what is it? You are wan
And tremble as a blossom quick with fear
Of shattering. What is it? Speak.
HELENA.—Not true!
O, 'tis not true!
ANTONIO.—What have you chanced upon?
HELENA.—Say no to me, say no, and no again!
ANTONIO.—Say no, and no?

HELENA. Yes; I am reeling, wrung,
With one glance o'er the precipice of ill!
Say his incanted prophecies spring from
No power that's more than frenzied fantasy!
ANTONIO.—Who prophesies? Who now upon this isle
More than visible and present day
Can gather to his eye? Tell me.
HELENA. The monk—
Ah, chide me not!—mad Agabus, who can
Unsphere dark spirits from their evil airs
And show all things of love or death, seized me
As hither I stole to thee. With wild looks
And wilder lips he vented on my ear
Boding more wild than both. "Sappho!" he cried,
"Sappho! Sappho!" and probed my eyes as if
Destiny moved dark-visaged in their deeps.
Then tore his rags and moaned, "So young, to cease!"
Gazed then out into awful vacancy;
And whispered hotly, following his gaze,
"The Shadow! Shadow!"
ANTONIO. This is but a whim,
A sudden gloomy surge of superstition.
Put it from you, my Helena.
HELENA. But he
Has often cleft the future with his ken,
Seen through it to some lurking misery
And mar of love: or the dim knell of death
Heard and revealed.
ANTONIO. A witless monk who thinks
God lives but to fulfil his prophecies!
HELENA.—You know him not. 'Tis told in youth he loved
One treacherous, and in avenge made fierce
Treaty with Hell that lends him sight of all
Ills that arise from it to mated hearts!
Yet look not so, my lord! I'll trust thine eyes
That tell me love is master of all times,
And thou of all love master!
ANTONIO. And of thee?
Then will the winds return unto the night
And flute us lover songs of happiness!

HELENA.—Nor dare upon a duller note while here
We tryst beneath the moon?
ANTONIO. My perfect Greek!
Athene looks again out of thy lids.
And Venus trembles in thy every limb!
HELENA.—Not Venus, ah, not Venus!
ANTONIO. Now, again?
HELENA.—'Twas on this temple's ancient gate she found
Wounded Adonis dead, and to forget,
Like Sappho leaped, 'tis said, from yonder cliff
Down to the waves' oblivion below.

PETRARCA'S DESPAIR

From 'A Night in Avignon.' Copyright, The McClure Company.

SANCIA.—Well, well, Messer Petrarca! How long will
You shut us in this dark—that is as black
As old Pope John the twenty-second's soul?
A pretty festa, this!
PETRARCA (*brokenly*).—Merciless God!
(*Falls abased before Laura's look tortured with remorse.*)
O lady, what have I done beyond repair! . . .
(*She gathers her veil.*)
What have I lost within this gulf of shame!
For a paltry pleasure have I sold my dream,
Whose pinions would have lifted you at last?
LAURA (*very pale*).—I did not know, Messer Petrarca, you
Had friends awaiting.
(*Pauses numbly.*)
I came to-night, as first I would have said,
With holy gratitude—
For a love I thought you gave.
With gratitude that honor well could speak,
I thought, and yet be honor;
With gratitude forgetful of all else. . . .
And trusting . . . But no matter.
All trust shall be embalmed and laid away.
I go with pity; seeing
My husband—is even as other men.

(*She passes to the door and out: Petrarca moans. Then Lello enters and comes to him anxiously.*)

LELLO.—Francesco!

PETRARCA.—Lello!

(*Dazed.*)

Lello! Have I dreamed?

(*Rising, with anguish.*)

Did Laura come to me out of the night—
Come as the first voice breaking beyond death
To one despairing? . . .
And was I lifted up to Heaven's dawn?
And then . . .

(*Reels.*)

God! am I falling . . . ? Shall I ever . . . ?
Down this . . . ? . . . My friend stay with me!
No, go . . . and take them with you—
Sancia—all! . . .
I have slain the Spring forever!
The green of the whole fair world! . . . O Laura! Laura!

(*Sinks down on the couch and buries his face in his arms. Lello goes sorrowfully out.*)

AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

[1863–]

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

THAT section of Virginia which lies along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains, generally known as Piedmont, is one of peculiar beauty and healthfulness. Broken up into a series of valleys by the foot-hills and bisected here and there by independent ranges of small mountains; watered by numerous rivers and innumerable rivulets; highly cultivated in many parts, it rolls its softly molded hills, like waves of some multi-colored sea, down into the alluvial plains of the lower Rappahannock and James rivers. The early settlers of this portion of the State sought the southeastern slope of the little mountains, known as the Southwest Range, attracted by the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, and the proximity to the larger streams Here, in what is known as the County of Albemarle, along with Peter Jefferson (father of the author of the Declaration of Independence), the Randolphs, Nicholases, Gilmers, Frys, and Cabells, came, in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, Dr. Thomas Walker, the descendant of an English family of Staffordshire, himself having been born in King and Queen County, Virginia, and, with his wife, who had been a Widow Meriwether (born Thornton, and second cousin of George Washington), made his home at the foot of Peter's Mountain and called it Castle Hill. He was a man of education, of strong, vigorous mentality, a brave explorer, the guardian of Thomas Jefferson, and the father of John Walker, United States Senator from Virginia, Thomas Walker, Captain in the Revolutionary Army, and Francis Walker, member of Congress from Virginia.

To his youngest son, Francis, Dr. Walker left Castle Hill and a large number of goodly acres. Francis married in 1798 Jane Byrd Nelson, eldest child of Colonel Hugh Nelson of Yorktown, and Judith Page, his wife, the latter being the daughter of the Honorable John Page of Gloucester, and the former a son of William Nelson, President of the Dominion of Virginia.

To a daughter, Judith Page, Francis Walker bequeathed Castle Hill. In 1819 she married William Cabell Rives, afterward Congressman and Senator from Virginia and Minister to France. He

was the author of 'The Life and Times of James Madison,' and was distinguished for statesmanship and oratory. His wife was an authoress, and published during her lifetime several volumes of widely admired sketches; her letters from the court of Louis Philippe have been lately published in one of the leading magazines.

William Cabell Rives was the son of Robert Rives, of Scotch descent, who married Margaret J. Cabell of the distinguished Cabell family of Virginia. The youngest son of this marriage was Alfred Landon Rives, Colonel of Engineers of the Confederate States Army, general manager of the Panama Railroad, and a distinguished engineer. He married a daughter of James B. McMurdo of Richmond, Virginia, a granddaughter of R. Channing Moore, the second Episcopal Bishop of Virginia.

Amélie Rives is the eldest daughter of Colonel Alfred Landon Rives and Sadie McMurdo, his wife. This sketch of the author's ancestry is not made so much to show from what distinguished lines she sprang, as to attempt to account in some way for the marvelous breadth of her genius and the many-sided phases of her literary work. She was born in Richmond, Virginia, in what is now the Rectory of St. Paul's Church, August 23, 1863. Until she was seven years of age her time was divided between Richmond and Castle Hill. In 1871 her father, moving to Mobile, Alabama, she lived there in winter, spending the summers at Castle Hill. In 1884, her father coming into possession of that estate, it became her permanent home. This beautiful place, situated amid the fairest of landscapes, the lawn shaded by great oaks, with its box-tree hedges and old-fashioned flowers, is a typical Virginia home. The house built by Dr. Walker in 1764 still stands upon it, connected with a more stately mansion erected by the Honorable William C. Rives more than sixty years ago. Forests and streams, rich meadows, upland lawns lie about it, and the shadows of Peter's Mountain almost fall upon the lawn in the afternoon.

The influence of this place, the love for it, the pride in it are seen in many of Amélie Rives' sketches. Here she learned the fondness for the ancestral home which Hearn so well described as a pleasure with a ghostly sweetness. Here she was raised by her old Virginia "Mammy," and learned to know the black servants, whose fidelity, and warmth of affectionate service she has well depicted. She learned here the secret of the forest and the glade, and the vision of the mountains so near at hand doubtless had much to do with that undercurrent of sadness which Schopenhauer connects with their vision, and which runs like a purple line through all her work. She rode as soon as she could sit a horse, and rode superbly. Her horses were her true and tried friends. The dogs were

her companions in long and lonely walks, and she knew and loved them in no silly way.

Schools had nothing to do with her education. Her governess had instructions to mark out no fixed line of study. She was permitted to browse in whatever literary pastures she chose, and a very large library was hers for the choosing. Before she was sixteen her reading had extended over a vast field; Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists had been read and reread, and the dramatists of the Restoration had become well known to her. She learned rapidly to read and speak French, and knowledge seemed to be both imbibed and absorbed by her. Light and color attracted her before she thought of letters, and many who have seen her delicate work in black-and-white as well as in oils have wondered whether her artistic bent did not lie plainly in that direction. Very early, however, she began to put her thoughts upon paper, and prose and verse, dramas and stories embracing the widest range of subjects were written by her ere she was well in her teens.

For a while she kept this work entirely to herself, but on showing to a friend some of her articles, at his earnest solicitation her story, "A Brother to Dragons," was sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* without comment. It was accepted at once and published anonymously in March, 1886. Its success was immediate, and like another distinguished author she awoke one morning to find herself famous. Within a year her work, both in prose and verse, was seen in every well-known magazine. A sonnet in the *Century* for June, 1886, was the first of her poems to appear. In 1887 two striking stories, "Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story," and "Inja," appeared in the September and December numbers of *Harper's Monthly*. Another and more ambitious story, "Virginia of Virginia," appeared in the same periodical in January, 1888; and when in April, 1888, her first novel, 'The Quick or the Dead," appeared in *Lippincott's,* it found a large and receptive number of readers. The storm of adverse, and in many instances contemptible, criticisms which the appearance of this book caused has been almost forgotten. The author's youth, her beauty, her quiet dignity of personal conduct, her almost secluded life, should have rendered criticism courteous, even though it was to be condemnatory; yet much that was said of the book was just from the standpoint of those who do not believe that the study of human passion in certain respects is wise, to say the least of it. The artist soul, sexless after a fashion, believes that the highest art is that which has no fear, which, like our first parents, is naked but not ashamed, and that the influence which has molded the history of nations, and which was the inspiration of Greek art and the mother of poetry, is a legitimate subject for

literary treatment. But not all souls are artistic. Very many refuse to look at the diamond in its blue clay; and violent attack must be expected by every writer who disregards the conventionalities. The story is crude in many ways. How could it be otherwise when its author was a girl under twenty-three when it was written and not twenty-five when it was published? Her ungoverned methods of study and work are plainly indicated in it, but as plainly is seen a virility of thought and strength of expression that are wonderful, considering the personality of the author. That she put much of herself into this book, as she has in everything she has written, is true; for no author has ever succeeded who has not done that. "The bullet hits its mark," as Lewes has said of Goethe, "if according to the huntsman's tradition it has first been dipped in the marksman's blood." But that Barbara is any more the author than Pendennis is Thackeray is absurd. The English—the style, some may prefer to call it—of the book is marked by a peculiarity which is still apparent in all of Amélie Rives's work. There are no marks of the file. We sometimes wish there were. Her sentences are well rounded, never curt nor unmusical, and "fine writing," the danger of most young authors, seldom, if ever, appears. Her thoughts are often nervously expressed—one can see the rapidity with which they drove the pen; the word often fits the mood, and the mood is sometimes dangerously tense and again dreamily sensuous. Her interpretation of character is not very deep, and seldom, if ever, worldly-wise. The men and women of her own day are not the persons who appeal to her best talent, and her men are usually more clearly and naturally drawn than her women.

During the four years succeeding 1888, stories and novels, poems and dramas, flowed from her pen. In 1896 'Barbara Dering,' a sequel to 'The Quick or the Dead?' appeared, and in it she took occasion in more than one place to hit slyly some of the critics who had so grossly criticized her previous work.

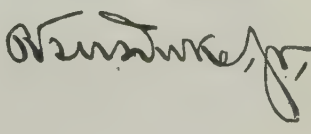
She was married in June, 1888, to John Amstrong Chanler of New York, but the marriage was dissolved at her instance, and in February, 1896, she married Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, a distinguished Russian artist, whose mother was an American.

For some time her health prevented her from engaging in active literary work; but in recent years she has resumed her pen, and three stories, written in a maturer and more effective style, have appeared in *Harper's Monthly* since 1902. During the year 1908 the house of Harper and Brothers issued her latest novel, 'The Golden Rose.' In this book she has resumed the subject treated in 'The Quick or the Dead?' but from an entirely different point of view. The love of the spirit, as distinguished from the

love of the senses, is the theme, and it is treated with delicacy and strength, with more rare beauty of language, but with a display of erudition and reading which has caused some unfavorable comment. Plotless, as are most of her novels, the interest is yet well maintained, for it is a beautiful story in more ways than one. The soul of the artist looks out of the page, and manner and matter are well balanced. To those who love thought more than action, ideas more than incident, the work distinctly appeals. But, in the writer's judgment, the Princess Troubetzkoy is at her best in the ideal world which she has created in the characters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "A Brother to Dragons," "Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story," "The Farrier Lass of Piping Pebworth," are three stories which of their kind never have been surpassed. The "Story of Arnon" (Noah's fifth son) is also regarded as a work stronger than any one of her longer stories. Read these if you would read Amélie Rives at her best. For she is an idealist; this every-day world of steam and electricity, with its every-day men and women, is not for her. She breathes a loftier atmosphere, and her thought loves to dwell upon an earlier age.

The prose-writing of the Princess Troubetzkoy has, to a great extent, led to a neglect of her work in verse. Nor has she been entirely without fault in failing to gather into collected shape the many fugitive bits of poetry that are scattered through the periodicals. With a rare perception of metrical value, with a keen sense of passionate beauty, she has rarely published any verse which is not of decided merit. The blank verse of her dramatic work has not only feeling and originality, but at times shows characteristics not unworthy of the highest rank. Her sonnets are not only correct in form, but possess the rare merit of originality in matter, and are made up of beautiful thought in musical setting.

"*Agli Artisti,*" the challenge a great writer put upon his title-page, she might inscribe as the foreword of most of her works. Much of it, however, will always command attention, even from the general—and applause from the appreciative. Some of her characters will live, and when those who love nature painted by a loving and skilful hand—nature which is still ours and as responsive now as in any century—wish to have its charm fitly presented, they will find scattered, through her prose and poetry, realistic descriptions wedded to idealistic thought. We have the right to expect even greater things from her maturer years and ripened judgment.



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('Virginia of Virginia' has been published in book form by the Harpers; the same house has issued also, in book form, 'Athelwold,' 'A Brother to Dragons, and Other Stories,' and 'Selené.')

THE APRIL RIDE, AND THE CONFLICT OF LOVE

From 'Barbara Dering.' Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott Co.

After a few moments spent quietly at one of the open windows, she ordered Wilful and started upon a long ride. It was now the middle of April, the air mild as a fairy's breath, the pear-trees one flutter of white blossom, the peach-trees frailly rosy, the young leaf-buds on the maples and poplars making a dim green dust between her and the distant horizon. Yellow crocus-tips were just breaking the black garden-mould here and there, and violets crowded damp and pungent under their matted leaves. On the greening hillsides the sheep moved lazily, their dull-pink wool, tinted by the red soil, melting into the general harmony about them. The incessant bleating of the lambs was punctuated by the sharp

"tink-tink" which came from the bell-wether's neck. A hundred different bird-notes thrilled the fluctuant air. The singers whirred their gay wings close to Barbara's cheek, swung head down as though tipsy with sunshine among the honeyed white of the pear-trees, alighted in Wilful's haughty way and were off again before he could send a purring breath of inquiry through his dilated nostrils. Butterflies clear as amber and smoother than satin tilted past on the placid breeze. The spongy soil gave forth a delightful perfume, as of the quintessence of spring. The noise of distant brooks came tremulously to the ear. Under-foot was a dark tangle of periwinkle in which, here and there, a pale blue flower-star glimmered or a toad-stool perked its fat, white stem, on which sat the round umbrella-like top, as daintily browned as a well-made *méringue*. In this part of the lawn white pines grew thickly, and the earth was dank and rich. Wild vines covered the tree-stems and rioted along the ground, in friendly interlacings with the glistening periwinkle trails. Wild strawberries were here in bloom, and here in the scraggy branches of lopped cedars which had died from age, one could see the soft round of nests and the glint of faintly-colored eggs.

When Wilful had jumped the octagon, moss-crusted rails of the old fence which girdled the grounds, they broke at once, from the twilight of thick evergreens, into the full splendor of the day. There was a wash of lucent gold from east to west. A veil of transparent yet throbbing glory seemed lowered between Barbara's eyes and the wide valley about her. Beyond was the pale-green shimmer of young oats, undulations of deep-red soil breaking the tender monotony, tufty woods, their shadows softened by a vapory azure, thin crests of tall stone-pines glowing dark and bright as splendid emeralds. The red-bud trees made globes of dusky color far away, symmetrical and fragile-looking as though they had been dandelion-balls dyed crimson. The sky was a hood of harebell-tinted silk trimmed lace-like with pale clouds.

Barbara rode on and on, breathing deep of the generous air, and feeling with a healthful pleasure the elastic movements of her horse. She was in perfect accord with the fertile beauty of the day and season, and her own glowing loveliness struck no note of contrast, but was rather an accen-

tuation of the vivid wonders about her. She came finally to a branching road which ran southward through a belt of timber towards what was called "the flat woods." And while she hesitated, Wilful, as though deciding for her, wheeled suddenly and began to gallop along this level way. At first she frowned and tried to turn him, but, with a sudden change of mood, urged him on; and so they galloped, for a long while, through the spring forest, which was softly green overhead and fragrant with the breath of wild azaleas. At length the railway was crossed, and they were well on their way to the different country which lay beyond the flat woods. Between Barbara's brows was the little crease which, with her, always meant determination. After they had gone about eight miles she drew up beside a broad willow-edged stream and left Wilful to pick his way carefully down the bank and thrust his muzzle deep into the lazy water. As he drank, a little flotilla of white geese sailed gently up across the silver reflections of the willows, out-dazzling the radiant clouds above. Their deep-orange bills seemed almost like flames darting from their sleek heads, and on this fiery yellow the small nostrils looked like specks of jet. A bird shook the willow-branch near her with its swift alighting and began its cheery call. As a child, Barbara had fancied that it said, "We greet you! We greet you! We greet you! Now! Now! Now! Now!"

She looked up in time to see its glistening breast and delicate claws before it flew off, glittering like a bit of spun glass in the fresh glare; then Wilful, having sighed deeply, in token that he was content and ready to start, they went on along the now level roads.

A half-hour more of trotting and cantering, varied by a steady walk now and then, brought them to a huge old gate of wrought-iron, swung between granite posts, on the balls of which clung falcons with their wings spread. A tumble-down stone wall, held from utter dilapidation in many places by the strong bands of the Virginia-creeper, ran from this gate to right and left until hidden by hedges of mock-orange. Barbara opened the heavy gate with her riding-crop as though accustomed to its eccentricities, for she was careful to hold the handle of her whip against it until Wilful was well

through, when it clanged to again, as though with a spring. The road was no longer red, but of a gray-white, and wound along between gently-curving fields, downy with young grass and sometimes dignified by an immense oak, on whose gnarled branches the tender leaves had an inappropriate and frivolous look, sometimes varied by the tall streak of a Lombardy poplar like a Titanic exclamation-point against the blond sky. A long avenue of Norway spruces made a dark tunnel through the brilliant wall of the day, and under these Barbara guided Wilful. These trees were very old and grew in fantastic shapes. One was like a vast lyre, another was twisted into a huge S, another resembled the zigzag of the conventional thunderbolts grasped by Zeus in a child's mythology. Their young cones, oozing with sap, hung brightly green among the sombre tassels. Wilful's hoofs struck noiselessly upon the matting of brown tags, or crunched upon the dry resin-tipped cones of last year's growth. A warm, thrilling odor enfolded her, and, through the openings in the dark boughs, little slits of sunlit grass beyond, shone with a jeweled brightness.

At the end of this avenue there was a gate, which opened upon a field of wheat, and in the centre of this field a white oblong gleamed through a railing of iron. When Barbara reached the gate she slipped down, tied Wilful to one of its posts, and, passing through, closed it as gently as though she were entering the room of a sleeping child. With her habit gathered under one arm and her eyes bent gravely on the narrow path, she walked on towards the white stone. A young larch-tree grew near the iron railing, and as she reached it she saw that some one was standing on the other side, for a white gown showed through the fringe of foliage. This figure was slight and small, and leaned with one cheek against the hand which grasped the rusty iron above its head. The other hand held a basket of white and blue violets. Beyond was a foam of young pear-trees—the grass of the enclosure was freaked with their blown petals.

"Kitty!" said Barbara, whispering, and with a certain questioning inflection as though doubtful of her welcome.

The girl turned with a violent start, her face pale, her eyes wide. They looked at each other a moment in silence. Then

Barbara made an impetuous movement and caught the other to her breast, kissing her, at the same time, on the cheeks, hair, and forehead.

"Forgive me, Kitty," she said, at last. "You used to love me."

"I have never stopped loving you," murmured the girl, faintly. She was trembling, and her basket of violets lay overturned at her feet. "But why—why—" She broke off and stood devouring Barbara's face with her large eyes, which, although of a soft blue, were strangely like Dering's.

"Why have you come here?" she went on, abruptly. "Are you happy?"

"No, dear," said Barbara, quietly. "But I thought you were in Normandy still at school, Kitty. I thought no one was here but the old servants."

"No. I came last week. Aunt Miriam is with me." Then she added, timidly, "I will go away, Barbara, and—and come back—afterwards, if you wish."

"Thank you, dear Kitty," answered Barbara, in the same still voice. "That will be very sweet of you."

"And the violets—I should love you to have them," suggested Kitty, shyly. But Barbara shook her head.

"No, dear, that is your own offering. Those lovely pear-blossoms are all that I could wish. But I thank you, darling—thank you, darling Kitty."

The girl threw herself upon Barbara's breast with a sudden movement.

"Oh, Barbara," she cried, "you love him best! You love him best! I have known it always. I was only a little thing, but I knew you couldn't love another time as you loved him. Tell me it's true, Barbara! Tell me! tell me!

"It's true, sweetheart," said Barbara, her lips white.

"Oh, thank God!" cried the girl. "Thank God! But how sad! I am very cruel. You must be so miserable, Barbara."

"Not always," answered Barbara, gently. "There are different ways of loving, dear child."

"And you love this one a different way?" asked Kitty, a tinge of jealousy sharpening her voice.

"Yes, dear."

"You do love him, then! Is he good to you?"

"He loves me as he has never loved any one else."

"As you loved Val?"

"No, men don't love like that."

"Val loved you like that. More than that!" cried the girl, with sudden fierceness. "*He* would never have married again. I've heard him say so."

Barbara was silent, her lips still pale.

"Oh, forgive me!" cried Kitty, with a gush of tears. "I have never judged you, Barbara. I—I know how much he was like Val. I shall always love you. I shall never say anything to hurt you again."

Barbara tried to smile in sign of forgiveness, but her parted lips only trembled, and two large tears ran slowly from her lowered eyelids. Kitty kissed them away, with passionate murmurs of self-reproach, and whispered:

"I'll leave you now, darling. Stay as long as you wish. I'll keep every one away."

Barbara nodded, and, after one more straining embrace, Kitty turned and ran swiftly along the winding path which led to the avenue of spruce-trees.

When she was out of sight Barbara gathered an armful of the white pear-bloom, and entering the enclosure, went and kneeled beside the white stone. She had taken off her riding-hat, and the April sunshine lighted her hair. After a little while she bent down and kissed the grass which covered Valentine's grave. Then, turning, she pressed her lips to the carved letters of his name. She left them there so long that the cold marble grew warm beneath her touch. With one hand she smoothed the long grass as though it had been the coverlet of her child. An irrepressible anguish mingled with a solemn joy rose through her veins until her submerged heart felt as though it must suffocate.

"My darling! my darling! my darling!" she said over and over. "My own! my very own! My first love! my kind love! my best love!" Her tears now fell so fast that her cheeks were wet, as though bathed in rain. There was no sobbing —only the continual gush, as though from the very fountain of her soul. It seemed to her that she knelt there, in that ecstasy of exquisite pain and tenderness, for a long while. Then, as though remembering a forgotten duty, she began

to lay the pear-blossoms very gently upon the mound beside which she knelt, almost as though she feared to waken some one. Afterwards she put her arms about the stone, and leaning her cheek against it, was motionless again. She felt no need of explaining anything, even to her own heart. She had made a sorrowful mistake, but it was only sorrowful, not wilful, and she felt that her "kind love" would understand, as he had always done. The love that she gave him, so passionately ethereal in its lastingness, immortalized him until he seemed to her a very presence—as real as the sunlight above her, although as intangible. She had needed the terrible experience of her second marriage to learn the lesson of real love—that love which is the result of perfect companionship, of mutual reverence, of soul-accord as fine and perfect as that of two instruments keyed to the same pitch, which is as indescribable as perfume, as ineffable as the music heard in dreams; to which passion bears the relation of his sceptre to a king, its color to a flame; which is neither entirely tenderness nor entirely fire, but that royal blending of the two which means completeness; a feeling in which nature becomes divine and divinity natural; which gives wings to the heart, and hallows, by its supreme instinct, every subtlest detail of human life. This love, unknowing, she had given to Valentine —still gave it to him, chastened and intensified by the anguish she had suffered since his death. But she had also learned to put aside all longing for supreme happiness in her present life. To be supremely strong for the happiness of others was now her heart's desire. In spite of all the pessimism and scepticism of the age, there was in her a wholesome fervor of belief in the final working together of all things for good, an unconquerable voice which spoke lowly in the silence of her soul, and which said "God is in me and I in Him." She had determined to put from her all regrets which might weaken her power for good in the world about her. Her love for Valentine must pass from an unutterable sorrow to a mighty consolation—an upholding proof of the possibility of idealness in human love. That she was capable of an emotion so pure, so entirely apart from the material, gave her a sense of worthiness at once refreshing and soothing. She honored her nature, which was at the same time so loyal, so courageous, and so

wise, for she knew that these quiet hours beside the grave of her first love separated her life into two parts. For the last time she yielded herself to these sorrowful, sweet memories. For the last time she gave up her soul to him. When she turned from that quiet place it would be to take up her life as it was and to bear it unflinchingly until the end.

She knew that in a different way, as she had said to Kitty, she loved Dering, and as she sat there with her cheek against the stone, she was filled with a profound determination to make him happy, to help him to develop what was highest in his nature, to win him utterly by her unfailing sympathy and patience.

The air was cooling. A level glimmer drowsed over the green reaches about her. Once more she pressed her lips to the cold marble, clasping it about with her warm arms, as though it had been a living thing and could respond to her passion of renunciation, of farewell, of forgetfulness. Her thick hair, so easy to uncoil, fell down upon its austere whiteness—the hair that he had loved! For the first time she sobbed heart-brokenly.

THE VIOLENCE OF LOVE

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ACT I, SCENE I

ENTER HEROD

HEROD (*not seeing Mariamne*).—Herod commanded by a
Roman turn-coat;
Antony summon Herod! Antony—
The by-word of all nations, the last toy
Of an Egyptian wanton! Who that reads
In future ages will believe it? Oh,
That Antony had summoned me in person!
The Egyptian harlot had been loverless
In less time than she takes to make a kiss.
Ah, Mariamne!

MARIAMNE.—Shall I stay, my lord?

HEROD.—Hath Herod ever bid thee from him?

MAR. No.
But I can well imagine that this summons
Hath left thee with a love of loneliness.
HER.—Come close. Give me thine eyes. Dost think with
Antony
Concerning this affair?
MAR. With Antony?
HER.—Ay—that thy brother's blood is on my hands.
Thou dost not think it?
MAR. As I live, my lord,
If I do think it, let me live no longer.
HER.—Then I care not who thinks it. Mariamne,
I am not Herod when I am with thee.
MAR.—What then, my lord?
HER. Why, Mariamne's lover.
I am no longer king, no longer soldier,
No longer conqueror, unless in truth
I rule thy heart.
MAR. Thou knowest that my heart
Is but thy throne.
HER. Let me be king of thee,
And God is welcome to the sway of heaven.
MAR.—Do not blaspheme.
HER. Away! thy veins run milk
And make thy heart a baby. Not blaspheme!
Love cannot utter blasphemy, for Love
Is his own god and king of his own heaven.
Well, dost thou love me?
MAR. Thou dost know I do.
HER.—Thou dost not! Thou dost make a pet of Duty,
And fatten him on what should be my food.
Love me? Not thou! Thou lovest the cold peace
That's child of frozen virtue. I have fire
To melt the Sphinx, but not to warm the blood
Of one chaste woman.
MAR. Chaste I am, my lord;
Yet for that chasteness do but better love thee.
HER.—I tell thee no! Thou dost but use the word
To play with, as a child its father's sword.
Thou hast ne'er seen it scarlet with joy's death,

Or smoking with the heart's blood of a thought.
What! thou lie 'wake o' nights? Thou scorch thy brain
With bootless wishing? Thou eat pictured lips?
Thou feed regret with memory, and then rage
Because he is not satisfied? Thou love?
Nay, girl, the sun will set the sea afire
Ere thy cool heart be set aflame with love.
Moreover, look you, sooner shall the waves
Of that same ocean cool the thirsty sun
Than thy pale humor make me moderate.
MAR.—I would not have thee love me less.
HER. Thou wouldst not?
Why dost thou shrink, then? Look how thou dost pale
And redden when I touch thee. Come, thine eyes,
Thine arms, thy lips, still shrinking? Israel's God!
Shall Herod coax his lawful wife for favors?
I say thou dost not love me, yea, moreover,
That thou dost lie when thou wouldst have me think
Thou dost not blame me for thy brother's death.
I know thou thinkest that I had him slain.
MAR.—I do not think it, Herod. Dost thou think
I would be here if I believed it?
HER. Where,
Where wouldst thou be, then? Not here, say'st thou?
Where then? Speak, woman! where?
MAR. Why, dead, maybe;
But not with thee.
HER. Thou liest! Didst thou die,
I'd have thy body brought into my chamber
And make my bed thy sepulchre.
MAR. Ay, Herod,
My body, but not me. Nay, my dear lord,
Why waste such moments as are left in strife
And harsh dissension? Soon thou wilt be gone,
And Mariamne but a recollection.
Why dost thou doubt me? Why should I not love thee,
Who art the chief of men and lovers? Nay,
If, as thou sayest, I shrink, it is because
My love doth fear the violence of thy love,
Not I thyself—not Mariamne, Herod.

HER.—Love is not blind, as the Greeks fable it,
For he doth look from these fair eyes o' thine,
Else am I pleasure's bondman.
MAR. Nay, not so.
Thou'rt husband to the truest wife in Jewry.
HER.—And the least loving.
MAR. Wilt thou wrong me still?
I know not how to dress out love in words.
I can but tell thee o'er and o'er again
The naked fact, I love thee.
HER. Would to heaven
I knew what loving means to thee!
MAR. I'll tell thee:
It means to put myself beyond myself,
To think of him I love in that self's stead,
To be sleep's enemy because of him,
Because of him to be the friend of pain,
To have no thought, no wish, no dream, no memory,
That is not servant to him; to forget
All earlier loves in his—all hates, all wrongs;
Being meek to him, though proud unto all others;
Gentle to him, though to all others harsh;
To him submissive, though unto high heaven
Something rebellious. Last, to keep my patience
And bear his doubts, who have his children borne.
HER.—Enough, enough! Thou most magnificent
Of queens and women, I will never doubt thee
After to-day.
MAR. Alas, my lord, to-morrow—
To-morrow'll be to-day.
HER. I will not doubt thee
So long as I do live.
MAR. Oh, that thou wouldst not!
Doubt is the shaft wherewith Love wounds himself:
Doubt me no more, and be no more unhappy.
HER.—Alas! unhappiness doth wait below
To ride with me, seeing I must leave thee, love,
And that for such a summons! Jewry's throne!
Antony summon me? It is as though
The dog did whistle for his master.

IMPRECATIONS

From 'Herod and Mariamne.'

ACT V, SCENE III

ENTER HEROD AND SALOME

HEROD.—Thou canst not swear that it was poisoned?
SALOME. No;
But can there be a doubt?
HER. Ha!
SAL. I repeat it
Can there be any doubt? She knows too well
That thou art but her fancy's slave, her toy,
To brew thee merely love-potions.
HER. Her slave?
I'll make thee slave to her! So? I a slave!
Thou hast a daring bent o' mind? Look thou!
Unless thou prove this love-brew poisonous,
Thou shalt in prison rot. As I am Herod,
I do believe thou'st lied from first to last
Concerning this affair and all that's touched it.
Thou art a most accomplished liar. Prove it,
Or I will make her ten times queen again,
And brand the hideous story of thy falseness
With red-hot irons on thy naked flesh,
Then have thee whipped through every street and by-way
Of all the towns in Jewry, that all men
May read of it! Away, and bring me proof,
Or look for death in agony unequalled! (*Exit Salome.*)
What if I've been deceived in everything
From then till now?

(*Enter Mariamne and boys.*)

What! Mariamne?
MAR. Ay,
Who looks like Mariamne, save herself?
And these, sir, are her sons. She comes to thank thee—
She and her sons—for thy last kindness to them.
HER.—Wilt thou not sit? Here is a chair.

MAR. Nay, Herod,
I'd have mine eyes at level with thine own;
And loving thanks are better proffered standing.
HER.—Why so?
MAR. 'Tis hard to give thanks graciously.
HER.—Not when 'tis Mariamne thanking Herod.
MAR.—More then than ever.
HER. Say'st thou?
MAR. Ay, my lord—
More then than ever.
HER. Why, right well thou knowest
I'm always thankful to be thanked by thee.
Come, kiss me. For what wouldst thou thank me?
MAR. For
Hyrcanus' death! Nay, kiss me! I am sister
To Aristobulus. Nay, wilt not kiss me?
Thy treasurer Joseph loved me. Nay, now kiss me.
I am the grandchild of Hyrcanus!
HER.—What! what! wilt thou dare?
MAR. Then thou'lt not kiss me? Haply
I am not looking fair enough to-day?
I'll have a robe dyed in Hyrcanus' blood,
And 'broidered richly with the hair of Joseph
And Aristobulus, to wear withal
When I would please thee. Come, a kiss—a kiss.
HER.—Devil!
MAR. Or, if that will not pleasure thee,
I'll make a feast for thee, and in thine honor
These thy two sons I'll have served up, with blood
For wine.
HER.—Devil, I say!
MAR. Or, if that dish
Were something coarse for such a mighty king,
Their hearts alone I'd offer thee.
HER. God's heart!
Dost think I'll let thee live to mock me?
MAR. No:
Killing's thy forte. I pray thee send me, sir,
To Aristobulus, and Joseph, and Hyrcanus.
Haply thou hast some tender message, sir,

That I could bear them? 'Tis the only errand
On which for thee I would go willingly.
Come, send me—send me.
HER. Can a man bear this
And not go mad?
MAR. Mad? Oh, no, thou'rt not mad.
I'm mad, the time is mad, earth, sea, heaven, hell,
The past, the future—but not Herod! No!
He'll stand a monument to sanity
When for some excellent reason he hath slain
Everything save his reason!
HER. God in heaven!
MAR.—Nay, God is not in heaven! If He were there,
Herod would not be here! He travels, sir;
There's a rebellion on some distant star,
And He hath gone to quell it. Ay, in heaven
Thou know'st but these three souls, Hyrcanus, Joseph,
And Aristobulus. Cry out to them!
Cry out to them! cry out to them!
HER. Thou darest?
Woman!
MAR.—Ay—to my woe. The wife of Herod
Should have by justice been a dragoness,
Giving birth to monsters that had murdered him,
Not unto men for him to murder.
HER. Curse thee!
MAR.—Curse me, didst say?—curse me? Now, as I live,
May everything that hath on every world
Since the creation, died, be resurrected
To curse thee with a separate curse! Oh, demon,
Thou'st found the core of sin and eaten it.
What! thou wouldst curse me? Am I not accursed
Sufficiently in having been thy wife?
Didst thou not curse me with a curse complete
When thou didst make me mother of thy sons?
Be thou accursed, Herod, ay, accursed,
Beyond thy utmost knowledge of a curse.
Forget that I once loved thee. Recollect
My hatred only. Thirst, thou shalt have blood,
And blood alone, to quench thy torment. Hunger,

Thou shalt not eat, but be thyself devoured.
Cry out to heaven, and thy prayers rebounding
Shall hurl thee into hell; while death to thee
Shall be one dream of life most horrible!
HER.—Oh, God!
MAR. Ay, tremble; for He hears not thee,
While Mariamne's curse is registered! (*Exit.*)
HER.—What! Mariamne! Mariamne! Mariamne!
Return! Thou canst not hate me! No! No! No!
That's to be mad—to say that Mariamne
Hates Herod And I am not mad. I dreamed.
Then I am dead! She said that I would dream
Of life in death. Who said so? Mariamne?
No—one who looked like her. Yet there is none—
Not one who looks like her, saving herself.
She said that, too. Her eyes! her eyes! her eyes!
They were two fires; they burned into my heart's core.
Nay, but my heart's a fire. My heart? What heart?
I gave my heart to Mariamne—yea,
And she fed anger on it. Well, I'm glad,
I'm glad, in spite of all, that I'm not mad;
Else might I think all this had really happened;
And now I know I'm dreaming.

LOVE SONG

From the *Century Magazine*, April, 1887, and used here by permission of the publishers.

The moon shines pale in the Western sky,
Like a pearl set over a brow that blushes;
There is many a homeward bird in the air,
And the hedges thrill with the thrushes.

Though my love be further away from me
Than the East from the West, or the Day from the Night,
I have turned my face to his dwelling-place,
And I bid him "good night," "good night."

Though he less can feel my hurrying breath
  Than the tree the bird that lilts on its bough,
Yet since the winds Love's messengers be,
  They will bear him my kisses, I trow!

Oh moon! shine first on my lips and then
  Go shine on the forehead of him I love!
He will dream perchance that an angel's wing
  Has quivered his brow above!

And sing, ye birds, in his ears the song
  My heart is singing within my breast:
It will thrill his heartstrings with ecstasy,
  And possess his soul with rest.

Ye, too, O fragrance of earth and flower,
  And voices of night in May!
Watch near him until in the Eastern field
  Blossom the roses of day.

But thou, O wind! lay close on his lips
  The kisses thou hast in thy flight,
And he will stir in his sleep, and wake
  And whisper—"My heart—good night."

A HYMN TO THE SEA

From the *North American Review*, and used here by permission of the publishers.

O Mighty One, thou who art friend of Death,
And yet no enemy to piteous Life
But rather her consoler; thou whose breath,
Brimming the vasty shell of heaven with strife,
Doth take the Pleiades by their golden hair,
Yet o'er a fragile globe of silver-seed
So delicately wingeth, that nowhere
Its symmetry is marred; thou who dost feed
The restless soul with restlessness, the heart
That longs for peace with that hushed spirit of peace

Which, from the birth of time hath moved apart
Over thy moon-ruled waters;—O release
From sorrow's selfishness my aching soul,
And with thy healing chant my broken heart make whole!

* * * * * *

Thou who didst take wild Sappho to thy breast,
And smooth her glorious hair to maiden meekness,
And kiss her cool, pale lids to lovely rest,
Surely unto her handmaids, strong with weakness
To crave of thee surcease, thou wouldst be kind—
Yea, to the least of them, even unto me—
O sure Magician of tired souls and blind?
Lo, I can feel thee drawing me to thee
Even as thyself art by Sélené drawn,
The while fair Tethys, with the certain smile
Of wives and goddesses, reigns calmly on
O'er all but thy vast tides. A weary while,
A weary while have I been caged of fate;
Free now my ready soul, ere freedom be too late!

* * * * * *

My heart, O Sea! my heart too hath its tides,
Its moods of rage, its calms, its storms again;
Its ice-bound regions where no life abides,
Its snow-fields where a rose would seem a stain;
Its caverns deep, more murmurous musical
Than shells that in their dreaming sing of thee;
Its wrecks majestic, and its towers tall
Of moon-white castles built for ecstasy,
But turned by time to echoing tombs forlorn,
Where many a drownèd hope doth lie in state.
Lo! these are mine too; but that jubilant scorn,
That blithe disdain of ever-changing fate,
Which thou by very mutability
Dost manifest to all—that would I learn of thee!

* * * * * *

Thou terrible, thou beautiful, thou free!
Soother of woes unsoothèd else! Desire
Of desolate poet-souls! To thee, to thee,
To thee alone I cry! O lift me higher!

O toss me starward as I were thy spray!
Into my empty life, as 'twere a shell,
Breathe thou thy mystic monody, and lay
Upon my heart thy deep, eternal spell!
For lo! thy pain supreme is like to mine!
Heavenward thou yearnest and must yearn for aye,
And even as the Lady Moon divine
Over thy passionate surge holds gentle sway,
O may my soul's tides ever rulèd be,
By the pure golden sphere of Love's high mystery!

FAITH

From "Grief and Faith," *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1887, and used here by permission of the publishers.

So be it, then, beloved. I can bear all,
  Knowing that thou art only gone a space;
  That some day I shall look upon thy face,
And grief be lifted from me like a pall.
God, who hath let thee answer my mad call,
  Hath shown me mercy past belief. His grace
  And comfort, at all times, in every place,
I do petition, therefore, lest I fall,
Borne down by mine own spirit. Dearest, sleep;
  Sleep till my soul doth bid thy soul awake.
Dream I am happy. Know not that I weep.
  Rest utterly; and I, for thy sweet sake,
Will try to live as thou didst, that the deep
  Of death may bear me to thee, as a lake
Doth bear a shattered vessel to the shore.
  Yea, sleep, my darling, and may blessèd dreams
  Make for thee life of death. To me all seems
A conscious death disturbed by life's fierce roar,
A torture and a burden evermore.
  Existence's ocean hath for me no gleams
  Such as greet other men beneath the beams
Of hope's fair sunrise. All that went before:
Like a bright bird that heralds some proud ship
  With sunlight on its breast and on its wings.

Now Sorrow, following on black clouds that dip
  Unto the blacker billows, with her brings
Despair and Loss, like lovers lip to lip.
  And smites the blithe bird even while he sings.
But I will try to live as thou hast said—
  To bear this burden bravely, as a man
  Should bear all burdens. Yea, I will and can
Grow worthier of thee, O most precious dead,
And forcing back such tears as are unshed,
  Remember that dark life is but a span,
  While bright love is eternal. Lo! the plan
On which all systems move, what man hath read?
Being thus ignorant, what man would dare
  To change one line an atom—were the power
Bestowed upon him—or to move one hair
  The little sphere? Hath any seen a flower
Bepaint her tender leaves, or learned the fair,
  Exquisite secret of the Spring? The hour
Hath come when grief-tried faith must live or die.
  And hope be slain or cherished. Most dread God,
  Being her God, Thou shalt be mine. Thy rod
I wordless will endure, that by-and-by,
Hearkening unto my spirit's utmost cry,
  Thou wilt grant that I tread where she hath trod,
  Leaving this anguish underneath the sod
Which shall o'erspread our bodies, while on high
Her soul shall be as wife unto my soul.
  Darling, once more, farewell! I will do all
That thou hast asked, and more. These bells that toll
  Thy body's death, lifting the awful pall
Of doubt from my quick spirit, make it whole,
  And faith shall answer when thy God doth call.

WILLIAM CABELL RIVES

[1793—1868]

JOSEPH W. EVERETT

WILLIAM CABELL RIVES, statesman, diplomatist, and historian, was born in Nelson County, Virginia, May 4, 1793. He received an excellent education at Hampden-Sidney and at William and Mary Colleges, and after graduation had the rare privilege of studying law and politics under Thomas Jefferson. Like so many young Virginians of his day, he early turned his attention to public life, and for nearly fifty years played a brilliant and conspicuous part in the affairs of State and Nation.

He possessed a mind of rare scope and power. His constructive faculties were of the first order; his temperament was calm and judicial; his penetration profound, and his powers of analysis and argument were strongly and acutely developed. From the noted Cabell family he inherited a love of letters and statecraft; from the substantial blood of the Riveses he acquired strength of purpose, industry, and executive ability. In bearing he was courtly and dignified; in personal appearance, extraordinarily handsome. Coupled with these native powers and graces were the pleasing advantages of birth and position, and of unexcelled social surroundings. As preceptors he had Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe; as neighbors and political associates, the Randolphs, Pages, Carters, Cabells, Nelsons, Lewises, Walkers, and Gilmers. He lived in the golden age of Virginia's supremacy, when her sons held easy premiership in the social, political, and military destinies of the nation.

His entry into the field of politics was most auspicious. From the curricula of his Virginia colleges he brought a liberal education, and from the brain of the great Jefferson he had learned not only the science of government but the strategy of politics as well. He was equipped for both the forum and the field of statecraft. In further aid of his ambitions, he was a Democrat, when Democracy—fresh from the hands of its creator—was regnant and destined to supremacy for a quarter of a century. Nor were these fortunate circumstances the only ones to his credit. The young Republic had but recently been launched; the harbor bars were scarcely out of sight, and the hour of *test* had arrived—the hour when her new machinery was to bear the brunt of violent and continued storms. Rough seas were already sweeping across her decks, and from all

quarters came insistent demands for trained service. Nor were the rewards incommensurate with the dangers.

At this critical yet potential moment young Rives began his political career. It was long, brilliant, and successful. Lack of space forbids all save the barest recital of its progress, yet the mere outlines will sufficiently indicate its scope and character. From 1814 to 1863 he served successively as aide-de-camp to General John H. Cocke of Virginia (1814-'15); Member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention (1816); Member of the Virginia Legislature (1817-'19); Presidential Elector (1821); Member of the Virginia Legislature (1822-'23); Representative in Congress (1823-'29); United States Minister to France (1829-'32); United States Senator (1832-'34, 1836-'39, 1841-'45); United States Minister to France, the second time (1849-'53); delegate to the Peace Congress (1861); and member of the first and second provisional Confederate Congresses (1861-'63)

In this brief synopsis a score of points are worthy of extended notice, but only one or two can be mentioned. While Minister to France Mr. Rives negotiated the Indemnity Treaty of 1831. In 1824 he resigned his seat in the United States Senate because of his unwillingness to join his colleagues in censuring the course of President Jackson for removing the National Bank deposits. The Virginia Legislature desired the vote of censure passed, but Mr. Rives remained firm, and yielded up his seat in consequence. At another period of his Congressional life, he changed his political affiliations (from sincere motives) and thereby lost, as his friends confidently affirmed, the nomination for the Presidency of the United States. It was at this time that, in a brilliant speech defending his course, he exclaimed: "I know full well, Mr. President, that in taking this course I am to incur the anathemas of party, but I cannot forget that I have a country to serve as well as a party to obey." He opposed secession, yet when Virginia severed her connection with the Union, he served her and the South in the first and second Congresses of the Confederacy.

His career as a diplomat was notably successful. He not only conducted the affairs of his country with signal ability, but became exceedingly popular at the French Court—so much so, in fact, that Queen Amélie stood as godmother for his eldest daughter, and, with rare graciousness, conferred her own name upon the little American.

Mr. Rives's fame, however, rests upon his political career. His speeches in Congress display the finest powers of his genius—his profound depth of mind, his logical reasoning faculties, his broad culture, and his rare grasp of difficult and involved constitutional questions. The times and the man were well met. The Congressional

arena gave fairest play for his constructive powers, his liberal education, and his broad and exact knowledge of the science of government—learned so early and intelligently at the feet of Jefferson.

"It was the great merit of Mr. Rives's life," says a biographer, "that he acquired distinction and commanded popular favor by pure force of merit. His reputation was in no part due to the ultraism of the partisan, or to the seductive arts or to the inflammatory power of the orator. It may be doubted whether on any occasion of his life, before any assemblage of listeners, he ever uttered a sentence that in its language or sentiment, or in the mode of its delivery, would have been unseemly in the most august deliberative body. Constitutional jurisprudence, the philosophy of government, and the history of nations were favorite studies with him and in these subjects he was profoundly learned."

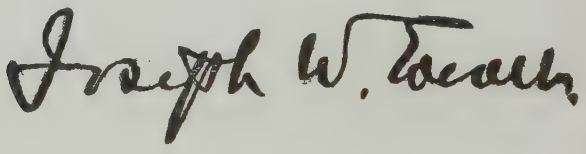
It is sufficient tribute to his genius to remember that he won fame and renown at a time when Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were in the ascendant, and when such mighty questions as "slavery" and "states' rights" were up for discussion and final arbitrament. It was a day of intellectual giants, of loftiest patriotism, of bitterest party feeling, and of crucial test for the destinies and welfare of the young Republic. Looking back now, through the storm and stress of later years, it is comforting to feel that if such genius and such patriotism could not arrest the tragedy of '61, its advent must have been inevitable, and its mission of final and undisputed beneficence.

In the evening of his life, Mr. Rives turned his attention to authorship. Besides numerous pamphlets and addresses (bearing mainly on political subjects), he published in 1845 'The Life and Character of John Hampden'; in 1855, 'The Ethics of Christianity'—a production of negligible value; and from 1849-'60 'A History of the Life and Times of James Madison.' The latter work is by far the greatest production of his pen. It is a monumental tribute to the revered "Father of the Constitution," and a record of inexhaustible detail, touching the period in which he lived, and the illustrious men with whom he communed. It is history pure and simple—prepared by one whose equipment for the task was well-nigh perfect. Rives had not only enjoyed the personal friendship of Madison, and the freest use of his political papers, but had also been a cherished disciple of Jefferson and Monroe. His own life was almost contemporaneous with the existence of the Constitution, and from its very framers he had imbibed wisdom and inspiration. Further, in the halls of Congress he had heard its merits and demerits discussed by intellectual giants, and had seen its marvelous theories put to the crucial test of practice. Thus, by word of mouth, by personal experience, and by natural endowments, the author was rarely equipped for his theme.

The results are well known. 'The Life and Times of James Madison' is one of the finest fruits of American history and biography. Its style is polished and judicial; its presentation of facts convincing, and its scope of research and argument is phenomenal. Rarely, if ever, has a disciple rendered such valued and devoted tribute to his preceptor.

Mr. Rives died at Castle Hill, his Albemarle estate, in 1868. He was seventy-five years of age. Near his homestead, in a beautiful house of worship, a mural tablet bears the following inscription—a masterly summary of his genius and achievements:

In memory of one of the founders
of this Church,
William Cabell Rives, LL.D.
Statesman, Diplomatist and Historian.
Born 4th May, 1793. Died 25th April, 1868.
Uniting a clear and capacious intellect,
A courageous and generous temper,
With sound learning and commanding eloquence,
He won a distinguished place among the foremost men
Whom Virginia has consecrated to the service of the country;
While he added lustre to his talents
By the purity and dignity of his public career,
And adorned his private life with all the virtues
Which can grace the character of Husband, Father, Friend and Christian.



STRUCTURE OF THE GOVERMENT

Extracts from a Speech delivered in the United States Senate, February 14, 1833.

Sir, the questions now to be settled are of the deepest import to the destinies of this country. They touch not the construction of this or that clause of the constitution only; they go to the whole frame and structure of the Government, and the vital principle of its existence. Sir, I should be recreant to my duty on this floor, as the representative of a State which, under Providence, had the chief agency in the establishment of this happy system of Government, if I did not attempt, however feebly, the expression of my views on such an occasion.

I am impelled to this expression, Mr. President, by another consideration. It is my misfortune to differ from my worthy and honorable colleague, as well as from other honorable Senators coming from the same quarter of the Union as myself, in several of the views I have taken of this subject. It is due to them, as well as to myself and those whom we represent, that the grounds of this difference of opinion should be stated and explained. And, in order to preclude all misapprehension, I beg leave to say, in the outset, that no one is or has been more thoroughly opposed to that whole system of policy usually denominated the American system than I have been, and still am. My voice, sir, has been often and strenuously, however ineffectually, raised against it in another division of this Capitol. I consider it unjust in principle, inexpedient in practice, oppressive and unequal in its operation—in short, an abuse of power contrary to the true genius of our institutions.

But, sir, what is entitled to far more consideration, the State which I have the honor in part to represent has repeatedly and strongly protested against this system; and it is but yesterday that her Legislature earnestly renewed her appeal to the councils of the nation so to modify the system as to remove the just causes of complaint which had arisen against it. Sir, this appeal, and similar appeals which have emanated from the Legislatures of other States, fortified by all those high considerations of patriotism, policy, and justice, which the crisis suggests, cannot fail to have their proper effect.

There is every reason to believe that this distracting question will be settled, and speedily and satisfactorily settled, as it ought to be. But, notwithstanding these grounds of hope, one of the States of the Union has rashly undertaken to redress her griefs by a formal abrogation of the laws of the United States within her limits. She has declared the whole series of revenue laws, from the origin of the Government to the present day, to be null and void; has prohibited their execution within her borders, under high penalties; and has ordained various other measures with the express view of defeating and arresting their operation.

In this state of things, we are called upon to say if the Government of the United States shall acquiesce in this open defiance and violation of the laws of the Union, without taking any step whatever for their enforcement? For myself, I am free to say that I do not thus read my oath to support the constitution of the United States. I do not thus understand my duty to my country, or the interest and the honor of my own State. What, sir, will be the consequence, if South Carolina be permitted, without opposition, to nullify the revenue laws of the Union? Will not that uniformity of imposts, and that equality in the fiscal and commercial regulations of the Union, which are guarantied by the constitution, be at once abolished by the arbitrary act of South Carolina, to her own advantage, and to the detriment of the other States? Sir, as a representative of Virginia, I am not willing that Virginia shall be compelled to pay taxes, while South Carolina, by her own illegal and unauthorized action, is suffered to go quit of them. Yet this must be the unjust consequence of acquiescence in nullification; or, otherwise, a result still more distressing to the whole country will ensue—the entire commerce of the country will be drawn to the free ports of South Carolina; the ports of the other States, with all the important branches of industry connected with them, will be consigned to ruin; and, at the same time, the whole revenue of the nation will be cut off and destroyed. . . .

The relation of allegiance, sir, is not between citizen and Government; it is between citizen and sovereign. It is the whole body of the community which is, with us, the sovereign; and it is to that sovereign that allegiance is due. Now, sir,

I have already shown that the United States, for certain purposes, do form one great political community, in which the sovereignty of the Union resides, just as the sovereignty of the respective States resides in the people of each State separately considered. It is to the United States, then, in their sovereign character, and not to the Government of the United States, that allegiance is due. That there is a direct relation of allegiance between the United States and the citizens of this country, so far as the objects of the Union are concerned, is sufficiently manifested, not only by what is intrinsically implied in the term "citizen of the United States," which is frequently used in the constitution, but by the fact that the constitution provides for the punishment of treason against the United States. Treason is essentially the breach of the allegiance due to the sovereign power against which it is committed. There is, then, a direct allegiance due from the people of this country to the United States, as citizens of the United States, to the extent of the sovereignty which, for special purposes, resides in the Union. We are, at the same time, citizens of our respective States; and, as such, we owe allegiance each one to his own State, to the full extent of the sovereignty abiding in the States severally. To each power we owe allegiance, within the limits of their respective sovereignties; to neither beyond.

But, sir, it is said that allegiance and protection are reciprocal, and that as our protection in all the most interesting relations of life is derived from our respective States, to them our allegiance is exclusively due. It has been contended that we derive no protection from the United States, except when we are on the ocean, or in foreign countries, beyond the limits of the States. If this were so, still it would be something that we are efficiently protected by the strong arm of the Union, where the States are powerless to protect. But, sir, is it true that we receive no protection from the United States, while we remain within the limits of the country? Do not the United States, on the contrary, protect us even against the arbitrary and unjust legislation of our own States, in declaring, as the constitution declares, that "no State shall pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts?" Is it not the United States which, through the

medium of the judicial power, secures to us an impartial administration of justice in all controversies with citizens of other States or foreigners? Is it not the United States, again, which secures to us the privileges and immunities of citizens in the other States? What power is it that protects us in the enjoyment of our most inestimable political rights; which guaranties to us the blessings of a "republican form of government"; which defends us against the excesses of "domestic violence" and faction, as well as the calamities of hostile "invasion?" Is it not this same despised United States? Sir, wherever we are, at home or abroad, on the bosom of the ocean, or by the tranquil fireside, whether danger threatened us in our civil, political, or international relations, the broad aegis of the Union is over us, and covers us with its ample protection. Let it not be said, then, that we derive no protection from the United States, which might merit some small return of allegiance. Sir, proud as I am of the title of citizen of Virginia, grateful as I am for the unmerited favor which that honored mother has shown to me, I yet feel, with the father of the country, that "the just pride of patriotism is exalted" by the more comprehensive title of citizen of the United States; that title which gives me a share in the common inheritance of glory which has descended to us from our revolutionary sages, patriots and heroes; that title which enables me to claim the names of the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, and the Sumpters of South Carolina, of the Hancocks, the Adamses, and the Otises of Massachusetts, and all the other proud names which have illustrated the annals of each and all these States as "compatriot with my own."

* * * * * *

Sir, we live in times when it is a solemn duty which every man owes his country, to speak his opinions without disguise or equivocation, even at the risk of giving offence to some of those whom it would be his greatest pleasure, as well as his highest ambition, to content in all things. I have been already admonished, sir, that a sword is at this moment suspended over my head, which may descend and sever the worthless thread of my political existence for the act of public duty I am now performing. Sir, if it should be so, I shall have at least one consolation—the consciousness of having fallen in

defence of the constitution of my country, and of that liberty which is indissolubly connected with it.

Sir, I take leave to say, that there breathes not the man who is more devoted than I am to the maintenance of the just rights of the States. It is in that faith that I was brought up and in that faith I shall continue to the last. It is in the salutary influence and power of the States, under distinct and organized forms of action, and the wise partition of power established between them and the authorities of the Union, that our system possesses guaranties and advantages unknown to any other which ever existed. Sir, the gentlemen who have claimed to be the special champions of State rights here, appear to have a much more limited idea of those rights than I have. They speak of State rights as if they consisted exclusively in the right of opposing acts of the General Government. But, sir, according to my notion of them, they comprehend all rights of political power whatever, not delegated to the United States; all such being expressly reserved by the constitution to the respective States. . . .

But, sir, the most vehement denunciations have been directed against those clauses of the bill which authorize the employment of military force, in certain cases, to repel attempts, by force, to obstruct the execution of the laws. We have been told that it is making war upon South Carolina. Now, sir, while I do not concur in the policy of these provisions, at the present moment, for reasons which I shall presently state, I utterly deny the justness of this qualification of the bill, as well as the principle on which it is founded. There is no proceeding whatever, in any part of this affair, against South Carolina. The Government of the United States, in the execution of the laws, can have no proper reference to States. It acts upon individuals, not upon States, as I have already had occasion abundantly to show; and the constitution of the United States, when it declared that nothing in the constitution or laws of a particular State should control the laws of the United States, has not permitted the Government of the Union, in executing the laws of the United States, to inquire if opposition to them is, or is not, authorized by a particular State. If the laws be opposed by combinations too powerful to be overcome in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, there is

the same right, under the constitution, to execute the laws by calling in the aid of the military power, whether such combination be authorized by a law of the State, (which the constitution has declared, in such a case, to be a nullity,) or whether they be purely voluntary. I have not, then, the slightest difficulty in regard to the right and the power of the Government to employ the physical force of the country, in a case like the present, if it should be necessary. I am also aware that the provisions in the bill now alluded to are strictly defensive, authorizing force only to repel force; that, amended as they have been, they give a far less extensive power over the military force than was given during the Administration of Mr. Jefferson, for the enforcement of the embargo; and, that, in fact, they give no power of that sort which does not already exist under the acts of 1795 and 1807. I have likewise the fullest confidence, not only in the discretion, but in the scrupulous forbearance, with which any powers proposed to be vested by this bill in the Chief Magistrate will be used. But I foresee that the introduction of these provisions in the bill, while unnecessary, if my view of the acts of 1795 and 1807 be correct, will be industriously, and, to a certain extent, successfully used as a topic to inflame the jealousies, and mislead the sympathies of a generous people, and to add to the irritation and excitement already unhappily existing in a large section of the Union. I would make no new provision of this sort, therefore, till an overt act had been committed. And then, I verily believe with Mr. Jefferson, that a republican Government would show itself as strong, in a good sense, as any on earth: "At the call of the law, every man would fly to the standard of the law, and the defence of public order would be considered by every citizen as his individual concern." . . .

It is time, Mr. President, to put an end to our unhappy divisions. It has been my fortune, in another situation, to witness the effects they have produced on the character and consideration of our Government abroad, and on the generous efforts of the friends of liberty in other parts of the world. Sir, my heart has swollen with a pride and exultation, which can be appreciated only by those who have felt them in a foreign land, when I have heard my country the theme of every tongue; its institutions, with the glorious results of liberty

and happiness they have produced, the subject of universal envy and admiration; rebuking, on the one hand, the gloomy spirit of despotism, and animating, on the other, the generous aspirations of freedom. But, in a few short months, how has this scene been changed! The language of admiration and respect lost in that of indifference and distrust; the votaries of liberty discouraged and confounded; the disciples of legitimacy exulting in the failure of the only system of free government which ever promised a perfect success; all Europe filled with predictions of the speedy dissolution of our Union, and consigning us henceforward to the same rank of impotence and anarchy as the unhappy and distracted States of the southern parts of our own continent.

These have been the bitter fruits of our divisions abroad. What have they been at home? In the midst of unexampled prosperity, anxiety and alarm pervading every bosom; that sacred union, in regard to which we were taught by the father of our country to "discountenance whatever might suggest even a suspicion that it could, in any event, be abandoned," openly questioned and decried, and millions trembling for its fate. Sir, let us put an end to these divisions; let us disappoint the malignant predictions of the enemies of free government; let us restore confidence to the patriot at home, and hope to the votary of freedom abroad. I do, in my conscience, believe that the preservation of the Union is our only security for liberty. If we are to be broken into separate confederacies, constant wars and collisions with each other must ensue, out of which will grow up large military establishments, perpetual and burdensome taxes, an overshadowing Executive power; and, amid these deleterious influences, what hope can there be that liberty would survive?

It is here, I confess, that I see the danger of military despotism; and not where the imagination of the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) has found it. Is not the actual condition of South Carolina, in this respect, an impressive admonition to us on the subject? The whole State converted into a camp; the Executive and other authorities armed with dictatorial powers; the rights of conscience set at naught, and an unsparing proscription ready to disfranchise one-half of her population. Sir, this is but a prefiguration of the evils

and calamities to which every portion of this country would be destined, if the Union should be dissolved. Let us then rally around that sacred Union, fixing it anew, and establishing it forever on the immutable basis of equal justice, of mutual amity and kindness, and an administration at once firm and paternal. Let us do this, and we shall carry back peace to our distracted country, happiness to the affrighted fireside, restore stability to our threatened institutions, and give hope and confidence once more to the friends of liberty throughout the world. Let us do this, and we shall be, in short, what a bountiful Providence has heretofore made us, and designed us forever to remain—the freest and happiest people under the sun.

THE DISTINGUISHING GLORY OF CHRISTIANITY

Extract from Speech before the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, December, 1855.

Christianity, then, gentlemen, is a strenuous and active principle, "fruitful in good works," laboring "in season and out of season" for the happiness of the world. There is no generous sentiment of the heart which it does not vivify and strengthen, no noble aspiration of the mind which it does not elevate and sustain, no duty which it does not supply the highest and strongest motives for the discharge of. The celestial hand-maid and guide of humanity, there is no situation in life, private or public, humble or elevated, to which its precepts are not applicable. You do then, gentlemen, in every respect a good work in aiming to give them the widest influence and diffusion, and, as Israel was enjoined to do in receiving the tables of the Ten Commandments from the hands of the Almighty, "to teach them diligently unto thy children, to talk of them when thou sittest down in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; to bind them as a sign upon thine hand and as frontlets between thine eyes; to write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates."

A celebrated writer on the "Internal evidence of the Christian religion," in justly upholding the superiority of Chris-

tianity as a practical system of ethics over every other which had ever been promulgated in ancient or modern times, has somewhat inconsiderately, I think, under the influence of peculiar views, rejected from the list of Christian virtues certain qualities and affections which the general sentiment of mankind has always regarded with approbation. This is, in my judgment, to mutilate the rightful dominion of Christianity over the whole field of human sympathies and action. On the contrary, gentlemen, my belief is that there is no virtue recognized as such by any code of morals, in harmony with the general sense of mankind, which Christianity not only does not own and acknowledge, but furnishes a more powerful and persuasive motive to its exercise.

The qualities to which the writer in question would deny the character of virtues in the eye of Christianity, are *friendship, patriotism,* and *courage.* On what principle friendship, which is but a more concentrated love of our neighbor—of that love of one another which Christ enjoined as a new commandment to his disciples, commanding them "to love one another as he loved them," and calling them at the same time, with peculiar significance, by the very name of *friends*—on what principle such a sentiment, thus inculcated by Christ himself, can be considered as opposed to the genius and inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, it would seem difficult to comprehend. So with regard to patriotism—a sentiment combining all the instinctive charities of neighborhood, family, birth-place and country, and so touchingly embodied in the Saviour's lamentation over Jerusalem: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not;" how such a natural and noble affection is to be brought, too, under the ban of the law of love, may well give rise to hesitation and doubt. In the whole compass of recorded eloquence, there is no effusion of sorrowing but faithful patriotism to be compared with that which the sacred writings contain in the case of the captive Israelites: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Courage, gentlemen, exerted in a good cause and sustained by right principles, is one of the noblest attributes of hu-

manity. The adversaries of Christianity, from Celsus down to Hume, have sought to assail it by imputing to it a want of courage as a necessary consequence of its doctrines of humility and forbearance. Strange that one of its champions, and in other respects one of its ablest champions, should sanction the unjust reproach by exhibiting the same misconceived view of the holy cause he defends! Humility before God is the highest boldness towards man. Christ himself, while inculcating the fear of God, solemnly warns his disciples, whom again he calls *friends,* to discard all fear of man: "I say unto you my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him which, after he killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear Him." A religion which teaches its followers to regard all temporal possessions, even the most cherished, as of but little worth compared with the great interests of eternity —to "count life itself as not dear, so that they may *finish* their course with joy"—which holds out its high rewards in another and never-ending life—which enjoins everything to be done and suffered for conscience sake: such a religion must needs be the parent and nurse of the loftiest courage in whatever cause is sanctified by a sense of duty.

Where in the trials and conflicts of humanity, can you find a more sublime courage, active as well as passive, than that exhibited by the apostles? They proclaimed the word of God in the face of infuriated multitudes, and in the presence and against the interdict of incensed magistrates, armed with the whole power of human vengeance; they encountered every form of danger than can appal the heart of man, or as one of them has graphically recorded them, "perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by mine own countrymen, perils by the heathen, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea, perils among false brethren"—and yet, in the midst of all these, they were unshaken and immovable. When summoned by the terrors of offended power, not to teach in the name of Christ, they persisted, braving imprisonment, torture and death, and calmly answered, "we ought to obey God rather than men." If I were called on to say who, of all the men that history has transmitted to the present times, most per-

fectly fulfilled that noble picture of moral and personal courage drawn by the Roman poet—

> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni,
> Mente quatit solida, neque auster
> Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
> Nec fulminantis magna Jovis Manus;
> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinae—

I should say first St. Paul, then Luther. The story of the one is known to all who have read the Book of Life. The other, an uninspired man, but strong in the armour of righteousness, trod in the footsteps of his great prototype.

To form a just idea of the courage of Luther, we must transport ourselves back to the times in which he acted his great and trying part on the stage of humanity. The Papal power, then in the zenith of its spiritual dominion, was still further strengthened by an alliance with the most formidable princes of the earth—Charles 5th, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain; Francis 1st, King of France; Henry the 8th, of England, then the boasted Defender of the Faith. The age was one of bitter persecution and ferocious intolerance. Following in the traditions of the century before, which had seen John Huss burnt at the stake for the opinions which Luther now professed, in that which had just commenced it prepared the way for the bloody atrocities of the Duke of Alva, and the treacherous and exterminating massacres of Catherine de Medicis. Here, then, the poor monk of Wittemberg was called to wrestle literally against "principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in high places;" and he fearlessly confronted them all.

When summoned by the Emperor to appear before the diet at Worms, and his friends were trembling with apprehensions for his safety, he, being then in feeble health, answered them by saying: "If I cannot perform the journey to Worms as a man in health, I will be carried there in a litter. If they intend to use violence against me, as they probably do, I commit the matter into the hands of God. *He* still lives and reigns

that preserved the three Israelites in the fiery furnace. If it be not His will to save me, my life is but little worth. Expect anything from me but flight or recantation. Fly, I cannot; still less can I recant." As he approached Worms, he received another warning, from the Chaplain and confidential adviser of the Elector of Saxony, not to enter the City. His reply was in a yet loftier strain, and somewhat imbued, perhaps, with the plain-spoken roughness of the times. "Go tell your master that though there should be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it." He did enter it, and appeared with sublime self-possession before that assembly of the great of this world, presided by the Emperor in person, which, there is every reason to believe, had met for his destruction. To a summons to recant his heresies, thrice repeated with every circumstance which could give it overpowering force upon the weakness of human nature, and with the fate of John Huss full before his eyes, he firmly and courageously replied—"I neither can nor will retract anything, for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

MEMORABLE COMPETITION

From 'Life and Times of James Madison.'

Thus terminated, after a session of nearly four weeks, a convention second in importance only to that which produced the Constitution. Memorable as it was for its results and for the superior abilities of the many distinguished men who took part in its discussions, it was hardly less memorable for the stirring spectacle it presented of an individual competition of talents, noble and lofty in its character, between two of the public men of Virginia, differing widely in their respective gifts and attainments, but each of the highest order in his own line of excellence. We have now before us a letter written in 1857 by a gentleman in his ninetieth year, the only surviving witness, probably, at that time of the great contest, recalling, with the vivid enthusiasm of youth and with faculties undimmed by age, the impressions which the scene had made upon him.

"At the time of the convention," he says, "I was a stripling, and clerk in one of the public offices, and could of course only attend the debates at intervals snatched from the duties of the office. But the impressions made by the powerful arguments of Madison and the overwhelming eloquence of Henry can never fade from my mind. I thought them almost supernatural. They seemed raised up by Providence, each in his way, to produce great results; the one, by his grave, dignified, and irresistible arguments to convince and enlighten mankind; the other, by his brilliant and enrapturing eloquence to lead whithersoever he would. Although there were other brilliant stars in the convention, such as Pendleton, Wythe, Mason, etc., etc., etc., the discussion, after a few days, was narrowed down very much to Mr. Henry and Mr. Madison. They were both, at all times, great and interesting; but the convention yielded gradually to the convincing and irresistible arguments of Madison, and adopted the Constitution. These two eminent men seemed ever deeply impressed with the magnitude of the issues before them, and each to labor with his whole strength and energy to accomplish the object he had in view—the one the adoption, the other the rejection, of the Constitution."

The result of this memorable contest is not without instruction to the candidates for a true public fame. However brilliant and dazzling the triumphs of the gifted popular orator, the eloquence of reason and conviction asserts its legitimate empire when heard in senates and deliberative bodies sitting on the grave questions of State. Eloquence, indeed, has been called the art of persuasion: but conviction is often the surest, as well as lawful, road that leads to persuasion. A great authority has said that dialectics is the foundation of the art of persuasion; and to know how to convince, and to enforce conviction, is to be eloquent. Truth honestly and earnestly presented, with the accessories of accumulated and various knowledge, of lucid reasoning, of a graceful and impressive diction, strengthened by the moral power of virtuous and noble sentiments, exerts an irresistible influence upon the heart as well as the mind of man. All these Mr. Madison possessed, and in an exalted degree.

Owing to the difference of manners and institutions, it is

difficult to find an apt parallel to his style of eloquence among the statesmen and orators of antiquity. But, in the land from which the language and civic usages of America are derived, a contemporary delineation of the manner of Bacon as a public speaker might seem to have been drawn, in anticipation, for the future transatlantic statesman. "There happened in my day," says the famous Ben Jonson, "one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily; or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of its own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and the fear of every man that heard him was that he should make an end." To this attractive portrait of Bacon as a speaker, if we add, with kindred graces of eloquence, the noble integrity, the practised wisdom, and profound constitutional learning of Somers, whose career that of Mr. Madison in so many points resembled, we shall have attained the most perfect idea that comparison can give of the powers and accomplishments of the successful defender of the Constitution before the convention of Virginia.

ESSAYS OF THE FEDERALISTS

From 'Life and Times of James Madison.'

It will be seen from this general review of Mr. Madison's contributions to the "Federalist," and the class of subjects treated of by him, that he had his full share in stamping upon the work that character of wisdom, originality, and depth, which is universally accorded to it, not only as a commentary on the Constitution, but as a dissertation on the principles of free government. Mr. Jefferson, in writing to Mr. Madison from Paris, on the 18th of November, 1788, pronounced it "the best commentary on the principles of government which was ever written." Chancellor Kent, in his great work on American law, speaks of it in these notable terms: "I know not, indeed, of any work on the principles of free government that is to be compared, in instruction and intrinsic value, to the small and unpretending volume of the 'Federalist'; not

even if we resort to Aristotle, Cicero, Machiavel, Montesquieu, Milton, Locke, or Burke. It is equally admirable in the depth of its wisdom, the comprehensiveness of its views, the sagacity of its reflections, and the fearlessness, candor, simplicity, and elegance, with which its truths are uttered and recommended."

It was made by Judge Story the basis of his elaborate and systematic treatise on the Constitution. He styles it "an incomparable commentary," and places it in the same category, even as to authority, with the decisions of the supreme court on questions of constitutional law. To the value of Mr. Madison's contributions to it, the learned judge bears the highest practical testimony, in the numerous textual citations from them which he introduces into the body of his own commentaries. Leaving out the judicial department of the Constitution, which was in some sort the professional domain of Colonel Hamilton, the attentive reader will not fail to observe that this leading treatise on the Constitution recurs far more frequently, for the illustration of its principles, to the numbers of the "Federalist" written by Mr. Madison, than to those of either of the other distinguished contributors. And it is a circumstance not unworthy of remark in this same connection, that, in the only instance in which Chancellor Kent, in his great work, makes special and distinctive mention of particular numbers of the "Federalist"—those, to wit, from No. 52 to 64, which he describes as containing "a profound discussion" of the principles on which the organization of the two Houses of Congress rested—of the fourteen numbers there referred to, nine were written by Mr. Madison, three by Colonel Hamilton, and one by Mr. Jay.

We would be the last to derogate from the just merit of Colonel Hamilton in the distinguished part he bore in this master work of American genius and political science. That merit was far too great to admit any palliation or excuse for the effort made to magnify it at the expense of justice to his associates. In urging the adoption of the Constitution by the people, as he did, through the "Federalist," with extraordinary earnestness and vigor, he was often, it is true, in developing the principles of the system, the advocate of opinions not his own. He had declared in the convention, as we have seen, that "no man's ideas were more remote from the plan than

his own were known to be; but it was not possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on the one side, and the *chance* of good to be expected from the plan on the other." The result was, that he threw himself into the struggle for its adoption with all the energy of his character and the vigor of his intellect; and both were displayed in his contributions to the "Federalist" in a bold and striking manner, and with admirable skill and power.

But he was still an advocate. He wrote and spoke, not from his own point of view, but from that of others. The position of Mr. Madison was different. He had been the chief architect in the formation of the Constitution. He was familiar with all the counsels that shaped and controlled every part of its mechanism. He was an earnest believer in the republican theory of government, which Colonel Hamilton was not. From Mr. Madison, therefore, besides his own important contributions, proceeded the ruling inspiration which gave tone and color to the discussions of the "Federalist." The correspondence of Colonel Hamilton himself bears testimony to this. It shows, that, even after Mr. Madison was called away from a personal participation in the work by the necessity of his presence in Virginia, his solicitude watched over it; and he wrote to Colonel Hamilton, making suggestions, with regard to the portion that remained to be executed, which were cordially accepted and acted upon by the latter.

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

[1876—]

MARILLA WAITE FREEMAN

THE art of Abby Meguire Roach is the most difficult of all arts—the transfiguration of the familiar. Her people and situations are of the sort one sees every day. So simple and direct is her handling of them that at first thought one labels it pure realism. More and more, however, as one reads, what seemed so simple shows beneath the surface as subtle and complex; the warp and woof in the pattern of every-day life begin to unfold, and the hand of the idealist appears. That which is at once the purpose and the value of her work stands forth—the illumination of the common lot.

As a writer, Mrs. Roach eludes both classification and comparison. She penetrates human motive and character with the same keen probe that Edith Wharton uses, but she wields her instrument more gently. Her people, less sophisticated, more "common" than Mrs. Wharton's, are also more universal in their types and problems. It has, indeed, been said of Mrs. Roach's characters that they are types rather than individuals. And yet, the ethereal Natalie Palmer, red-blond, G. W. Reno, full-throated Molly-Moll, the vivid and engaging Surprise, and Agnes, the "celestial vampire"—to name a few at random—are persons not easily forgotten. The fact is that for so young a writer ("young" signifying a comparative newness in authorship), and for one with so small a volume of work yet to show, the number of characters she has created and of human histories she has told is a notable achievement. And if, recurringly, it is the "situation" that holds us rather than the individuals that compose it, is not that life—and literature as well? What is Becky Sharp but a type? What else but types did Dickens draw? And what of Sir Willoughby Patterne, the pattern of us all? It is as types, in their common humanity, that people of the imagination have interest and meaning for us. And though, to quote one critic, "Mrs. Roach chooses situations typical of ordinary life, in every one she brings out distinguishing personal elements, and in regard to each she seems to say the last word."

If comparison is to be attempted, it is with a contemporary English writer, May Sinclair, that Mrs. Roach's affinity is greatest.

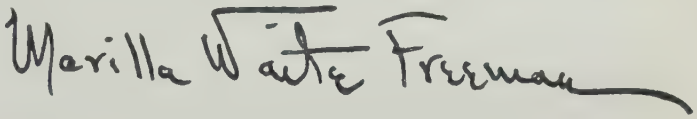
Both have treated the problems of the marriage relation with a clear-eyed vision of realities, a sympathetic comprehension of the motives of the human heart, and unafraidness in the presence of fundamental truths, a delicate courageousness of speech, which are beyond praise. If the English writer's canvases are larger, her touch surer, her genius richer, Mrs. Roach is not yet mature, and there is in whatever she does a hopefulness of outlook, a perception of the ultimate significances of life, which give her work a place and power all its own.

As one has wondered of Miss Sinclair, and of the author of 'Jane Eyre' before her, how such genius, such profound intuitive knowledge of life could have developed so early and in so simple an environment, so one regards Abby Meguire Roach. From a short and normal girlhood, and a quietly happy married life of five years, sprang full-fledged her first volume of stories, each of them a heart-searching page out of real life. She had shown a rather unusual record of childish precocity in a "poem" published at nine years, an "epic" in six cantos composed at twelve, and, at thirteen, had collaborated in the writing of a novel that was actually published in a woman's home magazine in Philadelphia. She wrote also the inevitable verses of adolescence, and a few short stories and essays (some of them appearing in leading magazines) after the year at Wellesley College that concluded her schooling. But it was not until five years after her marriage (in 1899, to Mr. Neill Roach of Louisville) that Mrs. Roach appeared unheralded with a whole volume of short stories—most of them being novelettes—which, although the result of the unconscious mental accumulation of years, were actually produced in a few months, with the greatest rapidity. Harper and Brothers issued them first through the magazine, and then in book form, in 1906, under the title 'Some Successful Marriages.'

Other stories of a different kind Mrs. Roach has written, notably two novelettes which appeared in the *Century Magazine*, "Tents of a Night" and "Manifest Destiny"—companion studies of the girl and the man philanderer; and, in particular, a short love story, "The Dream of the Morning," which, infused as it is with humor and poetry, with charming and delicate sentiment, is an exquisite pastel.

But it was the group of stories of married life that attracted wide attention during their magazine appearance which ranked Mrs. Roach with the most distinctive and distinguished fiction writers of to-day. A few critics spoke of the book as "pathologic"; some regarded the title as ironic; and of course there were not lacking those to throw up the hands of holy horror at the mere mention of

such vital and important subjects as the author handled. But in most quarters the book was recognized as fundamentally sane and optimistic, as "part of that inroad into conventional and unreal sentiment which is a notable movement in modern thought." More than one critic ranked "His Claim" first, as "one of the most beautiful and noticeable stories of the last decade." But "Life's Accolade," "One of Life's Paradoxes," "The Spirit of Partnership," "The Vanished Gods," have their special advocates.



HIS CLAIM

From "Some Successful Marriages." Copyright, 1905, Harper and Brothers, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Who holds by Thee hath heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die—

"I COULDN'T let any one know.—Here! here are two seats. What splendid cars they have nowadays on these suburban lines!—After Mr. Hungerford's business here in B— came up, there was only time to come, and be delighted at the chance. You were so near the hotel I sent you word at once. I thought you might tell me the best way out to Natalie Palmer's. Of course, I supposed you saw her occasionally. It's lovely of you to be taking me."

"Not at all. I shall enjoy seeing her. The idea of my not knowing she lived in B—."

"And she's been here ever since her marriage. How many years? Twenty, fully. Dear me, yes, she has eight children."

"Eight? The ethereal Natalie Palmer?"

"I asked her once if she thought it wise. We've kept up occasional letters. She said she certainly would not venture to doubt its wisdom, though it wasn't a question of her judgment—it was all in the dear Lord's hands."

"Some people shirk a good deal on the dear Lord," Mrs.

Talcott reflected. "They might as logically eat green apples for hunger and send the bills to Him."

"Well, for Natalie it wouldn't seem exactly an easy way of shirking."

"Dear, no; if it had been she would have thought something harder her duty. The most conscientious girl I ever knew. And the daintiest. And eight!"

"When she wrote me of her engagement to Dan Maddox she said she had been slow coming to it; she had been afraid she was not worthy of nor equal to a tie which, once formed, was as indissoluble as that between God and His creature, or parent and child; but at last she was sure she could give Mr. Maddox the obedience and indestructible love that were the wifely duty."

Mrs. Talcott laughed. "Can't you just see Natalie Palmer saying that?"

"That's the charm of her letters—they are so like her. She still uses that fine, round script that we were taught, my dear, as regular and carefully spaced to the line as print. You can fairly hear Natalie's voice rippling across the pages, soft and sprightly. Natalie was always such a *lady*. You know I adored her. We had the most soulful of intimacies. We wouldn't have dreamed of discussing clothes or lovers. Our confidences were all of duty, influence, aspiration. For a while after we left school we both kept diaries and wrote out our innermost yearnings to each other. My youngsters soon got me into a different atmosphere, but Natalie has never changed the fashion of her hair nor her sentiments. As we both grew busy we settled down to a couple of letters a year. And I have never destroyed one of hers; they are the most delightful serial story I ever read—the unconscious portrayal of an exquisite nature, utterly happy in a perfect home life."

"Slow there, slow now!" Mrs. Talcott checked her. "You will exhaust the superlatives."

Mrs. Hungerford's smile was absent politeness. "But it has been ideal."

"Fortunate for her convictions."

"But do you know it has always seemed to me surprising. She sent me their wedding picture; and his was a good face, but commonplace. This attraction of opposites! Isn't it

strange? Can you believe real union is possible for them? And yet . . . Or may they be opposites without being aliens? Mr. Maddox looked devout. Perhaps that explained him in it, and her, too. Even at school, Natalie was the sort of creature of whom some enraptured disciple was always making a fetich. As witness me! So perhaps that devoutness was a fundamental kinship and a bond. You know how devout Natalie herself is! I don't know. I don't know." She sat musing. "Now my life has been about as satisfactory as most people's. Mr. Hungerford's a dear, if he does make it a point of the simple life and democratic independence not to wear a dinner coat. And our children are as good and clever as *our* children could well be in this age without miracles. And I'm sure we all enjoy our home as much as is possible considering the servant problem. But Natalie doesn't seem to have married a character, only a half-human, half-divine relationship; nor to have borne little heirs to whooping-cough and tempers; and, judging from her obliviousness to such details, she must have a tribe of fairies to do her housework. I asked her not long ago if anything disagreeable had ever happened to her; certainly nothing commonplace ever has. Her pictures of their life remind you of a Fra Angelica—everything is so smooth, delicate, clear, airy; a troop of rapturous little angels 'piping to the spirit ditties of no tone.' When they took this house at 3420 M Street—Dear me, isn't it far! It will be noon before we get there. I hope the conductor hasn't forgotten where we want to go."

"I hope not. It's a part of the city entirely strange to me."

"It's well out, I fancy. They have these electrics now, but then it was almost country. When they took the place she wrote that they did not expect to make their permanent home of it; but they have never moved. She said, as they waited, the world came to them, and meanwhile 'their little home came to seem a sort of inseparable body of their life.' She always calls it 'our little home'—there never was the least pretentiousness about Natalie. She wrote once that Mr. Maddox would never corner a market, she knew; *that* wasn't his claim on love. She always refers to him with that note of modest affection and pride. Just what his claim is she doesn't mention. Natalie Palmer would no more discuss her husband than an

illness. 'And then, of course,' she added, 'we have had to break up our investments into a good many *small ventures!*' —six of them there were at that time, and unfailing humor and poetry for every addition to the tribe. She writes entirely without stress; evidently there's neither lack nor luxury. Can't you just tell how Natalie Palmer would live—simple, dainty? Do you remember how beautiful her hands were? And how little her head was for her height and large frame? The way she fluffed her yellow hair made the head look bigger, but the face smaller still."

"And so she's as romantically pious as ever!" Mrs. Talcott remembered.

"More so. It has grown on her, and rather surprisingly to me. Natalie always was the most literal Gospel Christian I ever knew. You know what I mean. My husband is a Pauline Christian, and my father-in-law is an Old Testament Christian, and I'm a modern evolution of one. But Natalie incarnates the Beatitudes. At the same time she has a great deal of human passion and ideality. And religion doesn't as a rule become a mania with people whose lives are so happy as hers. Positively, her religion at times has the ecstasy of the nun or martyr. The mystical doctrine of the Fatherhood and Brotherhood of God is to her as literal and personal a relation as it ever was to the most primitive mind. And unconsciously, in her polytheistic monotheism, the idea of the personality of the Son of Man has taken precedence of the other conceptions of God, so that *the Christ* has become her particular patron deity. She writes of HIM in the intimate, tender way other women speak of their husbands, and with none of the reserves about the spiritual relation that a woman like her has about the earthly. I used to be confused by some of her references to HIM. But Mr. Maddox, it seems, is always respectfully and admiringly *Mr. Maddox*. It is her God who is in perfection all the relations the most perfect human being could be only partially, defectively—Lover, Friend, Master. . . . With her temperament she was bound, I suppose, to be a little disappointed even in the best, and equally bound to love and adore something. So, in spite of a happy marriage, she has gotten up—how shall I express it?—a love affair with God. And as HE is simply the ideal man, her

ideal and pattern, and as she considers love the highest human attribute, HE is personified love, and her whole aim is to be all pity, self-sacrifice, forgiveness. How I run on! I have been so interested in it. The conductor is motioning us. Is this where we get off? It *is* suburbs."

The two women were left on a corner, looking up an unshaded and unpaved street, with two irregular rows of vacant lots and cottages—working-men's cottages—facing each other across it. The street looked like a child's mouth before the first set of teeth is completely deposed or the second installed.

"I declare, he has put us down at the wrong place!" Mrs. Hungerford was disgusted.

But Mrs. Talcott looked at the lamp-post. "M Street." The first few houses were not numbered. "3410, 3418." A vacant lot, and, next, a cottage older than the rest, of the country style, and blotched with gray and peeling whitewash.

"It can't be—!" Mrs. Hungerford stopped short.

Half the palings were off the dingy fence. The board-walk was loose and treacherous. The broken gate hung half open. And in a yard greened in spots by clumps of weeds a cherub and a puppy wrestled over a tin can.

"Young man, who lives here?" Mrs. Talcott called.

The boy was absorbed, but her voice brought to the cottage door a girl of eighteen or so, a tall, slight girl, with a small head and a little face in a mist of fair hair.

"Natalie!" The girl's look was acknowledgment and interrogation. "Natalie Palmer!"

"Oh no," she began; then, "Oh, are you looking for my mother, Mrs. Maddox? Oh, come in. Muddie, here are two old friends of yours who took me for you!" Her voice was a crescendo of laughter.

The door led directly into the front room, and Mrs. Hungerford, following, stupid with bewilderment, caught her patent-leather toe in a snag in a strip of rag carpet across the sill. Natalie's steadying hand was quick, but her laughter ended abruptly in a sharp staccato.

For a moment there was no sound in the room except the purr of Mrs. Talcott's silk skirts as she stepped in.

From an old horse-hair arm-chair, one of whose legs was a stick of kindling-wood, rose a long, thin figure in a purple

print wrapper, from which the print was mostly obliterated. The little face was too little, shrunken; the light hair scant and faded; the body under the full dress seemed loose and bony. But there was distinction in the mere movement with which she rose and turned. Then she saw them. "Why, Nellie Hungerford!" She literally swept across to her motionless caller and caught her up. "Nellie! You darling!" Laughter and tears were in the voice. She gave a more ceremonious but no less gracious hand to Anne Talcott. "When did you two come to B—? Why didn't you let me know? How did you find me? Come, sit down and *talk*. Take that rocker, Nellie. *Careful!*" Warning and amusement. "It has a trick of tilting back too far," which Mrs. Hungerford had discovered. "It's a mischievous tease, but all what my boys would call a 'bluff'—or is it a 'muff'? I can't learn this modern slang. Natalie, bring your bed-pillow for Mrs. Talcott. This soap-box isn't comfortable without." Natalie came, with downcast eyes and inexpressive face.

Mrs. Maddox herself resumed the arm-chair cautiously. And therein is the reason why she resumed the apparently best seat. But she would no more have thought of explaining that than of publicly reproving the children. Now she looked at her guests with pleasure welling over her face. "You dear girls! This is sweet of you. Did you have trouble finding me? *We* feel in the very heart of the city now. When we moved here there wasn't another house in sight, and nothing could have been prettier than these prairie-like commons early on a spring morning when the mist and sunlight and tender green gave an effect like the down on a plum. There's always a bloom on the world if one looks. In summer the prettiest time used to be following an afternoon thunder-storm, when the sun was low and the light came level through the wet grass." She drooped in her chair, her body seemed to collapse. She sat gazing through the window on the barrenness of nature and the crudeness of man with eyes from which looked that unfailing wonder which is the secret of immortal youth. The two strangers looked at her and her surroundings with different expressions. "Then in the fall there's a red-brown grass; a pest to the farmers, they say; and the cattle won't touch it; but it's a pretty impressionistic bit for us. And in

winter our snow was white and smooth much longer than in town. But, of course," she recalled herself, "now we have the human interest to watch."

"There were no trees, even, when you first came?" Mrs. Talcott exclaimed.

"No, we always had a full sweep of God's fields and sky."

"And sun and wind," Mrs. Talcott added, mentally.

Mrs. Maddox pulled her body together and up. "You won't mind my going on with my knitting? A cotton wash-rag." She held it up gayly. "A dealer in the city gives me fifty cents a dozen for them. And I am so glad to do what I can to help in my spare time." Mrs. Hungerford was still looking out of the window, at which the shade was torn half across, and which framed the small Olympian wrestler in the yard, through whose torn and buttonless shirtwaist showed patches of browned skin and whiter recesses. Mrs. Maddox followed her glance, and laughed softly. "You're right. I never have had much spare time. But now that I'm obliged to keep still—" She hesitated with a sort of maidenliness at once embarrassed and reticent. "I will never be able to be very active again," she explained, and passed on in unchallengeable privacy. "So it's fortunate I can add my little grain of sand so easily. It's very sweet to me to be able to help. Mr. Maddox"—she spoke the name as if "it meant, not much, indeed, but something"—"Mr. Maddox has a harder infirmity than mine to bear, inherited and increasing. And, besides, it is not always so simple as it sounds for a man to get the work he will—can do." She ran on happily, like a child talking to herself. "I don't know any more beautiful mission for a woman than to fulfil the original destiny that the Master assigned her, being a helpmeet. Wash-rags seem rather trifling, I admit," she smiled. "But nothing is trifling." And she kept on smiling absently at the work in her hands—long hands, thin now to boniness, hardened and drawn, but unpervertibly shapely and psychic.

A clattering of the board-walk announced otherwise noiseless footsteps, and a barefoot boy of twelve or thirteen swung into the doorway and stopped short, checking so a small avalanche of cherub and puppy following. "Boys!" cautioned the mother, the gentlest reproach with laughter in it. Off came

both hats. "Down Rex! down!—We are considering rechristening the dog," she told her guests. "He's at the destructive age, and, as Natalie said the other day, there are too many wrecks in the house." Did she know she was skimming dangerous ice over deep water? Was she unconscious of double meaning? or so conscious she chose this way of italicizing the meaning she preferred? "Speak to mother's friends, boys." They came across, embarrassed but sturdy. The cherub was an animated Raphael Bambino; the face of the elder, too, still kept the endearing chubbiness of babyhood, though the body was spindling into meagre youth. "This is Mrs. Hungerford and Mrs. Talcott. And this is Dan—" She drew the newcomer towards her, but he twisted in her arm so that her lips found only an ear-tip, and slipped free—"Dan, who is at once too old and too young for kisses." She smiled, but looked at him keenly. And Mrs. Talcott reflected that she would not have needed to prostitute the forms of affection to detect the cigarettes. "And this is Harry, my baby. Harry is past four, and my baby. Natalie was over seventeen before I had a baby older than two. It makes one's arms feel empty." Harry did not evade the arm. He leaned against her, rubbing her cheek with his in answer to the lingering wistfulness of her touch on his curls. "There's nothing in life so sweet as a baby, is there?"

But this one had something on his mind. He squirmed around and put his mouth to her ear for a stage whisper. "Muddie, I'm hungry."

"Bless his heart. Of course he is. It must be luncheon-time. Natalie?—No, Nellie, you and Anne are not going to get off now. We don't make a bit of difference for guests. And they are always welcome to what we have. You came too far and got here too late to go right away. We haven't talked at all.—Run along with Natalie, son, and set the table for her. And, Harry, ring the bell out front for the girls; they are all somewhere in the neighborhood. Mr. Maddox," she explained, with that dignity with which she always spoke his name, "is seldom home to luncheon. And my seventeen-year-old Will, and Dave, who comes next to him, are in business, and take their sandwiches with them. Natalie's in an office, too, you know—"

"I remember you wrote several times about her taking a business course," Mrs. Hungerford murmured, "because you thought every girl should be equipped for self-help."

"Oh, I think so, indeed. And it's one of the most glorious gains of the nineteenth century that women *can*. In our day there was nothing for us but to be teachers or companions or dependants, or"—Her face rippled with the mere shimmer of humor that was so frequent in it—"or, in an emergency, to knit wash-rags. My three little daughters are in the Manual Training School. Natalie's having her vacation"—She remembered the thread of her story—"and, like the dear girl she is, she has spent it here with me, giving me a vacation and house-cleaning."

"I thought I smelled kerosene," Mrs. Talcott said.

Mrs. Hungerford looked at her warningly, but Mrs. Maddox acknowledged it pleasantly. "Yes, hasn't house-cleaning a nice, fresh odor?—How slow Natalie is!—I have let her spend her holiday so because I know the best rest is simply change of occupation; and I never did think either business or college should be allowed to interfere with domestic training. After all, home-making is the woman's chief work, and I want my daughters to have every opportunity to develop the talent.—Oh, ready?—Just come through, girls. This is my room, and this the boys'." She led, with the flowing grace of her faded purple, and indicated the rooms like the custodian of a palace. "We eat in the kitchen. It saves steps where one has to take and count all one's own.—And here are Julie, and Madge, and Bess, whom you haven't seen."

Mrs. Hungerford took each shy, courteous little hand, and stood looking around the circle of faces. "Natalie," she said, "where did you get these children? You never were pretty, and Mr. Maddox's picture. . . ."

Mrs. Maddox turned on her such a look as Moses might have brought from the Mount. "Isn't it a marvel? When I was first married I didn't dare hope for even one child; I couldn't believe myself good enough to be trusted so by the Children's Friend." Mrs. Talcott, remembering how and where the great mass of humanity comes into the world, gasped. "Do you know, I like to fancy that sometimes the Redeemer gives the angels a chance to be incarnated, and, by

living the human life, to know the enrichment of temptation and sorrow, the rapture of salvation."

Mrs. Hungerford found herself still holding Harry's warm little fist.

"Do you think I'm a syrup, too?" he asked, suddenly, in his bubbling, baby voice.

"A what, dear?"

"A syrup."

Mrs. Hungerford looked to the mother, who looked to the child.

"A lady said I was, the other day; she said we all were; she said we were *just too sweet!*"

"Evidently a new celestial order," Mrs. Talcott commented, "a hybrid, a cross between a seraph and a cherub. Your angels are very slightly disguised, Natalie."

It was a kitchen-table covered with brown oil-cloth blotched with stains and heat-rings. "Oh, we *do* make some difference for guests, it seems." Mrs. Maddox smiled festively over the board. In the centre was a tumbler of field daisies. "Did Harry pick them while we waited? Thank you, son. Posies on the table and posies all around. Will you ask the blessing, Nellie?—Anne?" Neither ventured, so the sweet voice of the hostess invited the Dearest of All Friends to be their Guest, as always, and to supply their spirits as their bodies.

Then Natalie, with a pot from the stove, went from plate to plate, scooping out for each, with a long-handled iron spoon, a mound of mushy, gray rice. The butter was rancid, the cistern water lukewarm and slightly acrid, the bread like dried mortar. "Dan's bread," his mother said, proudly. "I congratulate you, son." And Dan looked as if he wished she wouldn't. "Dan does all he can to help mother, especially when Natalie is not here. He has made it only a few times, and it isn't so light as it will be when he gets his hand in thoroughly. But isn't it splendid for an amateur? He has never had a bit of instruction; is just learning from a newspaper recipe. It's an accomplishment I never could boast; but every house ought to make its own bread—then you know what you're getting."

There was nothing more on the table except a yellow

crock of stewed dried apples. Oh yes, one thing more. "Tea for luncheon?" Mrs. Maddox smiled indulgently. "The housekeeper is generous to-day, isn't she, children?" The children dimpled, but Natalie drew her brows together and shook her head at her mother. "This is a real tea-party. We live very simply"—She mentioned it as a casual bit of information —"and I understand that rice is the most nutritious as well as inexpensive food for the little folks."

At the head of the table she sat overlooking the company delicately aglow with hospitality and satisfaction. "I don't know when anything has given me more pleasure. If only Mr. Maddox and the boys were here. I would so love you all to know one another." She did the honors with all the air of apples of gold and *pitchers* of silver. When Harry called for "more," Natalie started to get up, but her mother, sitting with her back to the stove, turned and reached for the pot, evidently according to custom, and reheaped the outheld plate. "I have learned to use all the labor-saving devices." It was merely a matter of remark, not of apology. "I've never been very strong, you know, and I had, of course, first of all to do the work cut out for me. The Head always gives us strength for everything He requires of us, only He expects us to have common-sense enough to know that He doesn't require of us what He hasn't given us strength to do. So the children came first as his direct assignment—and favor." She never looked at them that an exquisite tenderness did not touch eyes and lips. "Mr. Maddox"—That tone as usual that made him in your thought august—"had almost as close a claim, as the choice into which He led, or which He at least allowed. Then the house—" She looked around in tranquil amusement. "It looks as if it had come last, doesn't it? Each day I do all I can; I can't do more. I used to make a great deal of fuss about perfection in material things, but that was when I had a mother and sister to fuss at and let do the rest. I care just as much now, but when it all fell on me and I realized my limitations, I had to choose the most important things—and they are not the material. And I had to learn not to let what went undone jar me, nor to be discouraged. It's all part of the Plan."

How much method was there in her simplicity? Mrs. Tal-

cott wondered. She rippled on, as limpid as a shallow stream, with both lights and shadows subdued. Her guests rose to the occasion. They talked of old friends and old times, Mrs. Maddox with unaffected gayety, Mrs. Talcott with laughter it was hard to keep in bounds, Mrs. Hungerford with smiles it was hard to keep from tears.

Mrs. Hungerford noticed that her old chum ate nothing, hardly even made pretence. Once she caught Natalie's eyes on her mother from the other end of the table, solicitous and inquiring. This time it was the mother who shook her head, and she smiled. But again, when the table was particularly lively, Mrs. Hungerford saw the hands clinch in the lap until the knuckles whitened.

"Natalie, you're in pain," she cried.

Instantly the loose, bony body straightened to its height. "Oh, a trifle. I have it now and then." An involuntary twinge contracted the fingers again.

"Do you know what the trouble is? Are you having proper attention? Are—?" Then at something in her hostess's look, suddenly Mrs. Hungerford feared to tread.

But Mrs. Talcott rushed in. "Surely, with so many busy bees in the hive—"

Was it only a sense of futility that checked her on the threshold, or was it a glimpse that arrested her with wonder?

"You must remember," Mrs. Maddox replied, patiently, since she *must* speak of the distasteful subject, "that a growing family means growing needs. The type-writer and the weaver"—The wonted flicker across her face—"can cast in their last farthing. But a man has inevitable expenses to keep his place among men, and the boys have their friends and must do their share with them. I wouldn't rob them of their youth." Mrs. Talcott looked at Natalie's straightened lips and narrow shoulders and wondered about *her* friends and *her* youth. "Now don't grudge me my little aches. It's the generations of them that have spared us women the temptations of hot blood and have—made—a Natalie possible." She smiled gratitude and petition at her daughter, and Natalie gave her one tremulous, retreating glimpse of wet eyes that invalidated the rebel mouth. "As for my lacks, they are oppor-

tunities from a loving Teacher to grow in HIS likeness. Do you remember Clara Hughes' invalid mother—?"

The table grew lively again. Now and then the children chirped in. Rex was greedy and intrusive; so much so, in fact, that at last Mrs. Maddox gave judgment. "You'll have to put him out, Harry, dear." The child's face clouded; there was one look of appeal; then obedience; his lip trembled, but there was no pouting. And Rex seemed equally mystified and subdued by such unusual suppression. The children were fearless without being forward, obedient without constraint. They seemed to run by a long tether, light as a strand of cobweb, but live as an electric wire, vibrant to the gentlest signal of look, gesture, intonation.

They grew restless at the prolonged reminiscences of their elders, and fell to fidgeting and whispering.

"To be sure," Mrs. Maddox remembered, "we can finish our talk outside. Let's set the young people free." At the word five pairs of bare feet slipped to the floor and stood. The guests rose, following their hostess, and, as they looked inquiringly, all the voices joined in a trailing attempt at a tuneful grace. Then the bare feet scampered to the sink, where napkinless mouths and fingers were washed. And they pelted out-of-doors.

"What lovely children!" Mrs. Hungerford breathed. The mother looked after them with visionary eyes. "Are they always like that?"

"We make no difference for guests," she reminded her.

"And all of them?"

Modesty hesitated. "Oh, the Giver of all Good Things has been very generous in both quantity and quality." She turned in going through the door to see Dan's hand in the match-box. "Son," she said, in a low tone, "remember, in trying to imitate father and brother, that there is a difference between the mannerisms and the man."

Mrs. Talcott, too, was observing him. "Does he look like his father, Natalie?" she asked. "I notice in Julie, too, the same features beginning to develop, not yours. Can you see the resemblance?"

"Features!" Mrs. Hungerford expostulated. "Resemblance! They seem more like the children of your spirit, Na-

talie, than of your body. And you—no 'don'ts,' no nagging, no argument, no 'control'; simply response. How do you accomplish so much without letting the machinery show?"

"Oh, it's love that makes the wheels go 'round, and that oils them, too," Mrs. Maddox smiled, then sobered. "Love rules the world." She fell to musing. "Only by love can we succeed or conquer, cure or save. HE *is* love—love so strong that HE gave His whole life for the sinner; condemning the sin, but loving the sinner."

A shambling step sounded on the plank-walk. Did a shadow "darken her face with white"? "It's Mr. Maddox!" she said, brightly, and crossed to a big man leaning in the doorway with one hand on the jamb; a big man, with broad shoulders, and a dull face thatched by sullen brows and eyes. "Dan, dear, here are two old school-friends of mine; Mrs.—"

He shoved her aside, and lurched through the room so close to Mrs. Talcott that his foot dragged her skirt. An unmistakable stale, sourish odor drifted after him.

Natalie had sprung to her feet; she stood rigid, bent forward, listening, ready, even after the door of the next room slammed behind him.

The two strangers shrank and froze. For a moment the Gorgon head turned them all to stone.

Then Mrs. Maddox crossed to her seat with her regal deliberation. "I am sure you will not be offended," she said, gently. "Mr. Maddox's infirmity makes him strange at times. Poor Dan!" Then, her face lit with transfiguring sweetness and light, "Dear Dan!"

Abruptly in the next room rose sounds of demolition. And instantly the tense bow of Natalie shot her like an arrow to the door.

"Yes, dear, go. He must be dizzy again. See if you can help him."

Two pairs of big eyes appeared in the outer doorway—or, rather, three pairs and one drooping tail. "What is it, boys? You don't think it's supper-time already, do you? Go play till then."

Dan turned off with a bit of swagger, and, as Rex leaped on him, he pushed him aside, lurched a step or two, then, with a whoop, turned to romp. But Harry ran across to his mother

and flung a passionate arm around her. "Nobody shall hurt my muddie!"

For the second time the hands clutched each other till they whitened. She caught him up. "Muddie's knight." Then she laughed. "What a brave man!" Then, gravely: "No one *can* hurt muddie, dear. HE is here."

The callers exchanged glances.

But at sight of it Mrs. Maddox expanded again in that way peculiar to her. "You were telling me about Lillie Weatherford," she reminded them, ignoring the next room. "Did you say she was happy in her marriage?"

In Mrs. Hungerford the essence of friendship answered to meet that call with whatever compliance or evasion would gratify it most. She signalled *no* to Mrs. Talcott. But when it came to speech she stammered. "I have—always—thought so." This was no day for assurance.

"She was a girl of whom I would have expected it. Happiness is an art, you know, and a happy marriage a life work." She took up her knitting, and voice and hands ran on smoothly. "In spite of this advantage or that misfortune, married or unmarried, happiness is an accomplishment, and depends on the individual. You hear people talk of this or that ruining their dispositions. Why, that's the test of a disposition, its proof of any value. Something is as wrong with the person himself as with circumstances if they can annoy and antagonize. One must learn to let evil slide off, and unfailingly to radiate love." Her work dropped absently. " 'Go rather unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' When effort and argument only make the offender more set"—Her curious mixture of simplicity and secretiveness again, the obsession, the oblivious bravado of the child playing with fire—"there is nothing more but to go on loving and waiting, as HE does. Let the past go; trust the future—"

"And accept the present?" Mrs. Talcott challenged her.

But Natalie was coming from the next room. The noise had quieted. She came out straight and stern. Her mother looked at her with an affectionate smile. "He's resting? Poor father! There, dear, don't fret. He'll be better in the morning. All things work together for good."

"Don't you suppose we're expected to help along?" said the girl.

"Oh, we must help, surely; never give up, never lose patience, and never worry."

"Somebody has to do the worrying, mother." Then she ran across to her with little sounds of repentance and protection. "But not you, muddie. You've done your share, goodness knows. If you had fretted besides, where would our sweetness have come from? You're a hero, mother, and a martyr! But oh, do you think anything is any good without the truth?"

And now Mrs. Talcott would go.

Their hostess swept her royal rags to the gate with them, full of blithe appreciation of the day and warm invitation for future ones. She stood smiling after them, even through their wait on the corner. She waved the symbolic wash-rag as they boarded the car. Then she went in and shut the door.

It was some time before the travellers spoke.

At last Mrs. Talcott shrugged her shoulders uncomfortably. "Well, I don't know but that she'd drive me to drink, too. Devout, he was, did you say? Alas, yes: after the decline of the Cæsars, the Middle Ages; with the Götterdämmerung, savagery; on the failure of the throne of wisdom and grace, the French Revolution.

"Well, at least, Natalie won't make such a marriage."

"Oh, Natalie, poor child, will probably make no marriage at all. But oh, the exquisite Natalie Palmer! 'Mr. Maddox will never corner a market, I know; that isn't his claim on love.' 'Just what his claim is—' "

"I know now." Mrs. Hungerford was crying behind her veil.

"What? The claim of a cancer that you can't get away from, and so conceal, and ignore, or draw high moral conclusions from?"

"It goes even deeper than that. Don't, don't be satirical. How can you? Don't you understand?"

Mrs. Talcott laughed and groaned. "Oh yes, I understand perfectly. 'A tie as indissoluble as that between Creator and creature.' 'Go rather unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' It's her idea of the attitude of God."

"Well," Mrs. Hungerford sighed, "there's one comfort in it, it just shows what religion can do for one, make of one."

"*Do for one,* yes," Mrs. Talcott agreed, "*but make of one?* It seems to me the individual makes his religion more than the religion makes the individual. Nevertheless"—Her hand dropped kindly to her old friend's—" 'Nevertheless, do not pity (her) too much.' " Indeed, is she the one to be pitied? Is she to be pitied at all?—with achievement on her brow and her assumption in sight! Pity?

" 'Who holds by Thee hath heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die—' "

HARRISON ROBERTSON

[1856—]

E. POLK JOHNSON

THOSE who know him best find it impossible to class Harrison Robertson other than with the young men of the literary world, not alone because of his buoyant youthfulness, but because of the warm sympathy pervading his work for all that pertains to youth. He is no longer so young as when, in the early 'eighties, he first appeared in *The Century* and in *Harper's Magazine* in lighter and pleasing vein. That these slight poems were of more than passing merit is attested by the fact that they often find a place in the newspapers of to-day.

Mr. Robertson was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, January 16, 1856. He received his education at Union University, and subsequently studied law, but never practiced it, being impelled by an irresistible force to follow other pursuits. "We do but row while we are steered by Fate." In 1878, from being an occasional contributor to its columns, he became a member of the editorial staff of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* with which newspaper he has since had a continuous and responsible connection. During the frequent and protracted absences of Mr. Henry Watterson, the distinguished editor of the *Courier-Journal,* Mr. Robertson assumes complete charge of its editorial policy and columns, the engrossing demands of which leave but little leisure for purely literary pursuits. It was in the midst of demands like these that Mr. Robertson wrote "How the Derby Was Won," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine,* in 1889, and at once created a sensation, as it gave sure promise that a new name was to be added to the list of successful writers. This short sketch was so perfect as to give the reader an idea that he was a real spectator of the race. It stands at the very head of the list of racing stories.

Following in quick succession came his extended efforts, viz.: 'If I Were a Man,' 'Red Blood and Blue,' 'The Inlander,' 'The Opponents,' and later the first and almost the only good automobile story, 'The Pink Typhoon,' which in its merry brightness showed the quick insight of the practical writer who knew the ground beneath his feet and felt his footing sure.

Mr. Robertson follows in no man's footsteps. He marks out his

own paths and treads them lightly and fearlessly. He has been appreciatively hailed as "distinctly the novelist of the New South," but Mr. Robertson would be the first to disclaim this. There are no sectional limitations to his art. He writes of the South because he is of the South, because he knows it well and loves it; but his appeal is to the intellectual world unbounded by sectional or political lines. His mental horizon is so broad, his methods of thought and expression so genial and truthful, that all the world of thought and action may be and is attracted to him. His is a truthful pen and a fearless one, going in a dramatic and romantic spirit to the very root of things. In "If I Were a Man" he left the old paths and gave to the semi-political novel a new status and a better one than it had before enjoyed. The dignified *Forum* welcomed the story as "a contribution of grave interest." In "Red Blood and Blue" he abandoned the political field, finding his theme amid other developments, social and industrial, and brought to the front the later heroes of the South who are working out its ultimate triumphant destiny as bravely and gloriously as their fathers fought its battles on other and sterner fields. "The Inlander" shows us a man originating amid the spirit of the South of ante-bellum days, but coming finally, through travail of heart and mind, yet triumphantly, to the actualities of to-day.

Mr. Robertson has written all his stories in the midst of the engrossing cares of a busy journalist. There has been no time of leisure in which to separate himself from the newspaper work of the day—and ofttimes the night—and to devote himself exclusively to the writing of any one of his productions. Never more than two hours at a time have been given to story-writing. Perhaps it is because of this that he has perfected his work. Having so little time at his disposal, he has carefully husbanded every moment; made every one count, and has found the precise words wanted, and only those, using them to express his thought in succinct form. In reading his novels one finds few superfluous words. His characters—and there are never too many of them—are living beings, whom one seems to know personally; there is nothing superhuman about them. As we put aside one of his books, it is with the spirit of saying "good-night" as to one's friends, confident of a cheery "good-morning" when another day has come.

Mr. Robertson's descriptive power is true, and possibly it is his greatest power—witness that stirring short story, "How the Derby Was Won." The reader sees the green fields and the blue-tinted hills in the far distance; the mighty outpouring of the populace; the crowded race-course. One cannot read this stirring story without the feeling that it is the work of a master's hand and heart. After reading the story, a critic wrote of the author these words: "In

descriptive powers there is no American writer to-day who is Harrison Robertson's superior. He is vividly graphic, tremendously forcible, exquisitely finished, as the occasion may require. He thrills with the intensity of his dramatic scenes, and charms with the beauty of his nature pictures. And yet, over all of his work is the restraint which distinguishes the achieved result from the overleaping effort." No word of this panegyric but is due the modest man who, going quietly about his tasks, has added another name to the list of younger writers who are working out the literary problem of the moment. Harrison Robertson has only begun his part of the great task. He will go far.

E. Polk Johnson

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YABOO WINS THE RACE

From "How the Derby Was Won." *Scribner's Magazine,* August, 1889.

About two weeks before the date fixed for the Derby, Gid rode over to Uncle Lije's to look at Yaboo, and just before reaching the gate into the old trainer's domain, he saw two female figures on horseback ride through it and gallop off down the road. One of them he recognized as Jean; but the fact that she had visited Uncle Lije or Aunt Polly was in no way surprising to him, for he knew that those two worthies, who considered themselves members in good standing of the Heath family, enjoyed the special favor of the Major and his daughter, and that the latter had succeeded to the place in Uncle Lije's affections which perhaps only the sister of "Marse Tom" could have filled.

As the two figures on horseback disappeared behind a green swell of the undulating meadow that swept the smooth turnpike out of view Gid withdrew his eyes from that point of the landscape, and turning through the gate, rode around to the stables, where he found Uncle Lije in the act of removing a side-saddle from the back of Yaboo. The old trainer cast a somewhat apprehensive glance at Gid, and shaking his head wisely and grinning in a manner not to be explained by any evident provocation, hastened to say, before Gid had an opportunity to speak himself:

"He's comin' on, Mr. Gid, he's comin' on; wuked a mile dis mawnin' wid his shoes on in '47. De ole Bonnie Scotlan' blood begins to warm up, I tell you! Ef he keeps on disaway dey'll hear fum us in dat Derby yit, en Huguenot he gotter be feelin' lak hisse'f ef he wanter have a walk-over."

"But why have you had that side-saddle on him?" Gid asked, with more dignity than usually characterized his conversation with Uncle Lije.

"Oh, dat ain't gwiner do no harm," evasively.

"Uncle Lije, one of those ladies who left here a few minutes ago has been riding Yaboo!"

"Well, dat don't mek no diffunce," the old negro replied, uneasily. "Alec Saffel he wuz sick dis mawnin', en Miss Jean she happen to come by, en she took it into her head she wanter

breeze Yaboo 'roun' de track, en long's Yaboo need de wuk, en long's Miss Jean she alluz could do mo' wid dat hawse den any yuther livin' soul, not scusin' Alec Saffel hisse'f, I s'posed I mout ez well let her have her way."

As he thought of Jean Heath riding that fiendish brute, Gid for the first time in his life burned with anger against Uncle Lije. Taking the saddle from the ground, he tossed it with some vehemence under the shed, enjoining Uncle Lije that he was never, upon penalty of having the horse shot, to allow Miss Heath to touch Yaboo again.

"Yes, suh," he answered in bewilderment; "but," he added, under his breath, as he turned to throw a blanket over Yaboo, "I'd ruther be hamstrung den tell Honey dat."

It was Derby day in Kentucky. For weeks past its approach had been the incentive to more comment than any other day on the calendar, Christmas alone perhaps excepted. For months even the papers had devoted a liberal portion of their space to daily discussions of the horses which might be expected to start in the Derby and their relative chances of winning it. This space had gradually increased as the day drew nearer, until for a fortnight immediately preceding its dawn the Derby gossip had been the most conspicuous feature of the local columns of the Louisville press, while there had been no important journal throughout the country which had not kept its readers informed by telegraph of all the news that could be gleaned concerning the race. Speculation about it was general, even among those who knew nothing of the thoroughbred and cared nothing for the sport.

It was a strong evidence of the hold this race has upon the Kentuckians that this spring, when it was conceded on all sides that it would be a "gift" to Huguenot, the lack of the usual element of uncertainty could not degrade Derby day from its preëminence in popular interest. At that time the Kentucky Derby was not only the first of the great regular events of the American turf, but it was more coveted by horsemen than any other prize of the year. In it the prides of the Bluegrass met on equal terms the giants of the Pacific slope and the choicest of the Eastern three-year-olds, and five minutes after the struggle was over the conqueror was worth to his owner a respect-

able fortune; for in addition to the five or six thousand dollars which the stake was worth, the winner also usually won with the stake that which was of far greater value, the reputation of being the best colt of his age this side of England.

To-day all roads in some way connected with Louisville. The Bluegrass plateau was virtually depopulated. The Legislature had adjourned for the occasion and come down from Frankfort the night before, followed by the Governor and the rest of the State officers. Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, to say nothing of other more distant sections of the country, were largely represented by crowds of visitors that overflowed the hotels and filled the lean maws of the boarding-houses. It was a holiday in the city; many of the shops and stores were closed; others dozed with one door open, while some clerk, less fortunate than his fellows, kept lonely vigil within. The May sun never shone with more exhilarating splendor, and by twelve o'clock the avenues leading to the race-course at Churchill Downs began to assume an unwonted animation. The street-cars were packed with people, and an unusual number of vehicles rolled over the thoroughfares. By two o'clock the principal boulevard leading to the Downs was a vivid panorama of speeding roadsters and whirring wheels, the gala procession swelled by every conveyance that could be pressed into service.

At Churchill Downs everything had been put in readiness for this long expected afternoon. Club-house and grand-stand were jauntily repainted; the hedges were primly trimmed; the lawns and flower-beds were as freshly and geometrically irreproachable as nature and man could make them; the field around which the race-course winds was one great eclipse of wimpling bluegrass; while the course itself had been cudgelled and cozzened into a smooth and soft elasticity whose very touch beneath his hoofs would make the veriest "plug" feel for the moment as if all the blood of all Arabia bounded in his veins.

By half-past two, when the first race was called, the grand-stand was thronged; the overflowing crowd filled the grounds about it, and the grass of the field was crushed and hidden from sight beneath the feet of thousands, who stood in the sun, and joked and laughed and scuffled, waiting for the running of the great race.

Gid Bronxon had decided to start Yaboo in the Derby, although he had no real hope of beating Huguenot, whom he knew to be in excellent condition. But there is always a possibility that some accident may befall the best of horses; and, besides, it would be worth something to anybody's colt to run as well as second to Huguenot, as Uncle Lije had more than once insisted. Young Bronxon did not begrudge Huguenot his coming triumph; he was too genuine an admirer of fleetness and gameness in a thoroughbred not to admire at all times his triumph honestly won. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling somewhat rebellious against his untoward fate that he should be prevented from winning this race, which would mean so much to him, by the superiority of a horse whose owner was, of all men, Casey Pallam, the fortune-favored young Tennessean, who, if report was reliable, was no surer of winning the Derby than he was of winning Jean Heath herself.

The first race was a three-quarter-mile dash, with nearly a score of contestants, whose coyness and fretfulness at the post were watched with impatience by the spectators, who resented anything that would delay the principal race of the day. A start was at last made, with every jockey fighting for the lead; and as they turned into the homestretch one of the horses was seen to fall, and immediately afterward another tumbled over him. As the second went down, Gid Bronxon, who was watching the race through a pair of field-glasses, uttered a slight exclamation and hastened toward the scene of the accident. The two fallen horses were quickly on their feet, none the worse for their misadventure, and one of the jockeys also sprang up, laughingly brushing the dust from his gorgeously colored jacket; but the other rider lay where he had been thrown, and as Gid came up he saw that the boy was, as he had thought, Alec Saffel. A physician, who was not hard to find in the crowd which had hurried to the spot, declared that the little fellow had suffered no injury more serious than the dislocation of a shoulder. Gid had him taken to the club-house and properly cared for; and then walked out listlessly on the lawn, his hands aimlessly in his pockets and his eyes fixed vacuously on the variegated foliage of the plants that shaped a jockey's cap and saddle at his feet. His last chance of winning the Derby, insignificant as it had been, had gone, for young Saffel's mishap

would prevent him riding Yaboo, and even if another good jockey could be secured at that late hour, it was extremely improbable that anyone unfamiliar with the horse would be able to manage him.

Uncle Lije came slowly forward, looking so lugubrious that Gid, who was not wearing a very cheerful expression himself, could not repress a smile. "Well, Mr. Gid," forlornly, "luck's gone agin us."

"It seems so, Uncle Lije."

"I knowed sumpn bad wus gwiner happen 'fo night, case I tied one shoe 'fo I put on tother dis mawnin, en I ain't nurver seed dat sign miss yit."

"Well, we'll have to withdraw Yaboo and save him for some other day. Alec will be all right before the meeting is over, I reckon," Gid answered, with some attempt at consolation.

"We gotter try fer de Derby anyhow," Uncle Lije maintained. "Dat race wuff mo' to us den all de res' Yaboo kin run in de whole meetin'—you know dat widout me tellin' you, Mr. Gid. So I done got dis-yere boy Whitlock to ride him, stidder Alec. We hatter take our chances, Mr. Gid, dough de Lawd knows dey mighty slim shakes. Alec Saffel de onles boy yit ever could do anything wid dat Yaboo."

Gid authorized Uncle Lije to do whatever he thought best, and then made his way absently to a seat high up in the grandstand. There he sat until after the second race, with his head bared gratefully to the breeze, and his eyes directed toward the misty billows of the Indiana hills. And as he gazed at them they seemed, as from a majestic amphitheatre, to look down with exalted indifference upon this paltry scene of excitement and contention about him; and catching something of the spirit of their philosophical serenity, he told himself that a man was a fool who, with no more resources than his, ventured upon the turf with the expectation of keeping his head above it. Reaching this sagacious conclusion, he diverted his eyes from the Indiana hills to a certain spot in the ladies' section of the grandstand, where Jean Heath and her aunt were sitting.

This change of view did not result in reflections that were particularly profitable or pleasing, for perhaps the most definite impressions which he received were, that the bonnet of Jean's

aunt was aggressively old-fashioned as she sat among those stylish Louisville girls, and that the clothes of Casey Pallam, who was constantly saying something that made Jean laugh, were conspicuously new and his diamonds were disgustingly dazzling. At four o'clock the bell rang to call the horses from the stables for the Derby. Most of them, however, had already been on the track for several minutes, taking their "warming-up canters," in hoods and blankets, preliminary to the desperate struggle through which they were expected to go a little later. As they brushed by the stand many were the glasses levelled upon them and as many were the criticisms passed upon their movements and prospects; while the universal inquiry was, "Which is Huguenot?"

It was difficult to distinguish Huguenot from the other blanketed figures, there was one horse, at least, easy of identification by those who knew him; for as the others were galloping around the course, away across the field, at one of the gates opening from the stables to the track, he was prancing and plunging, resisting all efforts to coax or drive him. Gid Bronxon knew, even before he focussed his glasses upon the refractory beast and recognized Uncle Lije at his head, that it was Yaboo.

At the ringing of the second bell—the signal that the horses should be saddled for the race—there was a suddenly increased stir among the concourse of people that stretched far back beyond the grand-stand to the long pavilion where the odds were laid against the wise men's ability to "pick the winner." It was to this spot that hundreds were pressing, madmen for the moment in their efforts to "back their judgment"; surging like fierce breakers against the rocks to dash their money on their favorites. "Huguenot!" "Huguenot!" was the cry from all quarters. Everybody wanted "Huguenot," the "sure thing," and such a continuous rush was made upon him that he was "swept off the boards."

"Long odds against the outsiders!" was the iterant chorus. "Anything you want against the short ones!" "Who is this Yaboo? Fifty to one Yaboo!" "One hundred to one Yaboo!"

"Boss, gimme two dollars' wuff dat hunnud to one Yaboo," said Uncle Lije, who having succeeded in getting the horse on

the track, had slipped over for a moment "to take a look at de odds."

"What do you know about Yaboo, Uncle?" some one inquired, eager for a "tip" from the old trainer, as he walked away with his bit of pasteboard calling for $202 if Yaboo should win.

"No'h'n'—don't nobody know no'h'n' 'bout dat hawse. I des reskin' two dollars on his Bonnie Scotlan' blood."

"Then you don't think he stands any chance of winning?"

"I dun-know no'h'n' 'bout dat; but ef he takes it into his head dat he feels lak runnin' dis evenin', en his rider kin keep him fum boltin' de track, er jumpin' de fence, er cuttin' up some er his oudacious shines, de hawse whut beats him is gotter call on all fo' his laigs, da's all."

The horses were over in the paddock now, their grooms sponging their mouths, tightening girths and giving them other last touches of preparation for the race. Most of them were ready, and were being led slowly around the paddock, while the jockeys stood about, receiving the final instructions and waiting the signal to mount and proceed to the starting-post.

The signal was not long in coming. The president of the club, with his coat buttoned tightly about him and a flower on his lapel, arose in the judges' stand, and with a deliberation worthy the importance of the moment, rang the bell for the third and last time. Instantly there was a wild break from the grounds below to the grand-stand, which was already full, and every foot of space was found and occupied by some one anxious to secure a position from which to witness the race. From end to end the stand was one serried mass of people, packed tier above tier, its right section fluttering with the ribbons and the fans of the ladies, who in their holiday attire presented, from a slight distance, the appearance of a vast matted bank of many-colored, breeze-stirred bloom. The sward between the grand-stand and the track was thronged, and over in the field the inner circumference of the course, for a quarter of a mile, was a great crescent of swarming human beings, on foot, on horseback, and in all varieties of vehicles. Across the field the roofs of the stables, which circumscribe the course, were black with men and boys, and even beyond the limits of

the Association's grounds the trees and the telegraph-poles were living witnesses of the scene.

One of the Kentucky senators occupied a seat in the judges' stand, while the other was opposite, holding a timer's watch. On the platform adjoining the judges' stand was a bevy of distinguished strangers—a Governor or two, a rotund justice of the Court of Appeals, a few millionaires, and an eminent Englishman of letters, who was travelling and lecturing in America, as well as collecting notes which he did not expect to publish until he got safely back on the other side of the ocean.

The sprinkling-cart was hauled from the track by two sturdy draught horses, stolidly oblivious of the fact that they were literally drawers of water for their more aristocratic fellows in the paddock; the gate from the paddock was then opened, and the first of the Derby contestants minced daintily through it to the course, and was received with a round of handclapping. It was Petrel, a colt which would have been highly thought of if Huguenot had not been in the race; and as he paraded before the grand-stand and then dashed off to the half-mile post, at which the start was to be made, he was a striking picture of equine beauty. Following him from the paddock came Timarch, a well-formed, well-bred black giant, who looked, however, a little too fleshy for such a race as the Derby. Seven of the nine starters thus appeared, and each was awarded some sign of applause. As the eighth leaped lithely to the track with elastic step and free stride a cheer broke from thousands, which was repeated as the intelligent creature turned his head curiously toward his admirers, and as his jockey, grinning with gratification, lifted his cap in acknowledgment of the greeting. It was Huguenot, of course; no other horse on the grounds would have met such an ovation; and as he came forth the orange and blue of the Pallam colors, plaited about his mane and decking his rider, were unnecessary for his identification by the public. With his slender barrel, his deep chest, his powerful quarters, his hard muscles, his smooth legs, his small, symmetrical head, his gentle, fearless eyes, his strong, flexile action, his lustrous coat, and his rich blood-bay color, relieved by a dash of white on forehead and pastern, he was as perfect a specimen of patrician horseflesh as ever sprang from that remarkable sire of handsome and

great racers, the dead Virgil. Shaking his head from side to side as if for very joy in the ecstasy of motion, he was followed by a parting cheer as he cantered off to the starting-post; and Gid Bronxon, who was standing near the railing that separated the crowd from the track, saw Casey Pallam, a few feet away, smile radiantly as he lifted his hat to Jean Heath, who was beaming on him from the grand-stand.

The next moment Uncle Lije at his bit and young Whitlock on his back succeeded in getting Yaboo from the paddock to the course. As the uncomely colt plunged right and left, stubbornly refusing to obey either the cajoleries or the chastisement of his rider, laughter echoed from stand and field, and rose again as a big voice exclaimed, "Hitch him to the water-cart!" Gid Bronxon flushed as he saw Casey Pallam join in the laughter and cast an amused glance in the direction of Jean Heath. But he did not look at Jean Heath again himself.

Yaboo—and coming just after Huguenot, at that—was a rather laughable object, with his long, gangling body made still more grotesque by his contortions; his big, aquiline-nosed head; and his ashy color, of that particular shade of light chestnut which belonging to a plough-horse, would have been called "clay-bank"—a shade which cannot be made to take on a gloss, however great the care of the groom, and which appeared all the more commonplace under the silk of Gid's colors of crimson and creamy white.

After much persuasion and lashing Yaboo at last switched his tail in the air impatiently and rushed off rapidly toward the other horses, which were waiting for him at the half-mile post. Arriving there, he refused to stop, but ran on a quarter of a mile farther before Whitlock could check him; and ten minutes more were consumed in bringing him back to the starting-post. A good half-hour was then wasted in attempting to get him off with the other horses, but when they were moving forward in line Yaboo was otherwise engaged, in trying to dismount his rider, in kicking out lustily at the starter's assistant, in waltzing, bucking, rearing, and other favorite divertisements of his, or in suddenly turning and scudding away in the opposite direction to that in which the race was to be run.

The spectators were at first amused at these antics of Ya-

boo's, but their patience, as well as that of the starter, was fast becoming exhausted, and it looked as if it would be necessary to leave the crimson and white behind and run the race without Yaboo's assistance, when Gid smiled as he saw Uncle Lije go up to the judges and engage those officials in earnest conversation, emphasizing it with many obeisances and gestures. The old trainer was well known by the officers of the Association, and they probably had dealings with no one for whom they had more respect. He was evidently well pleased with his call, for when he left the judges' stand he was wreathed in smiles. Before Gid could reach him he had disappeared through the crowd, but the next minute a messenger from the judges was galloping across the field to inform the starter that another jockey would be allowed to ride Yaboo, and a few moments later Gid caught sight of Uncle Lije driving a buggy furiously toward the half-mile post, with a boyish figure in crimson and white at his side. He wondered idly what jockey Uncle Lije had picked up now, but was satisfied that it was of no importance who rode Yaboo, as nothing could be expected from the colt in his present humor.

Through his glasses he saw Uncle Lije and his companion spring from the buggy and go upon the track; saw Whitlock dismount with alacrity, and the new jockey approach Yaboo in front and stand for an instant patting him on the nose; saw him vault from Uncle Lije's hand into the saddle, and then bend over the colt and stroke his neck for a few seconds; saw him lift himself in his seat and gently shake the reins, and saw Yaboo walk slowly toward the other horses; saw him come abreast of them, then saw, like a flash of refracted light, a many-colored platoon plunge forward. The next instant the red flag had cut the air to the earth, there was a resonant shout from the grand-stand, and the Derby had begun.

For nearly a hundred yards the nine horses ran shoulder to shoulder in a beautiful line deployed straight across the track. Then the manœuvring for position commenced. Reins were tightened and others were slackened, and the brilliant hues of the jockeys wove in and out with shifting rapidity as some pushed to the front and others restrained their impatience. At the first quarter they were all close together, but divided into two phalanxes, in the last of which was Hugue-

not, while at his flank was the big nose of Yaboo. At the start Huguenot, with a bound like a panther's, had sprung to the front, but his rider had promptly taken him in hand, and was now leaning far back in his saddle in his effort to keep the spirited animal from making his race too soon. The crimson and white of Yaboo had not been at all conspicuous in that kaleidoscopic change of colors except for the persistency with which they remained just in the rear of the Pallam orange and blue.

As the horses swung into the stretch for the first time the trailing division closed on that in front, and they rounded the turn all bunched. But only for two or three seconds did they run in this order, for as the long stretch was fairly entered Petrel burst from the ruck and shot to the van, increasing his speed at every stride until by the time he had covered fifty yards he was fully three lengths ahead of all the others. Then another rein was loosened, and the big black form of Timarch loomed out in hot pursuit of the flying Petrel, followed by a general quickening of the pace by the others. Down the stretch they came, their shining coats and burnished trappings glinting against the sun, and the dust rising luminously in their wake. As they neared the stand Petrel was still leading, but Timarch was following with a rush that was fast lessening the distance between them. Behind Timarch, two lengths away, were the others in a pack, from which the shapely head of Huguenot showed slightly in advance of the remaining six. That head was sawing from side to side desperately as the colt fought against the unyielding bit that kept him from spurning his company and leaping disdainfully to the lead. Meanwhile, at his saddle-girth, unmindful of his disdain, and seemingly of everything else, Yaboo lounged sleepily along.

As the end of the stand was reached Timarch worked up to Petrel, and the two raced down to the "wire," cheered on by the applause of the spectators. They ended the first half mile of the race head and head, passing lapped together under the wire, and beginning in earnest the mile which was yet to be traversed. As they dashed by the judges the other horses were four lengths behind them; but just at this point Huguenot's jockey relaxed his reins a little, and with a wonderful bound that shook the grand-stand with a shout of joy, the orange and

blue began to cut down the gap which Petrel and Timarch had made. In a second Huguenot was clear of the bunch, and leaving it further in his rear at every one of those mighty, graceful bounds. But in another second Yaboo's rider had bent forward slightly, and Yaboo himself, appearing to wake from his dreams, switched his tail and hurried off in pursuit of his late companion. "Just look at old Water-cart!" yelled the big voice again, and before the laughter had subsided Yaboo's nose was back at its old place at Huguenot's saddle-girth; in another moment it was at his throat-latch; and in two more strides the crimson and white and the orange and blue were streaming through the sunlight blended together. The excitement now began to grow intense as the next quarter was finished with Huguenot and Yaboo side by side, only a length behind Petrel and Timarch, still lapped, while the others were struggling some lengths away. It was as if for the time there were two races, one between Petrel and Timarch and the other between Huguenot and Yaboo, with nothing to indicate which would be the winner of either. It was evident, however, that Petrel and Timarch were running at the top of their speed, while the other two each had something yet in reserve.

Gid Bronxon felt the hand that held his glasses become a trifle unsteady as he watched the good work which Yaboo was doing, and yielding to a sudden impulse he glanced up in the grand-stand, but he could not see either Jean Heath or her aunt. Looking over into the field, he broke into a nervous laugh as he caught sight of Uncle Lije hilariously tossing his hat high in the air.

But his laugh instantly died away when he levelled his glasses on the horses again. They were approaching the turn into the back-stretch, in the same order as last noted, when Yaboo abruptly left Huguenot and bolted obliquely to the opposite side of the track, an action which sent a murmurous commotion through the throngs which saw it, and left no doubt in any one's mind that all chances for the crimson and white were over. For Huguenot not only went on alone in pursuit of Petrel and Timarch, but by the time Yaboo had been pulled back into the course every horse in the race had passed that obstinate brute.

Along the back-stretch it soon began to look as if the re-

sult would be between Petrel and Huguenot, for Timarch faltered, and then dropped back to Huguenot, the latter going by the tired black colt quickly, and now rapidly overtaking the gallant Petrel. In the next twenty yards he collars Petrel, and a cry goes up from the grand-stand. There seems nothing in the race now except the two, and in another twenty yards the cry swells into an exultant roar as Huguenot's colors flash to the lead. Petrel's jockey draws his whip and plies it vigorously, and the brave colt makes a heroic effort to recover his lost ground. But it is useless. Petrel's race is run, and Huguenot enters on the last half-mile two good lengths in front, which it is easy to see he can make a dozen if necessary. "It's all over!" is the exclamation which rises above the pandemonium in the field and the grand-stand. "It's Huguenot's race!" "There's nothing in it that can make him run!" "He wins in a walk!"

Huguenot swings into the homestretch, retaining his advantage without an effort, and running with a free action that is as beautiful as it is powerful, his rider sitting motionless in supreme confidence that all that is required of him now is to hold the horse to his course.

The great crowd is laughing good-humoredly at Huguenot's easily won Derby. Many in it are shaking each other's hands, and Gid Bronxon observes that those near Casey Pallam are boisterously congratulating him.

Suddenly there is a new tumult. "Look!" "Look!" "Who is that?" "See how he comes!" For out from the rear tears a tornado of dust, swirling by horse after horse with a swiftness that is electric in its effect on those who see it. "Who is it?" "Who is it?" "What are those colors?" And a big voice bellows, "By the great Geehosaphat if it ain't old Watercart!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" proclaim a thousand straining tongues, and the reverberant shouts startle from his fancied security Huguenot's jockey, who, turning in his seat, looks over his shoulder and sees swooping down on him that pillar of dust, out from which, even as he looks, there leaps like a gleam of lightning a sheen of crimson and white—and Yaboo is once more alongside of Huguenot. The rider in orange and blue is no longer motionless in his saddle; his arms beat the air rapidly as he shakes Huguenot's sides incessantly, as,

for the first time, he begins to urge the son of Virgil to do his best. But Yaboo is not to be gotten rid of easily. It is as if he were borne on by some preternatural force, on which he has been hurled forward with a momentum that is resistless. Do what he can, Huguenot cannot shake that demon from his side, and an eighth of a mile from the end the two are neck and neck, and each is running as he has never run before. On they plunge, stride for stride, the dust rising and hanging over the other horses a few yards behind them, whose riders are now making a last desperate attempt to force them to the front. And as they respond with their final rally, and dash furiously forward in a close cluster through that lowering dust, their hoof-beats echo like the rhythmically rolling rumble of low thunder, the quick ashes cleave the dust-cloud against the light like wind-writhen rain, and it is, indeed, as if a storm were sweeping down the course, from which those two terror-stricken beasts just in front of it are fleeing for their lives. On they fly, from one storm into another—from the storm behind them into the storm that bursts before them from ten thousand throats. They are so near now that the play of their tense muscles can be seen without the aid of glasses; but near as they are, those myriad eyes cannot see which, if either, leads the other. They are so near that the delicate nostrils of Huguenot, dilated to their utmost in this mighty struggle, glow like opalescent fire. They are so near that, straining, as if almost they would leave their sockets, the whites of Yaboo's eyes are plainly visible. Huguenot, with every faculty of his beautiful body and dauntless spirit thrown into this supreme effort, is superb, and more than worthy of every one of those deafening plaudits, "Huguenot!" "Huguenot!" Yaboo in motion, now the incarnation of a terrific power, is grand, and deserves that frantic acclaim, "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" Pitted together they are magnificent, and "Huguenot!" "Huguenot!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo!" "Yaboo wins!" "Huguenot wins!" rend that mad multitude with a warring chaos of enthusiasm. On they come, even yet as though yoked together; but now as they reach the sixteenth pole, is it—can it be that the crimson has forged just a hand's-breadth in front of the orange? "Huguenot is beaten!" rises from the people like a groan of defeat and a yell of victory. His jockey immediately raises his whip, and Hugue-

not for the first time in his life feels the sting of raw-hide. "Huguenot is whipping!" is heard above that wild uproar, if there is anyone to hear. The sensitive creature springs gamely from the lash, and with a herculean bound wrests the lead from his competitor. "Huguenot has him!" "Huguenot wins!" and the multitude sways and storms over the triumph of the favorite—for triumph it must be, as the goal is now not fifteen yards away. Yaboo's jockey bends lower over his horses's withers; there is a tremulous motion of his hands, a convulsive pressure of his knees, a quick lifting as if of the horse by the rider, and while the cruel blows yet fall on Huguenot's flank, Yaboo, amid an outburst that must startle the far Indiana hills, hurtles past the judges, winner, by a "head," of the Kentucky Derby.

As the jockeys rode back to the judges' stand to dismount after the finish of the race, Gid Bronxon suddenly sprang through the gate to the track, and hurrying to Yaboo, lifted his drooping rider from the saddle. His own face was as pale as the boy's, and as he held the exhausted figure for an instant in his arms he saw tears trembling on the little fellow's lashes. "Put me down, quick, quick!" came from the quivering lips, and like one in a dream Gid placed him on the ground. The crimson and white jacket disappeared immediately into the latticed weighing-room. In a moment Gid saw it come forth and slip away through the crowd. A minute later he caught a glimpse of it by Uncle Lije's side as the old trainer drove away in the buggy; and while the eyes of perhaps all in that throng were directed upon the horse that had won the Derby, and upon the time of the race, which had just been posted, Gid, going to the topmost railing of the grand-stand, followed with a dazed look the buggy as it left the grounds, turned into the old road that extends beyond them, and stopped in front of a little cottage back among the trees. Then he saw the crimson and white jacket leave the buggy and run up to the door, into the arms of a lady who was standing there, and on whose head was an aggressively old-fashioned bonnet.

The cottage, he happened to know, belonged to the old woman who had charge of the women's dressing-rooms beneath the grand-stand, and glancing in that direction as he made his way below, he saw her sitting faithfully at her post.

About eight o'clock that evening Gid met Major Heath in the lobby of the Galt House, and after receiving the old gentleman's congratulations the two engaged in a conversation which concluded in this way:

"I'm afeard not, Gid. Jean is in a turrible tantrum. Cryin' all the time, an' says she never wants to see nobody ag'in."

"But, Major, if it is possible, I *must* speak to her, somehow."

"Come along then, an' I'll see if I c'n manage it."

Among the "Notes" which followed a long description of the Derby in a Louisville paper next day were these:

"It is reported that the owner of Yaboo was offered $10,000 for him within half an hour after the race yesterday."

"It was noticed that the jockey who rode Yaboo had neither whip nor spurs. It is said that the horse will not submit to punishment."

"The most important and happiest man in town last night was old Uncle Lije Heath, who trained the Derby winner. He says he knew all the time that Yaboo was no half-breed, and that his Bonnie Scotland blood was bound to pull him through. Uncle Lije won two thousand dollars on the result."

"It is said that young Smith, who piloted Yaboo to victory, never rode in a race before. If such is the case the lad's performance was nothing short of marvellous. Smith is from the country, and was discovered by Uncle Lije Heath, who says, however, that the boy's parents would never consent to his going upon the turf. This is unfortunate, as there is no doubt that he would soon rank with the premier jockeys of America. Uncle Lije explains that Smith would not have ridden yesterday if the horse had not been a favorite of his, and if the ridicule with which the crowd greeted Yaboo had not made the boy indignant."

"The genial Major Heath, of Woodford County, was seen by a reporter in front of the Galt House late last night, in company with Mr. Bronxon, the owner of Yaboo. The Major seemed as radiant over the result as Mr. Bronxon himself, as the great son of Glenelg and Brunhilde was bred by the Major, being the first Derby winner he has yet produced. He sold Yaboo as a two-year-old, he says, for $160. Mr. Bronxon, in response to an inquiry by the reporter, said he thought that yesterday's experience would satisfy him, and that he would seek no further honors on the turf. Major Heath intimated that there was some probability of the formation of a partnership between himself and Mr. Bronxon for the management of the former's stock farm, an intimation which Mr. Bronxon did not deny."

TWO TRIOLETS

From *The Century Magazine.*

I

WHAT HE SAID:

This kiss upon your fan I press—
  Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it?
And may it from its soft recess—
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Be blown to you, a shy caress,
  By this white down, whene'er you use it.
This kiss upon your fan I press—
  Ah, Sainte Nitouche, you *don't* refuse it!

II

WHAT SHE THOUGHT:

To kiss a fan!
  What a poky poet!
The stupid man,
To kiss a fan,
When he knows that—he—can—
  Or ought to know it—
To kiss a *fan!*
  What a poky poet!

COQUETTE

From *The Century Magazine.*

"Coquette," my love they sometimes call,
  For she is light of lips and heart;
What though she smile alike on all,
  If in her smiles she knows no art?

Like some glad brook she seems to be,
  That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,
And prattles to each flower or tree,
  Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.

Beneath the heavens' white and blue
It purls and sings and laughs and leaps,
The sunny meadows dancing through
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeps.

'Tis thus the world doth see the brook;
But I have seen it otherwise,
When following it to some far nook
Where leafy shields shut out the skies.

And there its waters rest, subdued,
In shadowy pools, serene and shy,
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood,
And tender dreams and longings lie.

I love it when it laughs and leaps,
But love it better when at rest—
'Tis only in its tranquil deeps
I see my image in its breast!

APRILLE

From *Harper's Magazine.*

She walked across the fields, ice-bound,
Like some shy, sunny hint of spring,
And stooping suddenly, she found
A violet—a dainty thing,
Which shunned the chilly light of day
Until sweet "Aprille" came that way.

They knew each other, girl and flower;
There was some subtle bond between;
And I had walked, that very hour,
The fields, and had no violet seen;
For me the winter landscape lay
All blossomless and bleak and gray.

They knew me not, blue flower, blue eyes;
  She, careless, passed me when we met;
The tender glance which I should prize
  Above all things, the violet
Received; and I went on my way,
Companioned with the cheerless day.

From wintry days blue violets shrink;
  From wintry lives blue eyes will turn;
And yet if she, I sometimes think,
  Could smile on me with sweet concern,
One life so like this wintry day
Would spring-time be for aye and aye.

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

From *Harper's Magazine.*

You Wi'yum, come 'ere suh, dis instunce, Wut dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nuth'n but *rocks?*
'Peahs to me you's owdashus p'ticler—s'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you t'ink dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed;
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't even be a grease spot!

I'll fix you! Mirandy! Mi*ran*dy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me the toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.

I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yum Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her quit cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sir? I is. I's ashamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjin angel, he 'shamed er wut you has done;
En he's tuck it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One water-million stoled by Wi'yum Josephus Vetters."

En wut you 'sposin' Brer Bascum, yo' teacher at Sunday school,
'Ud say ef he know'd how you's broke de good Lawd's gol'n rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be black villiun?
I's 'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's GREEN! Mirandy! Mirand-y! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Caint tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump um, en when dey go pank dey is green,
But w'en dey go *punk,* now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook water-millions—*you* heered me, you ign'ant young hunk,
Ef you don't want a lickin' all over, be sho' dat de allers go "punk!"

ELIZABETH ROBINS

[1862—]

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

AN actress, ranked by Bernard Shaw in such parts as Hilda in "The Master Builder," and Agnes in "Brand," with the greatest artists of what is the greatest drama of the period; author of at least one play of her own and of half a dozen considerable novels; traveler, propagandist, and what not, Elizabeth Robins is one of the most versatile and brilliant women of the day.

She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, August 6, 1862, was educated in Zanesville, Ohio, and was married in Salem, Massachusetts, January 12, 1885, to Mr. George Richmond Parkes. In 1888 or 1889, she went abroad for the summer with Mrs. Ole Bull, expecting to return in the autumn to her engagement with Mr. Augustin Daly at his New York theater. But, while passing through London, only a day or two before her steamer was to sail, she met people and saw life and work that arrested her. It was eight years before she returned to America, and it is England now that is her home, though she tries to spend a part of each year on her estate in Florida.

It is interesting to note that it was not until after ten rich years abroad, not until after her establishment as an actress of the first rank, that Miss Robins's writings became notable. 'The Fatal Gift of Beauty,' 'George Mandeville's Husband,' and 'The New Moon,' written under the pen-name "C. E. Raimond," were passable as early work. But it was 'The Open Question,' published in 1898, that revealed a writer for serious consideration and brought about the abandonment of the pseudonym. In the ten years since then she has produced four more books of weight, 'The Magnetic North,' 'A Dark Lantern,' 'The Convert,' and 'Come and Find Me.' 'Under the Southern Cross' also appeared about the same time as the two last.

Sweep and grasp, largeness of scope, and significance of theme, together with wealth of detail, great charm and skill in exposition, acumen, wit, justice, a remarkable verity, and an indomitable spirit—these characterize all that Miss Robins does.

Her subjects are extensive, both in kind and in number. 'The Open Question' and 'A Dark Lantern' deal with those special social questions called "problems of sex." 'The Magnetic North,' on the other hand, has not even a love story. It has to do with real ad-

venture, with the wilds, and with the brute, the heart, and the spirit in man. 'Come and Find Me,' with the same general theme of the North, of gold-seeking and exploration, has more "heart interest," but for the most part of the simpler sort. And 'The Convert,' though it covers the whole problem of the relations between the sexes—social, psychological, political, personal, physical—is based on the question of suffrage for women.

This wholesome balance of outlook, the quality most denied of work of this sort, and specifically often of Miss Robins's, is in fact one of its most self-evident traits. Her work is too comprehensive not to be balanced. 'The Open Question' does not, perhaps, cover its issue as completely and finally as does 'The Convert' or even 'The Dark Lantern'; it remains an open question. But it is an excellent example of how mature and direct treatment may handle any theme. 'The Dark Lantern' is an even better example. Inevitably, after its appearance, as is recorded to have occurred after the first performance of "Ghosts" in London, "the atmosphere . . . was black with vituperation, with threats, with clamor for extinction and suppression, with everything that makes life worth living in modern society." Miss Robins has the temper for this sort of thing. In 'The Convert,' handling a most prickly subject, she runs the whole range of attitudes—imperturbability, wit, reason, humor, appeal. indignation, passion, enthusiasm. And in 'The Dark Lantern,' with inflexible integrity and absolute consciousness of what she is doing and means to do, she covers, in the book's own pages, every possible objection to and criticism of the work itself. Not only are Garth and Katherine themselves fully-rounded characters, but the relation between them is logically developed, and their story perfectly balanced by other stories and characters illustrating other elements of life. Perhaps in every piece of work of this kind each reader would change some touches; but absolute judgment—and absolute agreement with the taste of everybody—on this most delicate of all themes would be superhuman. The fact remains that 'The Dark Lantern' shows a notably clean vision. It stands for the steady recognition of the facts of life, and the steady solving of it. It is one cry for truth, truth! however brutal and bitter. And its hardy virtue and honesty are like the lash of salt spray in the face. If more "morality" and "justification" than that are needed, and if the interpretation as well as the recording of life is looked for, it is all there, in the fourth "book" of the novel. The story of Vida, in 'The Convert,' also is introduced with plain purpose and is in excellent proportion. It is one of the points of discussion. Though it is not so artistically or so convincingly written as some other parts, the rest of the book is perhaps the most conclusive of all

Miss Robins's work. Not only does it cover and settle the main debate, but it is one of the most exhaustive and searching studies of the psychology of the situation between the sexes that has ever been made. It is full of touches as inexorably and excruciatingly true as anything of Ibsen's.

The ability to make her argument by delineation of character, by incident, by incidentals, is what makes Miss Robins's effects so subtle, cumulative, and convincing. Her work, with all its propaganda, never ceases to be fiction. The fictional form carries even 'The Convert' with great felicity (until the last), and gives opportunity for presenting all sorts of people in relation to the issue, and all sorts of points of view. To be sure, her method often suggests the stage more than the novel. 'The Convert' indeed was first written as a play, and its end is theatrical; and the entire affair of Jack Galbraith's destruction of his records, in the latter part of 'Come and Find Me,' is melodramatic. But that scene of the first sight of gold, of real Klondyke gold, to the frozen-in seekers after it in the little cabin on the Yukon, is drama. Most of the conversations are singularly human also. The suffrage debates, public and private, seem stenographic in their naturalness and fidelity.

It is interesting to note that Miss Robins's heroes are, as a rule, more life-like than her heroines. That is not to say that her men are better done than her women, but that her objective characters are more real than her subjective ones. The men are all objective, even the Colonel and the Boy being fundamentally so.

In many points Miss Robins is unexcelled. She is so readable! Even 'The Convert,' which is all argument, holds the interest throughout. But, when all is said, one wishes that work that is so good were just a little better. Along with a clarity and conciseness that win one's admiration go all sorts of carelessness of locution and confusions of the point of view. Indeed, the general effect of these stories is confused. They have no form, no coherence, no cumulative drawing to a climax. The fault is not so much that they are mere chronicles; that is not necessarily a fault at all. But they are inchoate—great masses of splendid material, all relevant enough, but unarranged, unamalgamated. People go in and out, clues are given and come to nothing, in the most inconsequential way. To be sure, these very things are part of the amazing lifelikeness of effect. But there are distinctions as to when a thing is well done, when it is art, and when it is not. Ernestine Blunt and the other suffragettes are examples of a most effective use of the episodic method, while the Blumpittys, about whom an elaborate air of mystery and expectation is worked up without fulfilment, leave the reader feeling positively fooled.

All the great novelists, however, have their limitations, or we may call them simply their characteristics. No verdict now regarding Miss Robins's work could be final. It just falls short of satisfying, but it is still crescent. The confusion apparent in it is that which attends volume and impetus. She has many superlative qualities. She handles themes of permanent interest. There is no doubt that, intellectually, she ranks with the first writers of her generation. She is at least one of the foremost exponents of modern thought, one of the leaders of the day, and she is read with a deserved popularity.

Abby Meguire Roach.

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THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE

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THE two who had been scornful of the frailty of temper they had seen common in men's dealings up here in the North, began to realize that all other trials of brotherhood pale before the strain of life on the Arctic trail. Beyond any question, after a while something goes wrong with the nerves. The huge drafts on muscular endurance have, no doubt, something to do with it. They worked hard for fourteen, sometimes seventeen, hours at a stretch; they were ill-fed, suffering from exposure, intense cold, and a haunting uncertainty of the end of the undertaking. They were reasonable fellows as men go, with a respect for each other; but when hardship has got on the nerves, when you are suffering the agonies of snow-blindness, sore feet, and the pangs of hunger, you are not, to put it mildly, at your best as a member of the social order. They sometimes said things they were ashamed to remember, but both men grew carefuller at crucial moments, and the talkative one more silent as time went on. . . .

Like a man walking in his sleep, the Colonel followed, now holding on to the sled and unconsciously pulling a little and when the Boy, very nearly on his last legs, remonstrated, leaning against it, and so urging it a little forward.

Oh, but the wood was far to seek that night!

Concentrated on the two main things—to carry forward his almost intolerable load, and to go the shortest way to the nearest wood—the Boy, by-and-by, forgot to tell his tired nerves to take account of the unequal pressure from behind. If he felt it—well, the Colonel was a corker; if he didn't feel it—well, the Colonel was just about tuckered out. It was very late when at last the Boy raised a shout. Behind the cliff overhanging the river-bed that they were just rounding, there, spread out in the sparkling starlight, as far as he could see, a vast primeval forest. The Boy bettered his lagging pace.

"Ha! you haven't seen a wood like that since we left 'Frisco. It's all right now, Kentucky;" and he bent to his work with a will.

When he got to the edge of the wood, he flung down the rope and turned—to find himself alone.

"Colonel! Colonel! Where are you? *Colonel!*"

He stood in the silence, shivering with a sudden sense of desolation. He took his bearings, propped a fallen fir sapling aslant by the sled, and, forgetting he was ready to drop, he ran swiftly back along the way he came. They had traveled all that afternoon and evening on the river ice, hard as iron, retaining no trace of footprint or of runner possible to verify even in daylight. The Yukon here was fully three miles wide. They had meant to hug the right bank, but snow and ice refashion the world and laugh at the trustful geography of men. A traveller on this trail is not always sure whether he is following the mighty Yukon or some slough equally mighty for a few miles, or whether, in the protracted twilight, he has not wandered off upon some frozen swamp.

On the Boy went in the ghostly starlight, running, stumbling, calling at regular intervals, his voice falling into a melancholy monotony that sounded foreign to himself. It occurred to him that were he the Colonel he wouldn't recognise it, and he began instead to call "Kentucky! Kentuck-kee!" sounding those fine barbaric syllables for the first time, most like, in that world of ice and silence.

He stood an instant after his voice died, and listened to the quiet. Yes, the people were right who said nothing was so hard to bear in this country of hardship—nothing ends by being so ghastly—as the silence. No bird stirs. The swift-flashing fish are sealed under ice, the wood creatures gone to their underground sleep. No whispering of the pointed firs, stiff, snow-clotted; no swaying of the scant herbage sheathed in ice or muffled under winter's wide white blanket. No greater hush can reign in the interstellar spaces than in winter on the Yukon.

"Colonel!"

Silence—like a negation of all puny things, friendship, human life—

"Colonel!"

Silence. No wonder men went mad up here, when they didn't drown this silence in strong drink.

On and on he ran, till he felt sure he must have passed the

Colonel, unless—yes, there were those air-holes in the river ice. . . . He felt choked and stopped to breathe. Should he go back? It was horrible to turn. It was like admitting that the man was not to be found—that this was the end.

"Colonel!"

He said to himself that he would go back and build a fire for a signal, and return; but he ran on farther and farther away from the sled and from the forest. Was it growing faintly light? He looked up. Oh, yes; presently it would be brighter still. Those streamers of pale light dancing in the North; they would be green and scarlet and orange and purple, and the terrible white world would be illumined as by a conflagration. He stopped again. That the Colonel should have dropped so far back as this, and the man in front not know—it was incredible. What was that? A shadow on the ice. A frozen hummock? No, a man. Was it really . . . ? Glory hallelujah—it *was*. But the shadow lay there ghastly still and the Boy's greeting died in his throat. He had found the Colonel, but he had found him delivered over to that treacherous sleep that seldom knows a waking. The Boy dropped down beside his friend, and wasn't far off crying. But it was a tonic to young nerves to see how, like one dead, the man lay there, for all the calling and tugging by the arm. The Boy rolled the body over, pulled open the things at the neck, and thrust his hand down, till he could feel the heart beating. He jumped up, got a handful of snow, and rubbed the man's face with it. At last a feeble protest—an effort to get away from the Boy's rude succour.

"Thank God! Colonel! Colonel! wake up!"

He shook him hard. But the big man only growled sullenly, and let his leaden weight drop back heavily on the ice. The Boy got hold of the neck of the Colonel's parki and pulled him frantically along the ice a few yards, and then realised that only the terror of the moment gave him the strength to do that much. To drag a man of the Colonel's weight all the way to the wood was stark impossibility. He couldn't get him eighty yards. If he left him and went for the sled and fuel, the man would be dead by the time he got back. If he stayed, they would both be frozen in a few hours. It was pretty horrible.

He felt faint and dizzy. It occurred to him that he would pray. He was an agnostic all right, but the Colonel was past praying for himself; and here was his friend—an agnostic—here he was on his knees. He hadn't prayed since he was a little chap down in the South. How did the prayers go? "Our Father"—he looked up at the reddening aurora—"Our Father, who art in heaven—" His eyes fell again on his friend. He leapt to his feet like a wild animal, and began to go at the Colonel with his fists. The blows rained thick on the chest of the prostrate man, but he was too well protected to feel more than the shock. But now they came battering down, under the ear—right, left, as the man turned blindly to avoid them—on the jaw, even on the suffering eyes, and that at last stung the sleeper into something like consciousness.

He struggled to his feet with a roar like a wounded bull, lunging heavily forward as the Boy eluded him, and he would have pounded the young fellow out of existence in no time had he stood his ground. That was exactly what the Boy didn't mean to do—he was always just a little way on in front; but as the Colonel's half-insane rage cooled, and he slowed down a bit, the Boy was at him again like some imp of Satan. Sound and lithe and quick-handed as he was, he was no match for the Colonel at his best. But the Colonel couldn't see well, and his brain was on fire. He'd kill that young devil, and then he'd lie down and sleep again.

Meanwhile Aurora mounted the high heavens; from a great corona in the zenith all the sky was hung with banners, and the snow was stained as if with blood. The Boy looked over his shoulder, and saw the huge figure of his friend, bearing down upon him, with his discoloured face rage-distorted, and murder in his tortured eyes. A moment's sense of the monstrous spectacle fell so poignant upon the Boy, that he felt dimly he must have been full half his life running this race with death, followed by a maniac bent on murder, in a world whose winter was strangely lit with the leaping fires of hell.

At last, on there in front, the cliff! Below it, the sharp bend in the river, and although he couldn't see it yet, behind the cliff the forest, and a little hand-sled bearing the means of life.

The Colonel was down again, but it wasn't safe to go near him just yet. The Boy ran on, unpacked the sled, and went, axe in hand, along the margin of the wood. Never before was a fire made so quickly. Then, with the flask, back to the Colonel, almost as sound asleep as before.

The Boy never could recall much about the hours that followed. There was nobody to help, so it must have been he who somehow got the Colonel to the fire, got him to swallow some food, plastered his wounded face over with carbolic ointment, and got him into bed, for in the morning all this was seen to have been done.

They stayed in camp that day to "rest up" and the Boy shot a rabbit. The Colonel was coming round; the rest, or the ointment, or the tea-leaf poultice, had been good for the snow-blindness. The generous reserve of strength in his magnificent physique was quick to announce itself. He was still "frightfully bunged up," but "I think we'll push on to-morrow," he said that night, as he sat by the fire smoking before turning in.

"Right you are!" said the Boy, who was mending the sled-runner. Neither had referred to that encounter on the river-ice, that had ended in bringing the Colonel where there was succour. Nothing was said, then or for long after, in the way of deliberate recognition that the Boy had saved his life. It wasn't necessary; they understood each other.

But in the evening, after the Boy had finished mending the sled, it occurred to him he must also mend the Colonel before they went to bed. He got out the box of ointment and bespread the strips of torn handkerchief.

"Don't know as I need that to-night," says the Colonel. "Mustn't waste ointment."

But the Boy brought the bandages round to the Colonel's side of the fire. For an instant they looked at each other by the flickering light, and the Colonel laid his hand on the Boy's arm. His eyes looked worse for the moment, and began to water. He turned away brusquely, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on a log. . . .

A change was going on in the travellers that will little commend them to the sentimentalist. . . . The Boy's

body, if not his temper, had got broken into the trail, but for a talkative person he had in these days strangely little to say. It became manifest that, in the long run, the Colonel would suffer the most physically; but his young companion, having less patience and more ambition, more sheer untamed vitality in him, would suffer the most in spirit. Every sense in him was becoming numbed, save the gnawing in his stomach, and that other, even more acute ache, queer compound of fatigue and anger. These two sensations swallowed up all else, and seemed to grow by what thy fed on.

The loaded sled was a nightmare. It weighed a thousand tons. The very first afternoon out from Anvik, when in the desperate hauling and tugging that rescued it from a bottomless snow-drift, the lashing slipped, the load loosened, tumbled off, and rolled open, the Colonel stood quite still and swore till his half-frozen blood circulated freely again. When it came to repacking, he considered in detail the items that made up the intolerable weight, and fell to wondering which of them they could do without.

The second day out from Anvik they had decided that it was absurd, after all, to lug about so much tinware. They left a little saucepan and the extra kettle at that camp. The idea, so potent at Anvik, of having a tea-kettle in reserve—well, the notion lost weight, and the kettle seemed to gain.

Two pairs of boots and some flannels marked the next stopping-place.

On the following day, when the Boy's rifle kept slipping and making a brake to hold back the sled, "I reckon you'll have to plant that rifle o' yours in the next big drift," said the Colonel; "one's all we need, anyway."

"One's all you need, and one's all I need," answered the Boy stiffly.

But it wasn't easy to see immediate need for either. Never was country so bare of game, they thought, not considering how little they hunted, and how more and more every faculty, every sense, was absorbed in the bare going forward.

The next time the Colonel said something about the uselessness of carrying two guns, the Boy flared up: "If you object to guns, leave yours."

This was a new tone for the Boy to use to the Colonel.

"Don't you think we'd better hold on to the best one?"

Now the Boy couldn't deny the Colonel's was the better, but none the less he had a great affection for his own 44 Marlin, and the Colonel shouldn't assume that he had the right to dictate. This attitude of the "wise elder" seemed out of place on the trail.

"A gun's a necessity. I haven't brought along any whim-whams."

"Who has?"

"Well, it wasn't me that went loadin' up at Anvik with fool thermometers and things."

"Thermometer! Why, it doesn't weigh—"

"Weighs something, and it's something to pack; frozen half the time, too. And when it isn't, what's the good of havin' it hammered into us how near we are to freezin' to death?" But it annoyed him to think how very little in argument a thermometer weighed against a rifle.

They said no more that day about lightening the load, but with a double motive they made enormous inroads upon their provisions.

A morning came when the Colonel, packing hurriedly in the biting cold, forgot to shove his partner's gun into its accustomed place.

The Boy, returning from trail-breaking to the river, kicked at the butt to draw attention to the omission. The Colonel flung down the end of the ice-coated rope he had lashed the load with, and "Pack it yourself," says he.

The Boy let the rifle lie. But all day long he felt the loss of it heavy on his heart, and no reconciling lightness in the sled.

. . . The boy turned his head sharply away from the fire. "Hear that?"

No need to ask. The Colonel had risen upright on his cramped legs, red eyes starting out of his head. The Boy got up, turned about in the direction of the hollow sound, and made one step away from the fire.

"You stay right where you are!" ordered the Colonel, quite in the old way.

"Hey?"

"That's a bird-song."

"Thought so."

"Mr. Wolf smelt the cookin'; want's the rest of the pack to know there's something queer up here on the hill." Then, as the Boy moved to one side in the dark: "What you lookin' for?"

"My gun."

"Mine's here."

Oh, yes! His own old 44 Marlin was lying far down the river under eight-and-fifty hours of snow. It angered him newly and more than ever to remember that if he had a shot at anything now it must needs be by favor of the Colonel.

They listened for that sound again, the first since leaving Anvik not made by themselves.

"Seems a lot quieter than it did," observed the Colonel by-and-by.

The Boy nodded.

Without preface the Colonel observed:

"It's five days since I washed my face and hands."

"What's the good o' rememberin'?" returned the Boy sharply. Then more mildly: "People talk about the bare necessaries o' life. Well, sir, when they're really bare you find there ain't but three—food, warmth, sleep."

Again in the distance that hollow baying.

"Food, warmth, sleep," repeated the Colonel. "We've about got down to the wolf basis."

He said it half in defiance of the trail's fierce lessoning; but it was truer than he knew.

They built up the fire to frighten off the wolves, but the Colonel had his rifle along when they went over and crawled into their sleeping-bag. Half in, half out, he laid the gun carefully along the right on his snow-shoes. As the Boy buttoned the fur-lined flap down over their heads he felt angrier with the Colonel than he had ever been before.

"Took good care to hang on to his own shootin'-iron. Suppose anything should happen"; and he said it over and over.

Exactly what could happen he did not make clear; the real danger was not from wolves, but it was *something*. And he would need a rifle. . . . And he wouldn't have one. . . . And it was the Colonel's fault.

. . . On getting back to the fire, he found the Colonel annoyed at having called "Grub!" three times—"yes, sah! three times, sah!"

And they ate in silence.

"Now I'm going to bed," said the Boy, rising stiffly.

"You just wait a minute."

"No."

Now, the Colonel himself had enunciated the law that whenever one of them was ready to sleep the other must come too. He didn't know it, but it is one of the iron rules of the Winter Trail. In absence of its enforcement, the later comer brings into the warmed-up sleeping-bag not only the chill of his own body, he lets in the bitter wind, and brings along whatever snow and ice is clinging to his boots and clothes. The melting and warming-up is all to be done again.

But the Colonel was angry.

"Most unreasonable," he muttered—"damned unreasonable!"

Worse than the ice and the wet in the sleeping-bag was this lying in such close proximity to a young jackanapes who wouldn't come when you called "Grub!" and wouldn't wait a second till you'd felt about in the dimness for your gun. Hideous to lie so close to a man who snored, and who'd deprived you of your 44 Marlin. Although it meant life, the Boy grudged the mere animal heat that he gave and that he took. Full of grudging, he dropped to sleep. But the waking spirit followed him into his dreams. An ugly picture painted itself upon the dark, and struggling against the vision, he half awoke. With the first returning consciousness came the oppression of the yoke, the impulse to match the mental alienation with that of the body—strong need to move away.

You can't move away in a sleeping-bag.

In a city you may be alone, free.

On the trail, you walk in bonds with your yoke-fellow, make your bed with him, with him rise up, and with him face the lash the livelong day.

. . . The Boy was too tired to turn his head round and look back, but he knew that the other man wasn't doing his share. He remembered that other time when the Colonel had fallen

behind. It seemed years ago, and even further away was the vague recollection of how he'd cared. How horribly frightened he'd been! Wasn't he frightened now? No. It was only a dull curiosity that turned him round at last to see what it was that made the Colonel peg out this time. He was always peggin' out. Yes, there he was, stoppin' to stroke himself. Trail-man? An old woman! Fit only for the chimney-corner. And even when they went on again he kept saying to himself as he bent to the galling strain, "An old woman —just an old woman!" till he made a refrain of the words, and in the level places marched to the tune. After that, whatever else his vague thought went off upon, it came back to "An old woman—just an old woman!"

. . . "I don't believe we're going to put this job through."

Now this was treason.

Any trail-man may think that twenty times a day, but no one ought to say it. The boy set his teeth and his eyes closed. The whole thing was suddenly harder—doubt of the issue had been born into the world. But he opened his eyes again. The Colonel had carefully poured out some of the rice into the smoky water of the pan. What was the fool doing? Such a little left, and making a second supper?

Only that morning the Boy had gone a long way when mentally he called the boss of the Big Chimbey Camp "an old woman." By night he was saying in his heart, "The Colonel's a fool." His partner caught the look that matched the thought.

"No more second helpin's," he said in self-defence; "this'll freeze into cakes for luncheon."

No answer. No implied apology for that look. In the tone his partner had come to dread, the Colonel began: "If we don't strike a settlement to-morrow—"

"Don't *talk!*"

The Boy's tired arm fell on the handle of the frying-pan. Over it went—rice, water, and all in the fire. The culprit sprang up speechless with dismay, enraged at the loss of the food he was hungry for—enraged at "the fool fry-pan"—enraged at the fool Colonel for balancing it so badly.

A column of steam and smoke rose into the frosty air between the two men. As it cleared away a little the Boy

could see the Colonel's bloodshot eyes. The expression was ill to meet.

When they crouched down again, with the damped-out fire between them, a sense of utter loneliness fell upon each man's heart.

. . . It was with an effort that he remembered there had been a time when they had been uncomfortable because they hadn't washed their faces. Now, one man was content to let the very skin go if he could keep the flesh on his face, and one was little concerned even for that. Life—life! To push on and come out alive.

The Colonel had come to that point where he resented the Boy's staying power, terrified at the indomitable young life in him. Yes, the Colonel began to feel old, and to think with vague wrath of the insolence of youth.

Each man fell to considering what he would do, how he would manage if he were alone. And there ceased to be any terror in the thought.

"If it wasn't for him"—so and so; till in the gradual deadening of judgment all the hardship was somehow your partner's fault. Your nerves made him responsible even for the snow and the wind. By-and-by he was The Enemy. Not but what each had occasional moments of lucidity, and drew back from the pit they were bending over. But the realisation would fade. No longer did even the wiser of the two remember that this is that same abyss out of which slowly, painfully, the race has climbed. With the lessened power to keep from falling in, the terror of it lessened. Many strange things grew natural. It was no longer difficult or even shocking to conceive of one's partner giving out and falling by the way. Although playing about the thought, the one thing that not even the Colonel was able actually to realise, was the imminent probability of death for himself. Imagination always pictured the other fellow down, one's self somehow forging ahead.

. . . Then it was, that a great tide of longing swept over the Boy—a flood of passionate desire for more of this doubtful blessing, life. All the bitter hardship—why, how sweet it

was, after all, to battle and to overcome! It was only this lying helpless, trapped, that was evil. The endless Trail? Why, it was only the coming to the end that a man minded.

Suddenly the beauty that for days had been veiled shone out. Nothing in all the earth was glorious with the glory of the terrible white North. And he had only just been wakened to it. Here, now, lying in his grave, had come this special revelation of the rapture of living, and the splendour of the visible universe.

The sky over his head—he had called it "a mean outlook," and turned away. It was the same sky that bent over him now with a tenderness that made him lift his cramped arms with tears, as a sick child might to its mother. The haloed sun with his attendant dogs—how little the wonder had touched him! Never had he seen them so dim and sad as to-night. . . . saying good-bye to one who loved the sun.

The great frozen road out of sight below, road that came winding, winding down out of the Arctic Circle—what other highway so majestic, mysterious?—shining and beckoning on. An earthly Milky Way, leading to the golden paradise he had been travelling towards since summer.

. . . They ate supper studiously avoiding each other's eyes. In the background of the Boy's mind: "He saved my life, but he ran no risk. . . . And I saved his. We're quits." In the Colonel's, vague, insistent, stirred the thought, "I might have left him there to rot, half-way up the precipice. Oh, he'd go! *And he'd take the sled!* No!" His vanished strength flowed back upon a tide of rage. Only one sleeping-bag, one kettle, one axe. one pair of snow-shoes . . . *one gun!* No, by the living Lord! not while I have a gun. *Where's* my gun?" He looked about guiltily, under his lowered lids. What? No! Yes! It was gone! Who packed at the last camp? Why, he—himself, and he'd left it behind. "Then it was because I didn't see it; the Boy took care I shouldn't see it! Very likely he buried it so I shouldn't see it! He—yes—if I refuse to go on, he—"

And the Boy, seeing without looking, taking in every move, every shade in the mood of the broken-spirited man, ready to die here, like a dog, in the snow, instead of pressing on as long

as he could crawl—the Boy, in a fervor of silent rage, called him that "meanest word in the language—a quitter." And as, surreptitiously, he took in the vast discouragement of the older man, there was nothing in the Boy's changed heart to say, "Poor fellow! if he can't go on, I'll stay and die with him"; but only, "He's *got* to go on! . . . and if he refuses . . . well—" He felt about in his deadened brain,, and the best he could bring forth was: "I won't leave him—*yet*."

. . . A mighty river-jam had forced them up on the low range of hills. It was about midnight to judge by the moon —clear of snow and the wind down. The Boy straightened up at a curious sight just below them. Something black in the moonlight. The Colonel paused, looked down, and passed his hand over his eyes.

The Boy had seen the thing first, and had said to himself, "Looks like a sled, but it's a vision. It's come to seeing things now."

When he saw the Colonel stop and stare, he threw down his rope and began to laugh, for there below were the blackened remains of a big fire, silhouetted sharply on the snow.

"Looks like we've come to a camp, Boss!"

He hadn't called the Colonel by the old nickname for many a day. He stood there laughing in an idiotic kind of way, wrapping his stiff hands in his parki, Indian fashion, and looking down to the level of the ancient river terrace, where the weather-stained old Indian sled was sharply etched on the moonlit whiteness.

Just a sled lying in the moonlight. But the change that can be wrought in a man's heart upon sight of a human sign! it may be idle to speak of that to any but those who have travelled the desolate ways of the North.

Side by side the two men went down the slope, slid and slipped and couldn't stop themselves, till they were below the landmark. Looking up, they saw that a piece of soiled canvas or a skin, held down with a drift-log, fell from under the sled, portière-wise from the top of the terrace straight down to the sheltered level, where the camp fire had been. Coming closer, they saw the curtain was not canvas, but dressed deerskin.

"Indians!" said the Colonel.

But with the rubbing out of other distinctions this, too, was curiously faint. Just so there were human beings it seemed enough. Within four feet of the deerskin door the Colonel stopped, shot through by a sharp misgiving. What was behind? A living man's camp, or a dead man's tomb? Succour or some stark picture of defeat, and of their own oncoming doom?

The Colonel stood stock-still waiting for the Boy. For the first time in many days even he hung back. He seemed to lack the courage to be the one to extinguish hope by the mere drawing of a curtain from a snow-drift's face. The Kentuckian pulled himself together and went forward. He lifted his hand to the deerskin, but his fingers shook so he couldn't take hold:

"Hello!" he called. No sound. Again: "Hello!"

"Who's there?"

The two outside turned and looked into each other's faces —but if you want to know all the moment meant, you must travel the Winter Trail.

A TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING

From 'The Convert.' Copyright, The Macmillan Company and used here by permission of the publishers.

In front of the little row of women on the plinth a gaunt figure in brown serge was waving her arms. What she was saying was blurred in the general uproar. . . .

"You must be sure and explain *everything* to me, Geoffrey," said the girl. "This is to be an important chapter in my education." Merrily and without a shadow of misgiving she spoke in jest a truer word than she dreamed. He fell in with her mood.

"Well, I rather gather that he's been criticizing the late Government, and the Liberals have made it hot for him."

"I shall never be able to hear unless we get nearer," said Jean, anxiously.

"There's a very rough element in front there—"

"Oh, don't let us mind!"

"Most certainly I mind!"

"Oh, but I should be miserable if I didn't hear."

She pleaded so bewitchingly for a front seat at the Show that unwillingly he wormed his way on. Suddenly he stood still and stared about.

"What's the matter?" said Lady John.

"I can't have you ladies pushed about in this crowd," he said under his breath. "I must get hold of a policeman. You wait just here. I'll find one."

The adoring eyes of the girl watched the tall figure disappear.

"Look at her face!" Lady John, with her eyeglass up, was staring in the opposite direction. "She's like an inspired charwoman!"

Jean turned, and in her eagerness pressed on, Lady John following. . . .

The agreeable presence of the young charwoman was withdrawn from the fighting-line, and the figure of the working woman stood alone. With her lean brown finger pointing straight at the more outrageous of the young hooligans, and her voice raised shrill above their impertinence—

"I've got boys of me own," she said, "and we laugh at all sorts o' things, but I should be ashymed, and so would they, if ever they wus to be'yve as you're doin' tod-y." . . .

"You s'y woman's plyce is 'ome. Don't you know there's a third of the women in this country can't afford the luxury of stayin' in their 'omes? They *got* to go out and 'elp make money to p'y the rent and keep the 'ome from bein' sold up. Then there's all the women that 'aven't got even miserable 'omes. They 'aven't got any 'omes *at all*."

"You said *you* got one. W'y don't you stop in it?"

"Yes, that's like a man. If one o' you is all right he thinks the rest don't matter. We women—"

But they overwhelmed her. She stood there with her gaunt arms folded—waiting. You felt that she had met other crises of her life with just that same smouldering patience. When the wave of noise subsided again, she was discovered to be speaking.

"P'raps *your* 'omes are all right. P'raps your children never goes 'ungry. P'raps you aren't livin', old and young,

married and single, in one room. . . . No, you won't even think about the overworked women and the underfed children, and the 'ovels they live in. And you want that *we* shouldn't think neither—"

"We'll do the thinkin'. You go 'ome and nuss the byby."

"I do nurse my byby; I've nursed seven. What have you done for yours?" She waited in vain for the answer. "P'raps—" her voice quivered—"p'raps your children never goes 'ungry, and maybe you're satisfied—though I must say I wouldn't a thought it from the look o' yer."

. . . As she retired against the banner with the others, there was some applause.

"Well, now," said a man patronizingly, "that wusn't so bad—fur a woman."

"N—naw. Not fur a woman."

Jean had been standing on tiptoe making signals. Ah, at last Geoffrey saw her! But why was he looking so grave?

"No policeman?" Lady John asked.

"Not on that side. They seem to have surrounded the storm centre, which is just in front of the place you've rather unwisely chosen." Indeed it was possible to see, further on, half a dozen helmets among the hats.

What was happening on the plinth seemed to have a lessened interest for Jean Dunbarton. She kept glancing sideways up under the cap brim at the eyes of the man at her side. . . .

"What is it, Geoffrey? Have I done anything?" Jean said very low.

"Why didn't you stay where I left you?" he answered, without looking at her.

"I couldn't hear. I couldn't even see. Please don't look like that. Forgive me!" she pleaded, covertly seeking his hand.

His set face softened. "It frightened me when I didn't see you where I left you."

She smiled with recovered spirits. She could attend now to the thing she had come to see. . . .

Stoner laughed. . . . He moved forward and touched a policeman on the shoulder. What was said was not audible —the policeman at first shook his head, then suddenly he turned round, looked sharply into the gentleman's face, and

his whole manner changed. Obliging, genial, almost obsequious. "Oh, he's recognized Geoffrey!" Jean said to her aunt. "They *have* to do what a member tells them! They'll stop the traffic any time to let Geoffrey go by!" she exulted.

"This will do," Stoner said at last, and he whispered again to the policeman. The man replied, grinning. "Oh, really," Stoner smiled, too. "This is the redoubtable Miss Ernestine Blunt," he explained over his shoulder, and he drew back so that Jean could pass, and standing so, directly in front of him, she could be protected right and left, if need were, by a barrier made of his arms.

"Now can you see?" he asked.

She looked round and nodded. Her face was without cloud again. She leaned lightly against his arm.

Miss Ernestine had meanwhile been catapulting into election issues with all the fervour of a hot-gospeller.

. . . In the midst of the laughter and interruptions, a dirty, beery fellow of fifty or so, from whom Stoner's arm was shielding Jean, turned to the pal behind him with—

" 'Ow'd yer like to be *that* one's husband? Think o' comin' 'ome to *that!*"

"I'd soon learn 'er!" answered the other, with a meaning look.

. . . She stood there for one triumphant moment in an attitude of such audacious self-confidence, that Jean turned excitedly to her lover with—

"I know what she's like! The girl in Ibsen's 'Master Builder'!"

"I don't think I know the young lady."

"Oh, there was a knock at the door that set the Master Builder's nerves quivering. He felt in his bones it was the Younger Generation coming to upset things. He *thought* it was a young man—"

"And it was really Miss Ernestine Blunt? He has my sympathies,"

The Younger Generation was declaring from the monument. . . . "Some of you have heard it would be dreadful if we got the vote, because then we'd be pitted against men in the economic struggle. But it's too late to guard against that. It's a fact. But facts, we've discovered, are just what

men find it so hard to recognize. Men are so dreadfully sentimental." She smiled with the crowd at that, but she proceeded to hammer in her pet nail. "They won't recognize those eighty-two women out of every hundred who are wage-earners. We used to believe men when they told us that it was unfeminine—hardly respectable—for women to be students and to aspire to the arts that bring fame and fortune. But men have never told us it was unfeminine for women to do the heavy drudgery that's badly paid. That kind of work had to be done by somebody, and men didn't hanker after it. Oh, no! Let the women scrub and cook and wash, or teach without diplomas on half pay. That's all right. But if they want to try their hand at the better-rewarded work of the liberal professions—oh, very unfeminine indeed."

As Ernestine proceeded to show how all this obsolete unfairness had its roots in political inequality, Lady John dropped her glass with a sigh.

"You are right," she said to Jean. "This is Hilda, harnessed to a purpose. A portent to shake middle-aged nerves." . . . "You complain that more and more we're taking away from you men the work that's always been yours. You can't any longer keep woman out of the industries. The only question is, on what terms shall she continue to be in? As long as she's in on bad terms, she's not only hurting herself, she's hurting you. But if you're feeling discouraged about our competing with you, we're willing to leave you your trade in war. Let the men take life! We *give* life!" Her voice was once more moved and proud. "No one will pretend that ours isn't one of the dangerous trades either. I won't say any more to you now, because we've got others to speak to you, and a new woman helper that I want you to hear."

With an accompaniment of clapping she retired to hold a hurried consultation with the chairman.

Jean turned to see how Geoffrey had taken it. "Well?"

He smiled down at her, echoing "Well?"

"Nothing so *very* reprehensible in what she said, was there?"

"Oh, 'reprehensible'!"

"It makes one rather miserable all the same."

He pressed his guardian arm the closer. "You mustn't take it as much to heart as all that."

"I can't help it. I can't indeed, Geoffrey. I shall *never* be able to make a speech like that."

He stared, considerably taken aback. "I hope not, indeed."

"Why? I thought you said you wanted me to—"

"To make nice little speeches with composure? So I did. So I do—" as he looked down upon the upturned face he seemed to lose his thread.

She was for helping him to recover it. "Don't you remember how you said—"

"That you have very pink cheeks? Well, I stick to it."

. . . There were angry, indistinguishable retorts, and the crowd swayed. Miss Ernestine Blunt, who had been watching the fray with serious face, turned suddenly, catching sight of some one just arrived at the end of the platform. She jumped up, saying audibly to the speaker as she passed him, "Here she is," and proceeded to offer her hand to help some one get up the improvised steps behind the lion. . . .

Stoner, with contracted brows, had stared one dazed instant as the head of the new-comer came up behind the lion on the left.

Jean, her eyes wide, incredulous, as though unable to accept their testimony, pressed a shade nearer the monument. Stoner made a sharp move forward and took her by the arm.

"We're going now," he said.

"Not yet—oh, *please* not just yet," she pleaded as he drew her round. "Geoffrey, I do believe—"

She looked back, with an air almost bewildered, over her shoulder, like one struggling to wake from a dream.

Stoner was saying with decision to Lady John, "I'm going to take Jean out of this mob. Will you come?"

"What? Oh, yes, if you think"—she had disengaged the chain of her eyeglass at last. "But isn't that, surely it's—"

"Geoffrey—!" Jean began.

"Lady John's tired," he interrupted. "We've had enough of this idiotic—"

"But you don't see who it is, Geoffrey. That last one is—" Suddenly Jean bent forward as he was trying to extri-

cate her from the crowd, and she looked in his face. Something that she found there made her tighten her hold on his arm.

"We can't run away and leave Aunt Ellen," was all she said; but her voice sounded scared. Stoner repressed a gesture of anger, and came to a standstill just behind two big policemen.

The last-comer to that strange platform, after standing for some seconds with her back to the people and talking to Ernestine Blunt, the tall figure in a long sage-green dust coat and familiar hat, had turned and glanced apprehensively at the crowd.

It was Vida Levering.

. . . The woman leaned down from the platform, and spoke her last words with a low and thrilling earnestness.

"I would say in conclusion to the women here, it's not enough to be sorry for these, our unfortunate sisters. We must get the conditions of life made fairer. We women must organize. We must learn to work together. We have all (rich and poor, happy and unhappy) worked so long and so exclusively for men, we hardly know how to work for one another. But we must learn. Those who can, may give money. Those who haven't pennies to give, even those people are not so poor but what they can give some part of their labour—some share of their sympathy and support. . . . I hope you'll all join the Union. Come up after the meeting is over and give us your names."

As she turned away, "You won't get any men!" a taunting voice called after her.

The truth in the gibe seemed to sting. Forestalling the chairman, quickly she confronted the people again, a new fire in her eyes.

"Then," she said, holding out her hands—"then *it is to the women I appeal!*" She stood so an instant, stilling the murmur, and holding the people by that sudden concentration of passion in her face. "I don't mean to say it wouldn't be better if men and women did this work together, shoulder to shoulder. But the mass of men won't have it so. I only hope they'll realize in time the good they've renounced and the spirit they've aroused. For I know as well as any man could tell me, it

would be a bad day for England if all women felt about all men *as I do.*"

She retired in a tumult. The others on the platform closed about her. The chairman tried in vain to get a hearing from the swaying and dissolving crowd.

Jean made a blind forward movement towards the monument. Stoner called out in a toneless voice—

"Here! follow me!"

"No—no—I—" The girl pressed on.

"You're going the wrong way."

"*This* is the way—"

"We can get out quicker on this side."

"I don't *want* to get out."

"What?"

He had left Lady John and was following Jean through the press.

"Where are you going?" he asked sharply.

"To ask that woman to let me have the honour of working with her."

The crowd surged round the girl.

"Jean!" he called upon so stern a note that people stared and stopped.

Others—not Jean.

GEORGE B. ROSE

[1860—]

WALTER MALONE

GEORGE B. ROSE was born at Batesville, Arkansas, July 10, 1860. He is the son of U. M. Rose and Margaret T. (Gibbs) Rose. U. M. Rose, his father, is one of the most distinguished lawyers in the United States; he was Chancellor of Pulaski County, Arkansas, from 1860 to 1865, and for many years was on the Democratic National Committee. In the years of 1901 and 1902 he was president of the American Bar Association. He is the author of Rose's 'Digest of Arkansas Reports,' also many articles on American and European jurisprudence in various law journals. In 1907, on the appointment of President Roosevelt, he was one of the delegates from the United States to The Hague Peace Conference.

George B. Rose removed with his parents to Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1865, and has since resided there. He was admitted to the Arkansas Bar in 1879, and on May 2, 1882, he married Miss Marion Kimball. Since his admission to the Bar his law office has always been in Little Rock, he being in partnership with his father and other gentlemen of the legal profession.

He speaks French and Italian fluently, has a fair acquaintance with Spanish, and has a working knowledge of German. He is a member of the Society of Arts of London, of the National Arts Club of New York, of the International Law Association, and of the American Bar Association. He was the fourth president of the Arkansas State Bar Association.

In 1891 he published a small volume of short lyrics entitled, 'Wasted Moments.' In this volume he shows a predilection for the Greek and Italian works of art which have brought forth so much loving labor from him in later years. The book is filled mainly with poems of travel in Italy, referring frequently to Italian masters and their work.

In 1894 appeared "Sebastian, A Dramatic Poem." This drama shows considerable vigor, combined with depth of feeling. But it is to be regretted that Mr. Rose seems, to a large extent, to have abandoned poetic efforts; and these earlier attempts, which should have been revised, and also should have been supplemented by the work of maturer years, have remained neglected and overlooked by

their author. Therefore, in order to arrive at a knowledge of his best work, we must resort to his prose, especially to his critical essays on art and artists.

While still quite a young man, Mr. Rose published a pamphlet entitled "Dr. Ellison, A True Story of Little Rock." This tale is such as to make one regret that the author has not written more fiction. It is the story of a physician who compounded an elixir of life, after many prolonged efforts and much study; but before he had finished and perfected it a young girl, the object of his affections, died. With the aid of this elixir he restored her to life, but he could not give back to her a mind or a soul. So he found himself with the beautiful girl returned to life, but without the power of thought, without feeling, without affection or emotion. Barring certain crudities of expression and unskilfulness in development of the plot, the conception of this story and general treatment would place it with Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," or the still more powerful stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

About the same time, he wrote another story and published it in pamphlet form, entitled "William Wilson, A True Story of Little Rock." The author here makes the error of giving this story the same chief title as that of one of Poe's most remarkable efforts, and commits the additional error of giving it the same sub-title as that of the other story just mentioned. The plot of this tale also is well conceived. Briefly, a man who has wronged a young woman of his acquaintance is pursued after her death by the phantom of a little child, their offspring, who had also died. In spite of the immaturity of the author at the time of the writing of this story, one is forced to admit a deal of strength and vividness in its execution. It is to be regretted that these stories have not been rewritten, and especially is it to be regretted that no others have since appeared to make good their promise.

On May 23, 1901, Mr. Rose delivered a thoughtful and well-expressed address before the Arkansas State Bar Association on "Literature and the Bar." He wrote the sketch of Arkansas history in a publication dealing with that State; also the history of Little Rock in Putnam's 'Historic Cities of the South,' as well as a history of the Supreme Court of Arkansas in a well-known legal publication. As president of the Arkansas Bar Association, he delivered an address dealing with the early lawyers of that State.

He has contributed many critical articles to different reviews. "The Feminine Soul of the Renaissance" appeared in the *Sewanee Review* for October, 1906; "Goethe: Man and Poet," appeared in the same review for October, 1901; "Arnold Boecklin" also appeared

first in that magazine. A short essay on Perugino appeared in *The Pathfinder* for June, 1907.

In 1898 appeared the work which so far has proved his highest and best effort, 'Renaissance Masters,' a collection of essays on the art of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Botticelli, and Rubens. In 1900 a second edition of this work appeared. A third edition appeared in 1908, with an additional study of the art of Claude Lorraine.

In this work the author displays a love of art and a skilfulness in its interpretation which makes of that critical study a most charming and delightful book. He is thoroughly infatuated with the subject; more than this, he makes his reader become infatuated also. We find therein no dry technical details, no mere husks of criticism. The pages are glowing with fancy, aflame with color, and brilliant with the flush of life. His sentences are robed in purple; his paragraphs wear scepters and crowns.

But not only does his power manifest itself in splendid language; his pictures of the artists whom he loves and admires are vivid and lifelike to the highest degree. Indeed, his portraiture of the great masters calls forth his noblest efforts.

Mr. Rose says of himself: "If I have had any success in writing, it has been on Italian art. For a number of years I have gone to Europe every other summer, and sometimes in successive summers, and have put in all of my time in the study of Renaissance pictures. . . . At home I am merely the ordinary hard-working lawyer, who sticks to his desk from 8:30 to 6 o'clock, and has no time to write on anything else, save on Sunday. Matthew Arnold said sadly of himself that no bondman—no man who had to follow some other calling to earn his livelihood—ever attained literary greatness; and I am a bondman who can give only the dregs of exhausted energies to literature."

His love for the art of the Italian Renaissance is a consuming passion. It is plain that he cares very little for Domenichino, who does not belong to his sacred group. It is likewise plain that Velasquez occupies a secondary position in his estimation. Murillo he ignores entirely. To him Rembrandt is merely a painter of ugly pictures who is proficient in the treatment of light and shade alone. He rarely mentions the Dutch artists, and it is more than likely that their pictures of market-houses, fish, game, and cattle, or their representations of drunken revels, would repel rather than attract him. Of Teniers he has clearly a very poor opinion. Millet and the other artists of the Barbizon school find little favor in his eyes.

To his soul of souls there are only two ages of the world that are of supreme importance—one is that of Pericles and the other

that of the Italian Renaissance. The first compels his admiration, but the latter wins his love. In that gorgeous time of Raphael and Michelangelo and Titian he really lives and has his being. Even the terrible vices of that age call forth his charity. He is fascinated by the splendor of the court of Pope Alexander, and he is charmed by the beauty and accomplishments of Lucretia Borgia. If at the banquets of that age poison really was served to the guests, the glorious revel was graced by the presence of men and women of unexampled wit and brilliance, and in dying it might be some consolation to the victim to know that he had quaffed the fatal potion from a goblet wrought by the hands of Cellini himself.

This author is totally detached, as an author, from his surroundings. He may call his tales "True Stories of Little Rock," but they have no more connection with Little Rock than they have with the Land of Uz. For the great movements of the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries in science and in mechanics he has little thought and less concern. The steamship, the railway, the telephone and telegraph are apart from his real life. Neither is he absorbed in the great pioneer work, wonderful as it is, in that vast Southwest country where he was born and now lives. He is forgetful of the hurry and onward rush of American progress. In the midst of it all he dreams of the fast-fading figures of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and is haunted by the inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa.

Walter Malone

THE RENAISSANCE OF ITALIAN ART

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THERE are two periods in the history of the world's art that are of supreme interest, the age of Pericles and the Italian Renaissance. But they are widely different in their character. The age of Pericles was the culmination of a long and harmonious development, the glorious blossoming of a perfect flower, which had grown in symmetrical grace to bloom in ideal beauty.

Not so with the Renaissance. No period of humanity has been torn with more conflicting ideas, with more diverse aspirations, with more opposing passions. Greek literature and Greek art had come again to light, and the hearts of many, carried away by the loveliness of this world, longed to return to the bright days of old when beauty was all in all, and men gathered to watch the naked runners at Olympia straining their forms of matchless grace and power, or stood upon the shore of the Athenian gulf to look at Phryne as she rose as Aphrodite from the purple sea. But in other breasts the religious fervor of the Middle Ages, the hatred of the pomp and glory of the earth, glowed as warmly as in the bosom of Peter the Hermit when he aroused Europe to throw itself upon Asia in the hope of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. What made the conflict so intense and so peculiar was that the new spirit did not come as a distinct faith against which the forces of conservatism could be clearly drawn. The lovers of antique art did not cease to be Christians, they were not even heretics, so that they could not be burned at the stake and an end made of the matter, as Simon de Montfort had wiped out in blood the brilliant civilization of Provence when a holy war had been proclaimed against the troubadours because they sang too sweetly of woman's love and of earthly beauty. The spirit of the Renaissance penetrated into every heart, and the conflict went on in the bosom of every man. For long centuries men had bowed beneath the yoke of an ascetic discipline imposed by a religious fervor that had blinded them to the loveliness of nature, and had regarded the fair earth as a

hideous dungeon haunted by evil spirits, the body as an unclean tenement of clay that imprisoned the soul and dragged it down to sin. Slowly their eyes were opened. They looked upon the world, and they saw that, though defaced by the ravages of man and stained by his crimes, it was still fair and good, and in their breasts there grew up, although they struggled against it, the old pagan love for the beauty of external things, for the purple sea breaking forever on the silver sands, for the sunlight's brilliance as it fell upon fields of golden grain and hills clothed in verdure; above all, for the beauty of the human countenance, for the grace of the human form. But these feelings were not simple and unmixed as in the bosom of a Greek. In every breast there were also the spiritual aspirations, the hatred of the world, the flesh, and the devil that characterized the Middle Age. These inconsistent elements waged an incessant war. Sometimes, as in the case of Fra Angelico, the spiritual side had almost the entire victory; sometimes, as in the case of Titian, the new paganism almost uprooted the Christian spirit; and sometimes, as in the case of Raphael, they were blended together in harmonious union.

When the Renaissance began we cannot tell. Far back in the Dark Ages we can see the spirit stirring, now manifesting itself here, now there, but always sternly repressed by the bigotry of the time. But when at length the human intellect broke its fetters, its advance was extremely rapid. Petrarch was already seventeen years of age when Dante died, yet, while the spirit of Dante is almost entirely mediæval, the spirit of Petrarch is almost entirely classic. Still, as showing how the two spirits were intermingled, the very groundwork of Petrarch's poetry is of the Middle Age. One of the peculiarities of the Middle Age was its constant yearning for the unattainable. That which was within reach was without value: that which was beyond the grasp was longed for with infinite desire. Men cared little for their own wives or for any whom they could win. Every knight chose some lady in whose honor he might achieve his feats of arms, every minnesinger or troubadour chose one to whom to address his songs of love and war; but it was always some one beyond their reach, either because she was the wife of another or because

of her exalted rank. It was this purely spiritual love alone that found poetic expression; and there was so little reality in it, it was so entirely a matter of the imagination, that the real objects of human love cared little about it. His visionary passion for Beatrice did not prevent Dante from marrying and having seven children, and his good wife, Gemma, no doubt valued the poet's devotion to his shadow at its true worth. Had Beatrice come to Dante or Laura to Petrarch the poets would have wept over their shattered dream, and have chosen some other woman as the object of their adoration. This visionary love, which it is so hard for us now to realize, was the natural result of the absorption of the Middle Age in the things of the spirit and its abhorrence of the things of the flesh.*

Though the Renaissance owed its awakening to the rediscovery of antiquity, there is a vast gulf between the art of Greece and that of Italy. In ancient art it was the type that was sought, each artist striving to produce the ideal of perfect beauty, free from the imperfections of any individual man or woman. With the soul, Greek art has little to do. The expression upon the faces is usually one of Olympian serenity alone, and if human passions are portrayed, as in the "Laocoön," it is only in their simplest form.

Far different was the Renaissance. Christianity and the Middle Ages had swept across men's lives, and they had learned to turn their glance inward, probing the soul's most hidden mysteries. Instead of faces which merely express the joy of living in a joyous world, in a world still bright with the freshness of its glorious youth, we have countenances in which are depicted all the passions of humanity, its most secret instincts, its vaguest aspirations. It is no longer the type that is sought, it is the individual. Instead of trying to eliminate from the work of art all that is personal to the model, leaving only the abstraction of ideal beauty, the effort is to represent the individual person, the individual soul. Instead of endeavoring to produce from many imperfections a single perfect type, they strive to show how body differs

*Perhaps the best illustration of this peculiar kind of love is the Florentine poet Sacchetti, who married three successive wives, and in the meantime addressed all his poems to a fourth woman.

from body, spirit from spirit. Leonardo da Vinci would follow all day long one whose countenance struck him as they passed upon the street, striving to penetrate the secret of personality, and to fix upon his sketch-book the charm of feature or expression with which he had been impressed—trying to seize those very elements of being that Apelles would have been most anxious to exclude.

Therefore, while the purpose of Greek art was the attainment of abstract perfection, the purpose of Renaissance art was the expression of the individual countenance and form. In this respect nearly all modern art has followed the guidance of the Renaissance, not of antiquity. We admire ancient art, but its calm grandeur is no longer possible to our souls, torn as they are with conflicting feelings undreamed of by a Greek; and when we try to imitate it we are usually merely stiff and academic. But the people of the Italian Renaissance are our true ancestors. Their feelings were the same as ours, only more intense; they were confronted by the same problems; their art deals with the same sentiments, the same aspirations; and in the study of their works the modern artist will find infinite profit and inspiration.

The result of this seeking after individuality is that Renaissance art is far more varied than that of classic times. In Greece every artist was striving for the same thing, for the highest type of beauty or of strength, so that there is a certain sameness in their works. Scopas is more vehement. Praxiteles more voluptuous, but they are in search of the same ideals, and even among the ancients their works were hopelessly confused—a thing that could never happen in the case of Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Correggio, and Titian.

And it was in consequence of this love of individuality that painting became the favorite art of the Renaissance, as sculpture was the favorite art of Greece. Sculpture is best suited to the creation of ideal types, painting to the depicting of individual expression. And in the hands of the artists of the Renaissance the function of sculpture is completely changed. Instead of plastic forms with brows on which sits the serenity of Olympus, the body is used as a vehicle for the utterance of the most complex feelings; and often the

artist thinks not of its beauty, but only of the expressiveness of the tortured limbs.

And this striving after individuality in art is but an expression of the spirit of the age. There are times in the world's history when the individual is completely absorbed in the mass of his fellows; when all men are seeking a single ideal, each rejoicing to subordinate himself to the spirit that animates the whole. Such in art were the Middle Ages, when myriads of men coöperated in the erection of those marvellous Gothic cathedrals which are the wonder of all succeeding generations, and yet all were so absorbed in their work that we know not even the names of the architects from whose astounding brains could spring the conception of these vast structures with their infinite complications of ornament and slender shafts, reaching heavenward their stony arms in rapturous prayer to the throne of grace—men who cared only for their work, and who did not even carve their names upon those pillars, the least of which would have made them immortal.

There are other times that are periods of disintegration, when the bonds that bound men together are loosened, and when each strikes out for himself, or combines with others only for purposes of temporary advantage, moved by no common impulse, but each seeking for himself pleasure, power, riches, or fame. Such a period was the Peloponnesian War, the fall of the Roman Republic, the dissolution of the Roman Empire, the Italian Renaissance, the Thirty Years' War, the French Revolution—times of intense personal activity, of strong individual development, when the human soul breaks its fetters and revels in a freedom that too often leads to dissolution and ruin. These are not the most wholesome periods in the world's records, but they are the periods of greatest interest. In them we pass from history to biography. We are no longer concerned with the movement of vast inert masses—we are fascinated by intense personalities, each of which differs from the other, having different ideas, different aspirations, different characteristics. And of all these periods of transition, when the old idols are crumbling and thousands of new ones are clamoring to take their places, when the old ties of association have been broken and new

ones have not yet been established, when men are free to pursue the bent of their own spirit without constraint, when each stands distinct from the mass of humanity, the Italian Renaissance is the most attractive. It was a time of vehement activity, when brain and nerves and sinews were strained to the utmost, when each strove most passionately for himself, freeing himself most completely from his fellow-men —a time of intense light and Cimmerian darkness, of great virtues and astounding crimes, of princes like the Visconti, of whom it was said that their hate was fratricide and their love was incest; of popes like Sixtus IV and Alexander Borgia, who defiled the chair of St. Peter with orgies that would have shocked the companions of Nero, and at whose poisoned banquets Death presided as master of the revels; of saints like Fra Angelico and Carlo Borromeo; of murderous Bacchantes like Lucretia Borgia, and of holy matrons like Vittoria Colonna—a time of upheaval, of tumult, of confusion, when a mere *condottiere* like Sforza, selling his sword and his mercenaries to the highest bidder, could become a sovereign, when principalities were daily changed into republics and republics into principalities, when the ruler of to-day was the exile of to-morrow, only to return again in triumph to exact a bloody vengeance—a time almost of anarchy, when men yet loved art and learning with an intensity of devotion that has never since been equalled, when the artist quietly painted his altar-piece or his Venus rising from the sea, or the scholar drank rapturously at the newly discovered fount of the Grecian Muses, while men were cutting each other's throats outside his door —a time, in short, when a man could be anything if he only had the boldness, the cunning, or the strength. No age is so varied in its interest. Each city has its different architecture, its different art, and its individual history full of the storm and stress of conflicting passions. The very air seemed surcharged with electricity, here shining as a splendid beacon giving light to an admiring world, there crashing downward as a thunderbolt, bearing destruction in its wake. In this atmosphere, where all things were possible for good or evil, life was intense, passionate, voluptuous, cruel, as it has rarely been, and yet pervaded everywhere by a spirit of humanistic culture strangely at variance with the brutal ferocity that was

continually breaking forth. The art of such an age must necessarily possess a peculiar and enduring interest.

There is nothing more striking than the sudden ending of Renaissance art. Greek art reached its zenith in the age of Pericles, but its long afternoon was almost as brilliant as its noonday splendor. But when the sun of Italian art had reached its meridian it was suddenly eclipsed. This was partly due to exhaustion, but was principally the result of political causes.

While all this brilliant life was going on in Italy, while the peninsula was divided among a number of petty principalities maintaining the balance of power as carefully as the Europe of to-day, each the centre of a rich artistic activity, beyond the Alps, in those countries of the North and West of which the Italians rarely thought, and then only with contempt as a region of barbarism and darkness, forces were at work of which they scarcely reckoned. Slowly out of the anarchy and turmoil of the Middle Ages two great kingdoms were emerging, France and Spain—kingdoms that cared not for the arts, but rejoiced in war and rapine, before whose vast mail-clad armies the Italian mercenaries must be scattered as chaff before the wind. They rose above Italy like black and angry waves ready to break and overwhelm the land; but she saw not the danger, and went on with her masques and her revels, her painting and her sculpture, heedless of the wrath to come. In an evil hour Ludovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, invoked the assistance of the French. This brought the Spaniard also into the peninsula, and from that time forth havoc and desolation reigned supreme. Italy, where serious war had been for centuries unknown, became the battle-ground of Europe. The steel-clad knights of France, the iron infantry of Spain, the ruthless *reiters* of Germany, who dreamed only of blood and gold, and to whose rude natures art could make no appeal, marched back and forth, devastating the land and trampling upon the people until in the wretchedness of slavery they lost their genius and their manhood, and became as incapable of artistic production as Greece when she was reduced to the condition of a Roman province.

Moreover, Italy had returned toward classic times until it had become almost pagan, while the rest of Europe was still

imbued with the spirit of the Middle Age. The pilgrims from the North, seeing the wealth, the luxury, the immorality of Italian life, in which the Church took the lead, were shocked beyond measure; and doubtless to the rude visitors from beyond the Alps many pictures which are now the glory of the world gave greater offense than the murders of the Borgias. Germany rose in revolt, and Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and England threw in their lot with her. Even in France the authority of the Pope was assailed. In this hour of the Church's extreme peril, the fierce and bigoted Spaniards seized the helm, and fought out with measurable success the long battle against the forces of the Protestant revolt; and they trampled the bright Italian race under foot as cruelly as they had done the people of Mexico and Peru.

Crushed and bleeding, Italy thought no more of art, and under the tyranny of the Spanish Inquisition, she sank into such a state of degradation that not only was she unable to produce works worthy of her past, but she could not even appreciate those which she possessed, and covered many of them with hideous whitewash.

So perished the Italian Renaissance, but as long as man loves the beautiful and the grand it will be studied with a loving care devoted to no other epoch of modern times. It has been to the modern world what Greece was to the ancient —the glorious beacon at which the torches of civilization have been lit.

BURNE-JONES

From *The Pathfinder*, October, 1908.

Burne-Jones is the most exquisite poet who has expressed himself in color since Botticelli. His is not the poetry of passion and power; it is the poetry of delicate fancy and far-sought romance. He finds his inspiration not in Homer or Milton, not in Dante nor the *Niebelungen Lied*. It is to the pages of the *Morte d'Arthur* that he goes, to that first part of the *Romance of the Rose* that Guillaume de Lorris wrote. His soul dwelt not in Grecian days nor in the times in which he lived, but in that dim land of mediæval phantasy, when saintly young sad-eyed warriors went forth to slay the dragons

that preyed upon the land, and maidens too modest to confess their love waited wistfully for their return. It is an unreal world of dreams into which he conducts us, but of dreams so pure and beautiful that we dread the return to earth, and, like the eaters of the lotus, would gladly dwell there forever, forgetting the toil and strife, the fever and ambition of our daily life.

His art is not robust. His pale slender heroines, with their great eyes full of longing for they know not what, are fragile as lilies; his young knights with their slight figures and hollow cheeks seem too frail and weary ever to achieve their quest. They know not themselves nor their desires; but with the true soul of the Middle Ages they long for something that can never come to pass. In his forms and faces there is a languor, a wistfulness, a sweet unrest that only he can reveal with the brush and Tennyson alone can utter. He shows to our eyes what Tennyson tells us in the *Idyls* and *Tears, Idle Tears*. He brings the mediæval soul before us as no one else has ever done, with all its vague and ineffectual aspirations, its dreams of unattainable perfection, its passionate love of sweetness and light which yet so strangely went astray into outer darkness. He makes us comprehend it far better than do the works of the Middle Ages themselves, for he translates their almost forgotten speech into a language that we can understand. The men of the Middle Ages would not have understood his pictures. They could not have grasped the purport of an art so perfect and so free, and they were accustomed to rely on crude symbols to express the deepest meanings. But while he could not have revealed them to themselves, he reveals them to us; and his works are a precious possession for him who would penetrate the mediæval soul.

It is an unreal world into which he conducts us, a world of romantic fancy, as far removed from the sane humanism of Shakespeare as from the grandeur of Homer or Dante's intensity of vision. His people are all a little weary, and you wonder how his frail Knight can venture forth to meet the dragon, how his delicate maiden can toil all day at the loom, weaving those strange tissues of fanciful design. But he has the merit of the great artists that he makes the unreal

seem real in the end. We know that his figures are dreams, but as we look upon them we forget that they are such, and we dwell with them as though they are living flesh and blood.

This sense of reality is due in large measure to the minute finish of his works. Everything is painted so accurately, every detail is so patiently elaborated, that when we find these dream people clothed in such real vestments and surrounded by such real furniture, the conviction is forced upon us that they and the strange region in which they dwell are not the product of a vision, but living actualities. In the same way Boecklin convinces us of the reality of the strange hybrid monsters that he evokes from ocean and forest by painting them with such particularity that we know that he could never have presented them thus had they not stood before him in the flesh.

Burne-Jones's art is the offshoot of Botticelli's. Without the *Spring* and the *Birth of Venus* we know not what he would have been. Yet he was not an imitator of the rare Florentine. He did not copy Botticelli, he was inspired by him. They moved in opposite directions, and they met. Botticelli was a man of the Middle Ages, who stretched out his arms with infinite longing towards the gods of Greece. He is moving forward to the new light of the Renaissance that is dawning, and he meets Burne-Jones, who, weary of that garish light, is turning back to the mediæval land of dreams. For his contemporaries, Botticelli pointed the way to the land where Apollo and the Muses sang and the world was glad with the joy of youth; but against his will he reveals that shadowy realm of strange visions and delicate fancies whence he was himself emerging. He hails the rising sun; but he unconsciously tells of the exquisite dreams that haunt the darkness and linger in the dawn.

And, as with Botticelli, it was the human face and form that mostly interested Burne-Jones. Yet, like Botticelli, he occasionally gives us a landscape background, and when he does, it has the gracious charm of Botticelli's. Perhaps his best is in the *Mirror of Venus,* where the ideal beauty of the prospect and the sense of space that it conveys are worthy of Perugino.

Of course, all this teeming imagination would be in vain

were not Burne-Jones an accomplished artist. It makes no difference what forms of grace and beauty may float before the mind's eye if we cannot give them a local habitation and a name. Burne-Jones was a skillful craftsman. He who examines any collection of his drawings, particularly the extensive one in the Birmingham gallery, must be struck with the precision and delicacy with which he handles the pencil. More exquisite drawings are not to be found since Leonardo. There are many of greater power, many that tell more in fewer strokes; but in grace and refinement they can hardly be excelled. As a colorist he is no more to be compared with Rossetti or Boecklin than his great predecessor Botticelli was comparable to Titian or Rubens. As with Botticelli, it is rather the grace of the lines that impresses us than the beauty of the color. But, as with Botticelli, his color is always appropriate and pleasing, and sometimes delightful, if never splendid. And the patience and skill with which he handles his brush are beyond all praise. His works are no hasty sketches; they are pictures finished to ultimate perfection and in all the detail that nature herself presents. And this is one of their enduring charms, as it is with the primitive masters. We are always finding in them something that we had overlooked.

It is not given to all men to enjoy Burne-Jones, any more than all can enjoy Chopin's music. For the realist who likes to see repeated the scenes of his daily life, for the impressionist who loves to dash upon the canvas the mere suggestion of a picture, for the seeker after heroic strength and classic beauty, he has no message; but for him who loves not overmuch the world around him, and who would escape from its futile struggles, its devouring greed and its petty ambitions into a land of romance, where all is a little unreal, as befits a dream, and very delicate and beautiful, Burne-Jones's art is a precious boon. In its essence there is a great sameness, but in its execution there is immense variety. His pictures all show us parts of the same realm of the heart's desire; but how exquisite the fancy, how varied the presentation! He leads us ever from one region of delight to another more charming still, until the return to earth comes as a rude awakening from a delicious trance.

YE GODS OF GREECE

Ye Gods of Greece, we turn to you again,
Not with the childlike faith of former days,
When lowing kine on smoking altars slain
Were sacrificed to you with hymns of praise.

Ye now are dead, and man no more believes
In Dian's chastity or Juno's power,
Nor worships Ceres of the yellow sheaves,
Nor Flora, mistress of each painted flower.

Ye all are dead. When lightning rends the sky
No more Jove's flaming thunderbolt we see;
When screaming eagles through the heavens fly
No more we tremble lest Jove's self it be.

And in the forest Pan no longer wakes
The woodland echoes with his tuneful pipe,
Nor satyrs peer from out the sedgy brakes,
Nor fauns are merry when the grapes are ripe.

No longer sirens sit on rocky shores,
And sweetly sing of soul-destroying loves;
No longer Venus through the ether soars
In pearly chariot drawn by cooing doves.

The Pythia's voice is now forever dumb,
Forsaken is Dodona's hallowed wood,
A sterner, purer faith to earth has come,
And churches rise where once the temples stood.

For ages man has bowed beneath its sway,
His spirit by its chastening power subdued,
Has heavenward trod the hard and painful way,
Neglecting paths with springtide roses strewed.

More loosely now its fetters round us hang,
And in our breast the ancient impulse stirs;
We long for pleasures which the poets sang
When Greece was young and joy and hope were hers.

Within our hearts the old instinct revives,
The primal longing for this world's delight,
To live in fullest measure our brief lives,
Then smiling pass into the realm of night.

The mellow sunlight on the verdant plain,
The moon reflected in the tranquil lake,
The wide extended fields of golden grain,
The pebbly shore on which the billows break;

The deep low murmur of the restless sea,
The gleaming snow on lofty mountain peak,
And woman's beauty in supreme degree,
Again to us with antique meaning speak.

Again this earth seems pleasing to our eyes,
And this short life seems worthy of our care;
No longer look we solely to the skies,
But gaze on things around us rich and fair.

Again, ye Grecian gods, to you we turn,
Ye graceful emblems of all nature's powers,
Again to you rich incense would we burn,
Again would deck your shrines with vernal flowers.

ON THE BAY OF NAPLES

By Naples' verdant shore I sit
And gaze upon the purple sea,
Where back and forth the vessels flit
As white as sea-gulls and as free.

Beneath the sun's caressing rays
The wavelets bright as diamonds flash,
And dimpling the indented bays,
They laugh to him with playful splash.

Vesuvius rises over there,
His crown of smoke upon his brow,
And lifts in the enchanted air
His perfect cone, so peaceful now.

And yonder o'er the sparkling waves
  Lies Capri's island of delight,
Within whose blue and verdant caves
  Strange heavenly visions greet the sight.

And cities gem the curving shore,
  Their towers reflected in the brine,
With names of note in classic lore,
  Round which the dreams of fancy twine.

The land it is of rest and calm,
  Where all of nature pants for love,
Where 'mid the foliage of the palm
  We hear the cooing of the dove.

In yonder grotto sirens dwelt,
  Their bosoms filled with passion's fire,
Who chanted strains that seemed to melt
  Into a sigh of fond desire.

With joy beyond all human sense
  Their lovers perished 'neath their kiss,
But dying, felt a pang intense
  Of rapture passing earthly bliss.

And here upon the pearly sand
  The sea-nymphs danced beneath the moon,
Or sported with the Triton band,
  While satyrs piped a pleasing tune.

They now are gone, but still we feel
  Their spirits haunt this golden shore;
Unwonted languors o'er us steal,
  Delicious, soft, unknown before.

The very air is amorous,
  And fans the cheek with mild caress,
And slowly passing whispers us
  Of Love's divinely-sweet distress.

Of love the passing boatmen sing,
With love the palm tree nods to palm,
Of love the waves are murmuring,
Love lends the flowers a richer balm.

Oh! do not wake me from this dream,
Oh! do not call my thoughts away;
I would forsake life's troubled stream,
And linger here and dream for aye.

PHRYNE

Oh, Phryne, I am old, but still I gaze
Enraptured on thy beauty. See that hair,
Rich gold reflecting in the golden rays
Of sun-light, which fills all the dreamy air
With sparkling gold dust, and which gently plays
With those soft, lustrous locks so passing fair
That they seem spun from sunset's purest beams
When o'er the world the light all golden streams.

And those sweet eyes, blue as the heavens above,
Which now are fixed in dreamy thoughtfulness,
But in whose limpid depths I see warm love
And strong desire and passionate distress,
Voluptuous longings of the turtle dove,
Fierce yearnings such as rend the lioness,
All sleeping now until the man shall come
To whose fond pleading thou wilt not be dumb.

And that rich form so full of woman's grace,
That polished neck, so round, so snowy white,
Those ivory arms formed all for love's embrace,
Thy bosom's charms that dazzle my poor sight,
And all the glories of thy heavenly face—
Thou art too fair, and that soft yellow light
Makes thee still fairer as it bathes thy form
And shining tresses in its radiance warm.

Oh, Phryne, I am old, and all in vain
I stretch mine arms to thee. Yea, I am old
And thou dost look upon me with disdain,
Scorning my pleading and my proffered gold,
Proud of thy beauty, careless of my pain,
Turning away with looks averse and cold,
And while I bow before thee in the dust
Treating my woe with unconcealed disgust.

Why should the power to love survive the power
To waken love in others? Why must I
Hunger for thee from that thrice cursed hour
When first I saw thee gliding softly by
'Mongst other women, each a lovely flower,
But who seemed pale and dark when thou wert nigh?
And yet thou wert less beautiful than now
With the sun's lingering rays upon thy brow.

Once I was young and then I might have won
Thy love, and dwelt in pleasant lands aglow
With light down-streaming from the joyous sun.
But thou wert then a babe, and now I know
It is too late; my race is nearly run;
My hair is sprinkled by the driven snow,
And there is naught in me to stir thy heart;
The grave yawns for me—I must soon depart.

And yet it is indeed an awful thing
To die with all this love that burns my soul
Unquenched, unsatisfied. Death cannot bring
Peace unto me. . . . Age after age shall roll,
And to the thought of thee my soul will cling,
Yearning for thee, bereft of self-control.
Oh, Phryne, Phryne, thou art come too late—
I die, and closed against me is heaven's golden gate.

THE PINE TREE AND THE VINE

By a stream among the mountains
Stands a pine tree straight and bare,
And across by murmuring fountains
Grows a vine with verdure fair.

And the pine with ardent yearning
Stretches out to her his arms,
While the vine, his love returning,
Longs to yield to him her charms.

But the torrent rolls between them,
And they stretch their arms in vain;
Vainly o'er the waters lean them,
Parted are their lives in twain.

And the pine tree, sadly moaning
Speaks the sorrow of his soul,
While the vine, her grief disowning,
Smiles with woman's self-control.

So they look to one another
Over that tumultuous tide;
Vainly would their longing smother,
Though the waves their lives divide.

DOMINIQUE ROUQUETTE

[1810—1890]

AND

ADRIEN ROUQUETTE

[1813—1887]

ALCÉE FORTIER

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ROUQETTE was born at Bayou Lacombe, Louisiana, in 1810, and was educated at the College of Nantes, in Brittany, land of poetic memories. From childhood he was a poet and displayed a distaste for everything that was not connected with literature. He was a poet all his life and could do nothing but write verses. One might say of him as of Lamartine: "He was not a poet, he was poetry itself." For several years, poor and old, he walked the streets of New Orleans, always with flowers in his hands.

On his return to Louisiana, after completing his education in France, Dominique Rouquette spent nearly all his time at Bayou Lacombe or at Bonfouca. He lived, so to say, in the solitude of the forest, and where nature was grandest and wildest he would sit under a tree and read or dream for hours. It was there that his poetic instinct and that of his brother Adrien were really developed. Both were true poets, but Dominique was greater than Adrien.

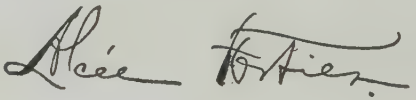
Dominique Rouquette married, and, in order to earn a living, tried to be a teacher. He was, however, too much of a dreamer to succeed in that profession, and he went to Arkansas to open a store. It is useless to say that he was even less successful in commerce than in teaching. "Nature," said Dr. Alfred Mercier, who knew him well, "had created him solely for dreaming and composing verses." He died on May 10, 1890, aged eighty years. He was a pious and excellent man. His principal works are: 'Les Meschacébéennes,' Paris, 1838, and 'Fleurs d'Amérique,' New Orleans, 1859.

Adrien Emmanuel Rouquette was born in New Orleans, February 13, 1813. Like his brother Dominique, he was educated at the College of Nantes. He traveled for several years in Europe, and on returning to Louisiana studied law for some time. He resided later

*See article on French Literature of Louisiana, 'Library of Southern Literature,' Vol. IV, page 1739.

near Mandeville, Louisiana, and became a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. He took a great interest in the Choctaw Indians and converted many of them to the Catholic faith. The Choctaws have gone to the Indian Territory, but the chapel in the woods, where Father Rouquette used to preach to the Indians, is still standing and is visited by many persons who take an interest in the romantic career of the poet-priest.

Adrien Rouquette wrote English lyrics—'Wild Flowers: Sacred Poetry' (1848)—of great merit, and his last work was a satire on Mr. George W. Cable's 'The Grandissimes,' entitled 'Critical Dialogue between Aboo and Caboo on a New Book: or, a Grandissime Ascension.' His French works are: 'Les Savanes' (1841); 'La Thébaïde en Amérique' (1852); 'L'Antoniade' (1860); 'Poèmes Patriotiques' (1860); 'La Nouvelle Atala' (1879). The last-named work is a novel and is admirably written. It proves that Father Rouquette was as poetic in prose as in verse. He died in New Orleans July 15, 1887, and was followed to his grave by many Choctaws, men, women, and children.



LES SAVANES

'Poésies Américaines,' "L'Arbre des Chactas" (Choctaus).

ADRIEN ROUQUETTE

O sublimes forêts, vieilles filles du monde,
Tombez et périssez sous la hache féconde.
—*A. Barbier.*

C'était un arbre immense; arbre aux rameaux sans nombre,
Qui sur tout un désert projetait sa grande ombre.
Ses racines, plongeant dans un sol sablonneux,
Rejaillissaient partout, boas aux mille nœuds;
Et, se gonflant à l'œil comme d'énormes veines,
On eût dit d'un haut-bord les câbles et les chaînes.
Arbre immense et géant, les arbres les plus hauts
A son pied s'inclinaient comme des arbrisseaux.
Déployant dans les cieux sa vaste et noire cime,
Il s'y plaisait aux chocs que l'ouragan imprime.

De sa circonférence embrassant l'horizon,
Sous son dôme sonore, en l'ardente saison,
Il pouvait abriter, endormis sous les herbes,
Tous le peuple Chactas et ses troupeaux superbes.
Dans ses feuilles, sa mousse, entre tous ses rameaux,
Vivaient, rampaient, grimpaient des milliers d'animaux;
Insectes et serpents, oiseaux et bêtes fauves,
Tous logeaient, retirés sous ses vertes alcôves;
Et, là, cachés, tapis dans leurs profonds abris,
Tous, en chœur, ils poussaient d'épouvantables cris!
Puis, autour de cet arbre, arbre aux rameaux immenses,
Voltigeaient colibris, aux changeantes nuances;
Papes verts, geais d'azur, flamboyants cardinaux,
Nuages d'oiseaux blancs et de noirs étourneaux;
Et leurs plumes semblaient d'éblouissantes pierres!
Et l'aigle, en les voyant, eût baissé ses paupières! . . .
Oh! vraiment, on eût dit le monde de Noé!
L'Arche attendant au port que le sol fût noyé!
Entre l'homme et les cieux, mystérieuse échelle,
L'Arbre allait de la terre à la voûte éternelle;
Et tout fort ouragan, l'arrachant des déserts,
Avec ses habitants, eût peuplé l'Univers!
Puis, quand le vent passait sous son dôme sauvage,
Dans ses feuilles sans nombre, et ses branches sans âge;
Lorsqu'à son tronc noueux chaque branche pliait,
Et qu'à chaque rameau la feuille tressaillait,
Oh! comme il en tombait une étrange harmonie;
Un bruit semblable au bruit de la mer en furie;
Un grand bourdonnement de branchages touffus;
Je ne sais quoi de sourd, de vague et de confus,
Qui roulait dans l'espace immense et magnifique,
Et que l'homme n'entend qu'aux déserts d'Amérique!
Eh bien! cet arbre-roi, ce géant des forêts,
Cette arche, cette échelle aux infinis degrés,
Un homme aux muscles forts, un homme à rude tâche,
Suant des mois entiers, l'abattit de sa hache!
Il l'abattit enfin; et puis, s'assit content;
Car, dans l'arbre, il voyait quelques pièces d'argent!
Oh! l'argent, c'est le dieu qui domine chaque âme;
C'est le dieu de l'enfant, de l'homme et de la femme;

C'est pour lui que tomba l'obélisque vivant,
Le premier-né du sol, l'orgueil du continent . . .
Honte à l'Américain, honte au froid mercenaire!
Il ne reste aujourd'hui de l'arbre séculaire,
Des rameaux desséchés, semés de toutes parts;
Qu'un tronc, devant lequel le voyageur s'arrête,
S'incline et s'agenouille, et sent grossir sa tête
De méditations, et sent gonfler son cœur,
Son cœur tout oppressé d'indicible douleur.
O les hommes d'argent, les fils de la matière,
Pour eux, il n'est donc rien de sacré sur la terre,
Rien de sacré dans l'âme? O froid Américain,
Ta seule passion, c'est donc l'amour du gain;
A sa voix, tout se tait, tout s'efface et se brise;
Elle seule ici-bas t'emporte et t'électrise;
Par elle tout entier ton cœur est possédé;
C'est ta religion, c'est ta divinité;
Et pour elle ta main mutile et défigure
Les chefs-d'œuvre de l'art et ceux de la nature! . . .
Mais si tu fus vainqueur de l'arbre des Chactas,
Impie, il en est un que tu n'abattras pas;
Un arbre bien plus haut, bien plus fort, et dont l'ombre
Couvre l'Eden si frais et l'univers si sombre.
Et cet arbre est celui que Dieu même planta,
L'arbre saint de la Croix, l'arbre de Golgotha;
L'arbre que l'homme en vain frappe aussi de sa hache;
Il le frappe en tous points, et rien ne s'en détache;
Rien: car l'arbre toujours, gigantesque, éternel,
S'élance, et va se perdre aux abîmes du ciel!
Il se rit des efforts de tous les nains impies,
Qui s'endorment, lassés, sous ses tiges fleuries:
S'étendant sur le monde, il abrite l'oiseau,
Donne à l'homme une couche, à l'enfant un berceau,
Une cellule au saint, à tous une patrie,
A celui que maudit, comme à celui qui prie;
Car c'est l'arbre de vie et d'immortalité,
Qui nourrit de ses fruits toute l'humanité;
Oui, c'est l'arbre sacré, dont la puissante sève
Est le sang pur du Christ, fils d'une seconde Ève:

Or, celui-là jamais ne doit tomber, périr;
Sur le monde en débris, seul, il doit refleurir;
Seul, il vivra toujours, sur toutes les ruines;
Car son tronc pousse en Dieu d'immortelles racins!

LA NOUVELLE ATALA: OU LA FILLE DE L'ESPRIT

Légende Indienne par Chahta-Ima de la Louisiane.

ADRIEN ROUQUETTE

. . . Atala était poète! Dire qu'elle était poète, c'est dire qu'elle aimait les fleurs, les étoiles, tout ce qui est gracieux, tout ce qui est beau, tout ce qui est sublime, tout ce qui reflète l'Idéal et touche aux voiles de l'Infini; c'est dire qu'elle était l'initiée de la grande nature primitive, l'initiée dans ses plus profonds enseignements et ses plus chastes mystères d'amour exalté.

Solitaire, elle avait interrogé la primitive nature, et la primitive nature lui avait répondu; elle lui parlait par toutes ses voix, et se dévoilait à elle d'autant plus qu'elle était plus unie à Dieu. Autant par instinct que par étude, elle connaissait les propriétés des fleurs, des graines, des feuilles, des écorces et des racines; les vertus de tous les simples; celles des gommes, des baumes et des résines; celles des sources minérales, dont les eaux salutaires vont se mêler aux grandes eaux des rivières.

Elle distinguait à la première vue, et par une sorte d'intuition rapide, les fleurs qui sont plus immédiatement sous l'influence du soleil de celles que domine l'influence de la lune ou des étoiles; celles du jour de celles de la nuit et du crépuscule; celles qui aiment la lumière de celles qui se plaisent dans l'ombre; celles de la terre de celles de l'eau; elle nommait chacune d'un nom significatif—la plante vénéneuse comme la plante salutaire, l'antidote comme le poison. Et les fleurs et les plantes lui parlaient de Dieu seul.

Autant que les fleurs, les étoiles attiraient ses regards; elle observait le repos des unes et les mouvements des autres; elle pouvait dire l'heure de la nuit par la position de tel groupe d'étoiles mobiles. Elle donnait à chacune un nom qui la désignait: Et les étoiles lui parlaient de Dieu seul.

Ses yeux ravis se portaient des fleurs, étoiles colorées de la terre, aux étoiles, fleurs lumineuses du ciel, et embrassaient l'horizon de verdure se confondant avec l'horizon d'azur, dans ce lointain indéfini qui attire et recueille l'âme contemplative et oublieuse d'elle-même, l'âme abstraite et concentrée: Et tout lui parlait de Dieu seul.

Isolé et libre, Atala avait souvent changé de demeure, selon la saison, ou selon l'avertissement secret d'une voix intérieure qui lui parlait souvent; mais sa demeure préférée était sur le bord d'une ravine profonde, alimentée par les eaux vives de mille sources intarissables. Autour de cette demeure, croissaient des lataniers nombreux, dont les larges feuilles s'ouvraient en éventails. Parmi les grands arbres toujours verts qui y poussaient, on distinguait le chêne antique, le cyprès chevelu, le cèdre, le mélèse, le magnolia et le pin; et, sous ces grands arbres, le laurier, le houx, la cassine, et le galé cirier, qui donne une cire odorante, et dont les feuilles, comme celles de l'eucalyptus, purifient l'air des marécages, en absorbant une grande quantité d'hydrogène. Et parmi les grands arbres qui perdent leurs feuilles au commencement de l'hiver, on remarquait le noyer, le platane, le tremble, le hêtre, et le copalme ou liquidambar, à la gomme suave; et, sous ces grands arbres, le cornouiller, l'airelle, le sumac et le sassafras aux racines odoriférantes.

Des lianes entrelacées formaient au-dessus de cette demeure une voûte impénétrable aux rayons du soleil; et la mélodie des oiseaux enchantait cette retraite imposante et tranquille, ce sanctuaire consacré par la virginité: Et elle appela cette solitude le Grand-Ermitage. Là, elle trouvait du miel dans le creux des vieux arbres, où les abeilles mettent leurs ruches à l'abri de la voracité des ours, qui sont très avides de ce nectar-ambroisie.

Partout où Atala portait ses pas, elle était suivie d'une gracieuse biche, qu'elle avait apprivoisée: Elle lui donna le nom de Pâlki, Pieds-Rapides. Cette biche, comme celle de St-Rilles, lui prodiguait chaque jour son lait le plus pur.

Elle avait aussi un magnifique chien de race; et, voici comment elle eut ce chien: Le chien poursuivait sa biche, qui accourut près d'elle pour lui demander protection. Lorsque le chien aperçut Atala, immobile dans l'attitude de la prière,

à genoux, au pied d'un arbre aux longs voiles de mousse, il s'arrêta soudain, en se tapissant dans les herbes: Il était sous l'influence d'un charme irrésistible; il ne voulut plus quitter sa nouvelle maîtresse; et, comme il avait, au milieu du front, une tache en forme d'étoile, elle le nomma Etoile. La biche dormait à côté du chien, et le chien et la biche aux pieds de leur maîtresse: Quel peintre aurait pu rendre ce tableau primitif? Atala, Pâlki et Etoile ne se séparaient jamais, ni pendant leurs courses, ni durant leur repos. Plus d'une fois, Pâlki et Etoile, toujours ensemble, servirent leur extatique maîtresse, en l'avertissant de quelque danger prochain, ou en la protégeant contre la silencieuse approche du redoutable serpent à sonnettes; ils savaient comment combattre et chasser cet insidieux ennemi, qui a la puissance de fasciner la proie vivante qu'il convoite, en lancant de ses yeux et exhaltant de son corps un fluide empoisonné: Ces deux gardes fidèles défendaient les abords de sa sainte solitude avec une vigilance qui équivalait à une clôture et des grilles.

MESCHACEBEENNES

La Nuit

DOMINIQUE ROUQUETTE

Le soir ramène le silence.
* * * * * *
Je suis, dans le vague des airs,
Le char de la nuit qui s'avance.—*Lamartine.*

La lune du Lacombe argente les deux rives:
Pas un bruit de roseaux ni de feuilles plaintives.
Au "camp" muet s'éteint le cri du négrillon;
Dans le foyer bruit l'invisible grillon.
Oh! c'est l'heure pieuse où l'âme recueillie
S'enivre de silence et de mélancolie,
L'heure où le "whip-poor-will," tendre et plaintif oiseau,
Sous le magnolia qui s'incline sur l'eau,
Sous le saule qui pleure ou l'yeuse isolée,
Comme une âme souffrante, une ombre inconsolée,
Jette aux brises des nuits ce triste et lent accord
Qui meurt dans le lointain et qu'on écoute encore . . .

Sur le bayou, tenant une pagaie oisive,
Calme, je laisse errer ma pirogue en dérive,
Et je rêve, et je prie, et jusqu'au point du jour,
Je me berce enivré de doux songes d'amour.

À M. ANATOLE C . . .

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.—*Byron.*

Et puis tous deux assis, quel bonheur de lui dire
De ces mots qu'on invente et qu'on ne peut écrire,
Ces mots mystérieux qui font trembler la voix,
Prononcés, dans les pins, pour la première fois!—*Méry.*

Oui, je pars; il me faut la solitude immense!
Quand je vois ma forêt, alors je recommence
A revivre, à rêver sous mes pins toujours verts,
A m'égarer pensif, à composer des vers.
Quelle est donc, réponds-moi, ta puissance secrète,
O solitude sainte, ô mère du poëte?
Oh! comme tous ces bruits qui tombent des rameaux
Versent au cœur souffrant l'oubli de tous les maux!
Comme à ces mille voix dont l'âme se pénètre,
Attendri l'on se sent rajeunir et renaître!
Il semble alors qu'au monde on ait dit son adieu,
Qu'on soit seul ici-bas et qu'on vive avec Dieu!
Et dans l'illusion, le charme de ce rêve,
On lui dit: "O mon Dieu, mais où donc est mon Ève?
J'ai déjà de mes mains bâti mes ajoupas;
Oh! mon Ève! Mon Dieu, ne l'amenez-vous pas?" . . .
C'est ce que je disais autrefois, le cœur vide,
D'amour, d'émotions, toujours, toujours avide,
Et sans cesse jetant, d'une plaintive voix,
Un nom imaginaire à l'écho des grands bois.
Mais, heureux aujourd'hui . . .
J'ai trouvé ce qu'à Dieu tout jeune homme demande;
Sur les bords du grand fleuve enfin je l'ai trouvé
L'ange que tant de fois mon âme avait rêvé!

A. M. JULES M. . .

LE CHEVREUIL DE LA LOUISIANE

Quand un voile brumeux enveloppe Lutèce,
Quand mon front obscurci s'incline de tristesse,
Comme un arbuste frêle où soupire le vent,
Ainsi que par instinct, ami, je vais souvent,
Longeant les boulevards, jusqu'au Jardin-des-Plantes:
Là, les heures d'exil, pour moi, coulent moins lentes,
Là comme à Bonfouca, sous les mélèzes verts,
Soucieux, je m'isole et compose des vers,
Et, tout en relisant Byron ou Sainte-Beuve,
J'erre, par la pensée, aux déserts du vieux fleuve;
Solitaire, j'écoute, incliné sur les eaux,
Son murmure sans fin d'harmonieux roseaux,
Ces bruits mystérieux des lianes plaintives,
Des longs cyprès voilés qui pleurent sur ses rives.
Poëte insoucieux, sans suivre aucun chemin,
Sur les ondes bercé, la pagaie à la main,
Ainsi qu'un bois flottant, au souffle de la brise,
Je laisse dériver ma pirogue indécise,
Et, l'oreille attentive à de lointains accords,
Les yeux clos à demi, je rêve et je m'endors . . .

Et puis, quand au couchant un dernier rayon brille,
Quand du riant jardin on va fermer la grille,
Avant que de partir, d'un signe, d'un coup d'œil,
D'un geste ami, je vais saluer le chevreuil,
Innocent orphelin que le destin condamne
A vivre, comme moi, loin de la Louisiane,
Loin des vierges forêts du vieux Michasippi . . .
Captif dans un enclos je le vois assoupi;
Ainsi qu'au bois natal, il sommeille tranquille:
Et moi, près de l'enclos, haletant, immobile,
Comme un père penché sur un fils au berceau,
Je l'observe endormi sous le frais arbrisseau.
Oh! que ne puis-je, hélas! exilé solitaire,
Paisible, à son côté, m'étendre sur la terre,

Et calme, insoucieux, sommeillant comme lui,
Un instant déposer le poids d'un long ennui!
Ou plutôt que ne puis-je, heureuse créature,
Le rendre à la forêt, à la belle nature,
Et dans quelque désert vierge de pas humain,
Vivre seul avec lui, le nourrir de ma main,
En faire un compagnon, un fils, une maîtresse,
L'environner d'amour, de soins et de tendresse,
Le suivre pas à pas, boire aux mêmes ruisseaux . . .
Sous les lataniers verts, au bord des grandes eaux,
Ainsi que Jocelyn à côté de Laurence,
Près de lui m'endormir . . . ivre de sa présence,
Le caresser, l'aimer comme on aime une sœur,
Hardi, le protéger contre l'adroit chasseur,
Et dire à l'Indien: "Qu'ici ton arc s'arrête!
Qui touche à ce chevreuil m'en répond sur sa tête!"

LA JEUNE FILLE DES BOIS

Fleurs d'Amérique.

DOMINIQUE ROUQUETTE

A MON AMI A. D.

C'est une brune, ami, comme ces jeunes filles
Que dore de ses feux le soleil des Antilles;
Comme la belle enfant que Gautier, dans ses vers,
Nous peint courant pieds nus sous les mangliers verts.
Comme une étoile au ciel son œil noir étincelle;
Dans les bois elle court ainsi qu'une gazelle.
Son corps est élancé, souple, fait à ravir;
Près du Manzanarès ou du Guadalquivir,
Sous les cieux espagnols, jamais jeune Andalouse
Plus belle n'a bondi dans l'épaisse pelouse! . . .
Elle chante jetant aux brises du matin
Ses longs cheveux d'ébène embaumés de plantain.
C'est une vierge chaste et ravissante et pure,
Une fleur des forêts de la grande nature,
Comme celle qu'aimait le fils d'Outalissi:
Elle chante, elle court, paisible, sans souci,

Sans un nuage au front, sans une peine à l'âme
Tout au présent; hélas, l'enfant deviendra femme!
Et dans ce cœur qui dort insoucieux, un jour,
Ainsi qu'un feu caché s'éveillera l'amour.
Alors plus de ces chants, ces cris de gaîté folle,
Plus de ces bonds joyeux dans la forêt créole,
Plus de ces fleurs qu'on cueille au rebord du chemin!
Mais un front attristé qu'on soutient de la main,
Mais des soupirs gonflant la poitrine attristée,
Une image chérie, une fixe pensée,
Des heures se traînant lentes, pleines d'ennuis,
Des pleurs silencieux versés au sein des nuits! . . .

A M . . .

Pour celui qui n'a plus ici-bas une mère,
La vie est un exil et la gloire est amère.

Hélas! sans une mère, au sourire divin,
Une couronne pèse au front de l'orphelin;
Non, ne me parlez plus de lauriers et de gloire;
La gloire n'est qu'un mot, et je n'y veux plus croire:
Soumet, barde divin, de la France l'orgueil,
Soumet l'a dit: "La gloire est un manteau de deuil."

Pour celui qui n'a plus ici-bas une mère,
La vie est un exil, et la gloire est amère.

IRWIN RUSSELL

[1853—1879]

A. A. KERN

Small was thy share in all this world's delight,
And scant thy poet's crown of flowers of praise:
Yet ever catches quaint of quaint old days
Thou sang'st, and, singing, kept thy spirit bright.
—*H. C. Bunner, in 'Airs from Arcady.'*

THE broken arc of Irwin Russell's life extended over but twenty-six pathetic years. His father, Dr. William McNab Russell, came of an Ohio family that had moved from Virginia, and his mother, *née* Elizabeth Allen, was a native of New York but of New England ancestry. She had taught in a girls' boarding-school at Bordentown, New Jersey, owned by the father of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the present editor of *The Century Magazine,* and at the time of her marriage was teaching in the Port Gibson (Mississippi) Female College.

Irwin Russell was born in Port Gibson, June 3, 1853. He inherited, together with his mother's brightness of intellect, something of her frail constitution; and an attack of yellow fever which he suffered when only three months old still further weakened his physical strength. Two years later he lost one of his eyes through an accident, and constant study afterward so impaired the remaining eye as to necessitate the use of spectacles. He was a fun-loving, adventurous boy, and withal unusually bright and fond of reading. This love of books, and the restraining control of a mother's love guiding and guarding him, seem to have been the two chief influences of his boyhood. His education, begun in St. Louis, where the family lived from 1853 to 1861, and continued in the Port Gibson schools, was completed with credit at the St. Louis University in 1869.

The sixteen-year-old graduate returned to Port Gibson, and, after reading law for three years, was, though still a minor, admitted to the Bar by a special act of Legislature. It is said, however, that he forsook the law without ever having had a case in court. Traces of his legal training occur in such poems as "Wherefore He Prays That A Warrant May Issue," "The Mississippi Witness," and "The First Client."

There is much in Russell's life that calls to mind Robert Louis Stevenson. His mode of life at this period was in accord with the theory that Stevenson upheld in his "Apology for Idlers" and exemplified in his own career. He wrote only when under the impulse to do so, and more for his own and his friends' pleasure than for any financial return—sometimes sending his poems to the local newspapers and sometimes to the national magazines. He was a contributor to *Puck* and to *Appleton's Journal,* but the majority of his poems appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* (now *The Century Magazine*). His first contribution to this periodical, "Uncle Cap Interviewed," appeared in January, 1876; and his masterpiece, "Christmas-Night in the Quarters," after being refused by the Port Gibson *Réveille* on account of its length, was published in *Scribner's* two years later.

Like Stevenson, also, he possessed a restless, roving disposition that often caused him to be dissatisfied with present surroundings and sent him in search of change. Thus he is known to have set out for California, to have lived a short time on the plains of Texas, and then to have attempted to run off to sea. But in each case the journeys, from one cause or another, usually sickness, ended where they began. Perhaps he hints at one of the reasons for his invariable return to Port Gibson when he makes one of his characters in "Norvern People" declare:

> Dat ol' Marsissippi's jes ober de fence
> Dat runs aroun' hebben's sarcumferymence.

Apart from his poetic genius, Russell's life might be comprised within three words: literature, roving, and drink. It seems probable that he began to drink rather early in life and mainly from a love of mental excitement; it is certain that the habit increased its hold upon him until his death, and was the chief deterrent factor in his career. In 1878 Port Gibson was again visited by yellow fever. With heroic self-sacrifice the poet and his father remained in the town nursing the fever-stricken victims and burying the dead. Some idea of the hardships they endured can be gained from Russell's letters of this period. In one of them he writes: "Four days ago I, for the first time in a month, sat down to a regularly cooked and served meal. . . . Between six hundred and seven hundred people remained in the town to face the fever. Out of these there have been about five hundred and seventy cases." For the father the strain proved too great, and at the close of the epidemic Dr. Russell suddenly died.

Cast thus upon his own resources, Russell determined to go to

New York and make a living with his pen. Arriving there in December, 1878, he met with a cordial welcome from such men as Henry C. Bunner, Richard Watson Gilder, and Robert Underwood Johnson, who had known him through his verse and were personally interested in him. But not even their care could guard him from himself, and his irregular habits soon brought him to poverty and then to illness. Rising from a bed of fever, weak and dazed, he wandered down to the docks and offered to work his way to New Orleans as a coal-heaver. Here he pieced out his existence by dint of literary hack-work of various sorts, most of it done for the New Orleans *Times*.

Even before he left Port Gibson, his frail body had become aweary of the buffetings of this hard world. In the "Studies in Style," after the manner of his master, Burns, he expresses his own world-weariness and his devotion to poetry.

> The warld, they say, is gettin' auld;
> Yet in her bosom, I've been tauld,
> A burnin', youthfu' heart's installed—
> I dinna ken—
> But sure her face seems freezin' cauld
> To some puir men.
>
> In summer, though the sun may shine,
> Aye still the winter's cauld is mine—
> But what o' that? The manly pine
> Endures the storm!
> Ae spark of poesy divine
> Will keep me warm.

His repeated attempts to start anew had made him lose faith in himself, and from this time he tended more and more to sink into a mood of helpless despair, tinged with regret. Speaking to Catherine Cole, of the *Times* staff, into whose office he often dropped to chat or jest, he said: "It has been the romance of a weak young man threaded in with the pure love of a mother, a beautiful girl who hoped to be my wife, and friends who believed in my future. I have watched them lose heart, lose faith, and again and again I have been so stung and startled that I have resolved to save myself in spite of myself. . . . I never shall." On December 23, 1879, in an humble dwelling on a side street, attended only by his poor Irish landlady, he gave up the struggle of life, and the land he loved was poorer in the loss of one of its most rarely gifted sons. His body was buried first in New Orleans, but later removed to Belle-

fontaine Cemetery in St. Louis, where rest also his father and mother.

Undoubtedly it is the life of a child of genius that has been thus briefly traced. It remains to note with equal brevity some of the salient features of his mind and work. Russell had preëminently the sensitive temperament of a poet; his face was the face of a dreamer rather than of a man of action; music was a passion with him, and he was an excellent performer upon both piano and banjo. In addition to musical ability he possessed a remarkable talent for caricature. In his childlike inability to care for himself, he illustrated in his own life the most characteristic elements of the race that he has portrayed so well. Not that he was wont to show a weak and dependent spirit toward others. On the contrary, together with an extraordinary faculty for making friends he possessed an excessive pride, which kept him from appealing to them when he was in need and distress.

He was the author of several short stories, most of which appeared in *St. Nicholas,* and it is a matter of regret that his plan for writing a novel dealing exclusively with negro life never was put into execution. The poet wrote a drama also dealing with negro life, the production of which was interrupted by the yellow-fever epidemic in Port Gibson. He threw himself in the lives of his characters with the same enthusiasm with which he had entered into his boyish plans, and the dramatic quality of his poetry in "Christmas-Night in the Quarters" is among its most notable distinctions.

Most of his poetry is contained in the little volume issued in 1888 by The Century Company. Nearly all his poems were "in lighter vein," and more than half of them in dialect. In the last year of his life, acting upon the advice of his New York friends, he partially forsook the humorous style and produced half a dozen poems upon more serious subjects. It is probably owing to the premonition that his end was near that five of the six poems deal with the general theme of death and the future life. His genius was not of that variety which exists as an infinite capacity for hard work; he rather held with "Blind Ned" that "science comes by natur', dat's de way it is wid me"; and many of his best poems were dashed off in the "first, fine, careless rapture."

Russell was a close student and a wide reader, his literary friends ranging from Chaucer and the early English dramatists to Rabelais and Molière. He has been compared with Keats, Poe, Chatterton, and Burns. The likeness to Keats and Poe is mainly external; in essential points he had but little in common with them. The facts in the lives of Russell and Chatterton are closely parallel; moreover, each of them worked in dialect and in a limited sphere;

each proved to be the forerunner of a widespread romantic movement and was so recognized by his successors.* But it is, with the peasant-poet of Scotland that the resemblance is closest. Russell even went so far as to write: "Burns is my idol. He seems to me the greatest man that ever God created, beside whom all other poets are utterly insignificant." How well the pupil had absorbed the spirit of the master can be seen in Russell's "Epistle to John Howard," written in imitation of Burns. In amiability, love for music, song, and drink, in method of composition, and in the mood and movement of their verse, the two poets were alike; and not only was each the forerunner of a romantic movement, but also a forerunner in exactly the same way—by showing the poetic material that lay in the humble lives of their countrymen. It is not implied, however, that the two are in any respect upon a plane of equality—not in melody, nor in pathos, nor in the universality of appeal to the human heart is Russell the equal of Burns; rather is he a miniature of the Scottish poet; he possessed the same qualities and characteristics, but on a smaller scale.

As regards literature, the situation in the South before the war corresponded closely with the situation in England just prior to the Romantic movement. Southern literature was as firmly enslaved to English literary traditions as ever the writers of the Augustan age were to the classic models and the merits of the heroic couplet. The war, however, destroyed all customs and turned the attention of Southerners to their own land and their own people, thus achieving for the South in literature what it failed to achieve in politics—independence. Slight as is his work, it is the glory of Irwin Russell to have been a pioneer in this national literary movement, which has counted among its adherents such authors as Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, James Lane Allen, and a host of others. He was the first to point out the literary possibilities of the negro. The negro had appeared incidentally in American literature before 1870, but Russell was the first to make him not only the leading but the sole character. That his claim to originality is genuine is attested by the author of "Marse Chan," who wrote: "Personally I owe much to him. It was the light of his genius shining through his dialect poems—first of dialect poems then and still first—that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow."

The negro that he described was neither the slave nor the modern type, but the unreconstructed free negro—the old-time darkey,

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*Cf. Keats's dedication of 'Endymion'; Shelley's 'Adonaïs,' II, 397-405; Thomas Nelson Page's dedication of 'Befo' de War' ("To Irwin Russell, who awoke the first echo."); Joel Chandler Harris's Introduction to 'Poems,' by Irwin Russell.

who is so fast disappearing—and the fidelity of his description is confirmed by the continued sale of his poems, collected for the first time nine years after his death, and by the fact that his is the first marble bust to be placed in Mississippi's Hall of Fame.

The dialect of Russell's poems is that spoken by the Mississippi negroes, and in the main his use of it is correct; but with him dialect was merely a means to an end—the representation of the negro character. Russell had the opportunity, the sympathy, the genius; and the resulting product is a complete and intimate picture. He had the dramatic power of losing himself in his characters, and he seems to have caught the very thought-processes of the negro; it is a revelation from within, not a study from without. It is true that for the most part the traits illustrated in his poems are of the lighter and more humorous order; but occasionally he touches upon the deeper emotional side of the negro nature.

We see the negro superstition; his habit of philosophizing, sometimes with only himself or his steeds as an audience; his naïve conception and treatment of Biblical events; his love of the dance and of music, especially that of the banjo; his slyness in a trade and his injured innocence when detected in a deception; his ignorance of the world and of legal customs; his child-like conceit; his admiration for his old master; his common sense and his homely precepts; his love of preaching and his astounding exegesis of the Scriptures; his simple trust in his Maker and his quiet, implicit belief in immortality; and everywhere and through all, his abounding humor. For the negro of slave-times was primarily a child and maintained a child-like outlook upon life. It is this fundamental conception that Russell has caught so perfectly and reproduced so accurately in its various phases.

Irwin Russell's title to fame depends less upon the quantity and quality of his poetry than upon the nature of his material and its historical significance. If the promise of later development contained in his work be set aside, it may be truthfully said that his field was limited, and that, even though the technique was excellent, the narrowness of range would ordinarily have prevented him from receiving more than a passing notice in the history of Southern literature. But it is his distinction to have discovered not only a new literary form—the negro-dialect poem—but also a new literary field—that of negro life—which has since been the most widely cultivated of all the fields in Southern literature. These facts are sufficient to entitle him to honorable mention; but it is his crowning glory that in revealing his hitherto unworked ground he also turned the attention of Southern writers to Southern subjects and caused their writings to take on a truer and more distinctive note.

He was a pioneer in the movement that has caused Southern literature since 1870 to reflect (as true art must always do) the life of the people that produce it. And it is just because of this clearly defined right to distinction that Russell's fame will live longer than that of many writers who have surpassed him in the volume of their work and in the breadth of their renown. It is for this reason also that he has been ranked above many who are better known, and has gained a place among the leaders of Southern song—Lanier, Hayne, Timrod, Russell.

Alfred Allan Kern

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CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS

When merry Christmas-day is done
And Christmas-night is just begun;
While clouds in slow procession drift,
To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
Yet linger overhead, to know
What causes all the stir below;
At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
The darkies hold high carnival.
From all the country-side they throng,
With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song,
Their whole deportment plainly showing
That to the Frolic they are going.
Some take the path with shoes in hand,
To traverse muddy bottom-land;

Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
Four on a mule, behold them ride!
And ten great oxens draw apace
The wagon from "de oder place,"
With forty guests, whose conversation
Betokens glad anticipation.
Not so with him who drives: old Jim
Is sagely solemn, hard, and grim,
And frolics have no joys for him.
He seldom speaks but to condemn—
Or utter some wise apothegm—
Or else, some crabbèd thought pursuing,
Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
  You alluz is a laggin'—
Mus' be you think I's dead,
  An' dis de huss you's draggin'—
You's mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
  Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin, sah!
  De ladies don't submit 'at—
Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
  You heah me tell you quit 'at?
Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
  Dat's what I's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behin',
  De pollytishners haulin'—
Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,
  To foller dat ar callin'—
An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
  But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah,
  Sometimes dey will be stickin';
An' den, fus' thing dey knows,
  Dey takes a rale good lickin'.
De folks gits down an' den watch out
  For hommerin' an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
  Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
  An' pruzently dey sails up,
An' makes dem oxen hump deyself,
  By twistin' all dey tails up!

In this our age of printer's ink
'Tis books that show us how to think—
The rule reversed, and set at naught,
That held that books were born of thought.
We form our minds by pedant's rules,
And all we know is from the schools;
And when we work, or when we play,
We do it in an ordered way—
And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
Whene'er she dares transgress a canon.
Untrammeled thus the simple race is
That "wuks the craps"on cotton places.

Original in act and thought,
Because unlearned and untaught.
Observe them at their Christmas party:
How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
How many things they say and do
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter-race—
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's Christ-
  mas-night;
An' all de balance ob de yeah we does as right's we kin,
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin'-spell—
Bekase nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min' dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly *ought* to dance when Christmas comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows,
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, until we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Christmas wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon;
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
When all the noise begins anew,
And with such force assaults the ears,
That through the din one hardly hears
Old fiddling Josey "sound his A,"
Correct the pitch, begin to play,
Stop, satisfied, then, with the bow,
Rap out the signal dancers know:
Git yo' pardners, fust kwatillion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
Gwine to git it home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlitely—

Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'
Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers!
When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes *I's* sober—
Cain't say how de fiddle am.
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'w'd!—when you's ready—
Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right an' lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

And so the "set" proceeds—its length
Determined by the dancers' strength;
And all agree to yield the palm
For grace and skill to "Georgy Sam,"
Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
"Des watch him! Is the wond'ring cry—
"De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
On, on the restless fiddle sounds,
Still chorused by the curs and hounds;
Dance after dance succeeding fast,
Till supper is announced at last.
That scene—but why attempt to show it?
The most inventive modern poet,
In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
Could form no phrase to do it justice!

When supper ends—that is not soon—
The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
The dancers pound the floor again,
With all they have of might and main;
Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
Each drowsy baby droops his head,
Yet scorns the very thought of bed,
So wears the night, and wears so fast,
All wonder when they find it past,
And hear the signal sound to go
From what few cocks are left to crow.
Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
"Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—
One ob de berry bes' you knows!"
Responding to the welcome call,
He takes the banjo from the wall,
And tunes the strings with skill and care,
Then strikes them with a master's air,
And tells, in melody and rhyme,
This legend of the olden time:

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de hair is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a'cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen'.
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabblin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em all 'board de Ark soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to wuk de boat an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger what wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin;
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong—des fit fur banjo-stringin'
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a'playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you find de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,
Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done; he fain would rest
Where people know and love him best.
He pauses, listens, looks about;
But go he must: his pass is out.
So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
"Oh! what a blessin' 'tw'u'd ha' been,
Ef Santa had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Chrismuses a yeah—
Or p'r'aps *one* brudder'd *settle* heah!"

NEBUCHADNEZZAH

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
  I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
  Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look hear, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
  On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
  You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
  Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him:
  You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
  He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chickin,
An' nebber thinks o'kickin'—
  Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
  Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
  On de oder side de creek.

MAHSR JOHN

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washingtum an' Franklum, an' sech gen'uses as dose;
I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de pint I's bettin' on:
Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de greates' man de country ebber growed.
You better had git out de way when *he* comes 'long de road!
He hel' his head up dis way, like he 'spised to see de groun';
An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John wuz roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes like he use' to be,
A-settin' on de gal'ry, lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
An' kep' a nigger busy jes' a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made ob solid gol',
An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as it would hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution, when he went to take a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—
Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin',
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o' lan':
Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' niggers—an' he wuked 'em shore's you
  born!
De oberseahs 'u'd start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

I reckon dere wuz forty ob de niggers, young an' ol'.
Dat staid about de big house jes to do what dey wuz tol';
Dey had a'easy time, wid skacely any work at all—
But dey had to come a'runnin' when ol' Mahsr John 'u'd call!

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de fun:
De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey 'u'd be dar, ebry one;
Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to dance,
An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a*'tic'lar* sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed. De war it come an' sot de niggers free,
An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf as much as me;
He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—
An' I declar' I's sorry fur my pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heahs 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,
I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,
An' den I 'lows dot in dem days 'at I remembers on,
Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY FRIEND

Copied from an Autograph Album, with the consent of the lady for whom the lines were written. Punctuation and other marks as written by the Author. The original is in Port Gibson, Mississippi.

I follow on where others lead,
  And write my thoughts in rhyme;
Sure measured words are what we need,
  To mark—the march of Time:
And far—too far— he's walked his way,
  Since we, together, found
Our childish life a cloudless May
  Our world, all fairy ground.

The Spring and Summer come and go
  And when their tide has passed
Comes Autumn rain—comes Winter snow
  To freeze our hearts at last—
But in some sheltered corner, yet,
  Some flowers escape the frost
And live throughout the cold and wet
  Without one petal lost.

So little change has come to you
If you have changed at all—
For you the Winter skies are blue
And warm, the rains of Fall—
And so, I trust they still may be:
So, may you bloom and thrive—
Preserve your youth, and not—like me—
Be old at twenty-five.

Thus far, our lives have led us—where?
Our sum of life is small
No added ciphers figure there
We're units—that is all;
Yet what of that? See on the book—
The record of the age—
What little fractions large in look
Engross each honored page!

We'll be content to idly stand,
And grumble not at Fate;
Nor call the gods to lend a hand
To dignify our state;
Nor use the means, that in our way
—Lie strewn—, by which, with ease
Those pleasing to be famous may
Be famous as they please.

No longer are there heights to climb;
No longer, fights to win;
One need not force the House of Time
To gain a passage in—
The gates are wide, the steps are few—
Well might we pass the throng,
And enter with the pigmy crew
That strut before the strong—.

On every hand, in this our day,
The rule is understood:
That knaves—fools—*dei gratia*—may
Command the wise and good—

If saintly leaders yet we boast,
  They are full well advised
That conscience always brings the most
  When best 'tis advertised!

If we were poets, with designs
  To lead the latest schools—
Whose glory is in making lines
  Without the aid of rules—
We'd owe our *points,* as others do
  To old forgotten files—
Which change the dullest pens into
  The very sharpest styles.

——But let us still be satisfied
  To lead a life of prose,
And not attempt to turn aside
  From where the highway goes—
And go you on, or left or right,
  You have, what'er befall,
The friendly wishes I would write
  But that the book's too small!

January 13, 1878.

A SYMBOL

Over the meadow there stretched a lane,
Parting the meadow in segments twain;
And through the meadow and over the sod
Where countless feet had before him trod—
With a wall forever on either hand
Barring the lane from the meadow-land,
There walked a man with a weary face,
Treading the lane at a steadfast pace.

On before him, until the eye
To gauge the distance could no more try,
To where the meadow embraced the sky,
The lane still stretched, and the wall still barred
The dusty lane from the meadow sward.
He paid no heed to the joyous calls

That came from the men who had leaped the walls—
Who paused a moment in song or jest,
To hail him, "Brother, come here and rest";
For the Sun was marching toward the West,
And the man had many a mile to go,
And time is swift and toil is slow.

The grassy meadows were green and fair,
Bestudded with many a blossom rare,
And the lane was dusty, and dry, and bare;
But even there, in a tiny shade
A jutting stone in the wall had made,
A tuft of clover had lately sprung—
It had not bloomed, for it yet was young—
The spot of green caught the traveler's eye,
And he plucked a sprig, as he passed by:
And then, as he held it, there came a thought
In his musing mind, with a meaning fraught
With other meanings.

"Ah, look!" said he,
"The spray is one—and its leaves are three,
A symbol of man, it seems to me,
As he was, as he is, and as he will be!
One of the leaves points back, the way
That I have wearily walked to-day;
One points forward as if to show
The long, hard journey I've yet to go;
And the third one points to the ground below.
Time is one, and Time is three;
And the sign of the Time, in its Trinity—
Past, Present, Future, together bound
In the simplest grass of the field is found!
The lane of life is a dreary lane
Whose course is over a flowery plain.
Who leaps the wall to enjoy the flowers
Forever loses the wasted hours.
The lane is long, and the lane is bare,
'Tis tiresome ever to journey there;
But on forever the soul must wend—
And who can tell where the lane will end?"

The thought was given. Its mission done,
The grass was cast to the dust and sun;
And the sun shone on it, and saw it die
With *all three leaves* turned toward the *sky*.

SELLING A DOG

H'yar, Pot-liquor! What you at? You heah me callin' you?
H'yar, sah! Come an' tell dis little gemmen howdy-do!
Dar, sah, *ain't* dat puppy jes as fat as he kin roll?
Maybe you won't b'liebe it, but he's only six mon's ol'!

'Coon dog? Lord! young marster, he's jes at 'em all de while;
I b'liebe dat he kin smell a 'coon fur half-a-mile.
I don' like to sell him, fur he's wuf his weight in gol';
If *you* didn't want him, sah, he nebber *should* be sol'.

If you takes him off wid you, I'll feel like I wuz lost.
He's de bes' young fightin'-dog I ebber come acrost.
Jes look at dem eyes, young marster; what a sabbage face!—
He won't let no stranger nigger come about de place.

You know Henry Wilson's Bob, dat whipped your fader's Dan?
Pot-liquor jes' chucked dat dog so bad he couldn't stan'!
Well, sah, if you wants him, now I'll tell you what I'll do—
You kin hab him fur a dollar, seein's how it's *you*.

Now, Marster Will, you *knows* it—he's wuf mo'n dat, a heap;
R'al'y, I's a-doin' wrong to let him go so cheap.
Don't you tell nobody, now, what wuz de price you paid—
My ol' 'oman's gwine to gib me fits, sah, I's afraid!

T'ank you, sah! Good-mornin', sah! You tell yo' ma, fur me,
I has got de fines' turkeys dat she ebber see;
Dey is jes as good as any pusson ebber eat.
If she wants a *gobbler,* let her sen' to Uncle Pete.

Dar! I's done got rid ob dat wretched dog at las'!
Drownin' time wuz comin' fur him mighty precious fas'!
Sol' him fur a dollar—well! An' goodness knows de pup
Isn't wuf de powder it'd take to blow him up!

Father Abram J. Ryan

ABRAM J. RYAN

[1836—1886]

HANNIS TAYLOR

AT the end of the Civil War, when the people of the South, draped in mourning for their warrior dead, stood as mourners might stand in some dim cathedral at the bier of their own and only one, a funeral dirge was chanted by an unknown voice from an unseen shrine. All heads were bowed as the weird, soul-stirring strains of "The Conquered Banner," whose measure was taken from an old Gregorian hymn, drew a sob from every Southern heart.

Soon this wonderful poem, whose wail of woe swept over the South as the triumphant shout of the Marseillaise had swept over France, was set to music and sung in every household. Only those who lived in the South in that day, and passed under the spell of that mighty song can properly estimate its power as it fell upon the victims of a fallen cause. The fact that this dirge was not destined to immortality because the state of soul to which it was addressed was ephemeral did not at all impair its effect at the moment it was uttered. When all eyes were turned to the source from which the music came, its author proved to be a young Catholic priest, born in America of Irish parents, who transmitted to him all the poetic and mystic witchery of the Celtic temperament. From the fountain of his soul, which was Irish and Catholic, to its utmost depths, patriotic and devotional poems bubbled up as water flows. By birth and environment, the genius of Father Ryan was limited to two channels, within which it was imprisoned to the end. He sung only of the Southern Confederacy and the Catholic Church, at such odd times as a busy and devoted priest could find to sing; but his poetic genius was far beyond that of any other poet the South has produced since Edgar Allan Poe. Poe and Ryan were twin souls; the one a pagan mystic, the other a Christian mystic.

The lost cause became incarnate in the heart of Father Ryan, who cherished it as his forefathers had cherished the cause of Ireland. As a chaplain in the Southern Army, he appeared upon more than one battlefield, and to the cause he loved an idolized brother gave his life. His ode* in memory of his brother, Captain David J. Ryan, should live forever, for there is no deeper or more martial pathos even in "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

*Printed on p. 4636.

On its mystic and devotional side, Father Ryan's soul was as rich as a diamond-field of South Africa—the gems glistened everywhere. Great poetry, like great music, has always a national flavor. The exquisite spiritual imagery of the poet-priest was distinctively Celtic. It came in his blood from a land in which Christianity was, at the outset, tribal and monastic. In the "Song of the Mystic" he says:

"And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!—
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word."

And again in the poem "In Memory of Very Rev. J. B. Etienne":

"A shadow slept folded in vestments,
The dream of a smile on its face,
Dim, soft as the gleam after sunset,
That hangs like a halo of grace
Where the daylight had died in the Valley
And the twilight hath taken its place—
A shadow! but still on the mortal
There rested the tremulous trace
Of the joy of a spirit immortal,
Passed up to his God in His grace."

Father Ryan's dreamy mysticism and self-enclosed reticence clouded every detail of his life. When he spoke of himself it was always in a vague and indirect way. Thus it is a question whether he was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, or in Norfolk, Virginia, not earlier, perhaps, than 1836. I always inferred from what he said that he was born in Norfolk; certainly that was the home of his early childhood. When he was a lad of seven or eight years his family removed to St. Louis, where he was trained under the Brothers of the Christian Schools. After the necessary preparatory studies he entered the ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, New York. He told me that he was ordained a priest at St. Louis just after he became of age, at a time when he was in such delicate health that he was obliged to sit through the ceremony. At the end of the Civil War, in which he served as a Confederate chaplain, he was stationed at Nashville, afterward at Clarksville, Tennessee, and still later at Augusta, Georgia, where he founded and published for about five years the *Banner of the South,* a paper very influential in that sec-

tion. In 1870 he was stationed at the Cathedral at Mobile, Alabama, where his fame as a pulpit orator reached a very high point. While he could not be eloquent on every stated occasion, at times and in flashes, he was as brilliant as Bossuet or Lamartine. In his best days crowds gathered to hear him. In 1877 he became the pastor of St. Mary's Church in the suburbs of Mobile. I happened to live across the street, and thus our friendship began. Down to that time his poems had been scattered like oak-leaves in the wind through newspapers and magazines. It never had occurred to him to put them together in a book. When I suggested that he should do this, he was indifferent, but said I could do it if I chose. Mr. John L. Rapier, a Catholic gentleman of the noblest and most generous type, then owned the *Mobile Register*. In that newspaper office the poems were first published and, without any machinery for distribution, the sales went up into the thousands, from which the author enjoyed an unusually large share of the profit. He was as generous with money as a prince; when he had it, it fell "alike upon the just and the unjust." His great heart was full of charity and of infinite tenderness. No man ever loved more the poor and lowly. So popular did his poems become that his interest in them was soon bought out by a Baltimore publisher. The current edition is now the twenty-seventh.

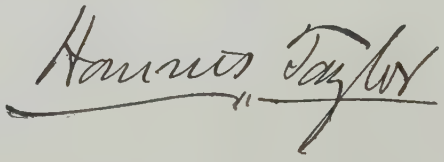
No man ever looked more like a poet than Father Ryan. A weak, delicate body was crowned by a great leonine head, from which soft brown hair floated down over stooping shoulders. His face was always sad. "In his eyes was the twilight of grief, but in that grief the starlight of a smile." He moved along like an old man of seventy, when he was but little over forty, attracting attention from every passer-by. No personality was ever more marked. There was a magnetism about him that cast a spell upon all who came near him. While he was careless in his dress, almost to the point of slovenliness, his dignity and reserve were impenetrable to all save a few very near to his heart. Over and above all else he showed a contempt of danger, a courage that nothing could daunt. He reveled in the perils of a yellow-fever epidemic. During his life at Mobile a noted courtesan, famed for her beauty, fell ill of malignant smallpox. When Father Ryan heard that her companions had fled from her in terror, he went at once to her bedside, nursed her until she died, and placed her body in the coffin. When it appeared that she had bequeathed to him everything she had, he sent it to her next of kin, and then preached a memorial sermon that will always linger in the memories of those who heard it. The story of the Magdalen had not been lost upon him. No more heroic or romantic warrior ever fought under the standard of Christ. He epitomized his own Mobile life when he said:

"To the higher shrine of love divine
My lowly feet have trod,
I want no fame, no other name
Than this—a priest of God!"

In a Franciscan monastery at Louisville, Kentucky, on April 23, 1886, this high-thoughted, sensitive, sad soul passed through that ever-opening door "that swings between Forever and No More." In his poem, "After Sickness at Milan," he wrote:

"What were my thoughts? I had but one regret—
That I was doomed to live and linger yet
In this dark valley where the stream of tears
Flows, and in flowing, deepens thro' the years."

The spirituality of his nature was ever beating against the bars. It was no doubt a happy day for him when his good friend Death opened the door and made possible his escape beyond the stars. To have lived for some years in close communion with this great, heroic, tender soul I shall ever regard as the most precious privilege of my life.



SONG OF THE MYSTIC

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I walk down the Valley of Silence—
  Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
  That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
  Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
  I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
  That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
  And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
  And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
  But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
  Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
  And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
  And I heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
  That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence—
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

ERIN'S FLAG

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its fold to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never! no, never! while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never! no, never! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high; 'tis as bright as of old!
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches, wild-howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,

That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
'Til the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the green, and we'll tear down the red!

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home,
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
'Til, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar!
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD

Gather the sacred dust
  Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
  And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
  From the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
  The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same;
They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living, they struggled side by side,
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle day,
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead,
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
They all are powerless now;
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men by Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

REUNITED

Written after the Yellow Fever Epidemic of 1878.

Purer than thy own white snow,
  Nobler than thy mountain's height;
Deeper than the ocean's flow,
  Stronger than thy own proud might;
O Northland! to thy sister land,
Was late thy mercy's generous deed and grand.

Nigh twice ten years the sword was sheathed;
  Its mist of green o'er battle plain
For nigh two decades Spring had breathed;
  And yet the crimson life-blood stain
From passive swards had never paled,
Nor fields, where all were brave and some had failed.

Between the Northland, bride of snow,
  And Southland, brightest sun's fair bride,
Swept, deepening ever in its flow,
  The stormy wake, in war's dark tide:
No hand might clasp across the tears
And blood and anguish of four deathless years.

When Summer, like a rose in bloom,
  Had blossomed from the bud of Spring,
Oh! who could deem the dews of doom
  Upon the blushing lips could cling?
And who could believe its fragrant light
Would e'er be freighted with the breath of blight?

Yet o'er the Southland crept the spell,
  That e'en from out its brightness spread;
And prostrate, powerless, she fell,
  Rachel-like, amid her dead.
Her bravest, fairest, purest, best,
The waiting grave would welcome as its guest.

The Northland, strong in love, and great,
  Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
  Or unforgiveness e'er were rife.
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed.

No hand might clasp, from land to land;
  Yea! there was one to bridge the tide;
For at the touch of Mercy's hand
  The North and South stood side by side:
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousals are made one.

"Thou givest back my sons again,"
  The Southland to the Northland cries;
"For all my dead, on battle plain,
  Thou biddest my dying now uprise:
I still my sobs, I cease my tears,
And thou hast recompensed my anguished years.

"Blessings on thine every wave,
  Blessings on thine every shore,
Blessings that from sorrow save,
  Blessings giving more and more,
For all thou gavest thy sister land,
O Northland, in thy generous deed and grand."

THE LAND WE LOVE

Land of the gentle and brave!
  Our love is as wide as thy woe;
It deepens beside every grave
  Where the heart of a hero lies low.

Land of the sunniest skies!
  Our love glows the more for thy gloom;
Our hearts, by the saddest of ties
  Cling closest to thee in thy doom.

Land where the desolate weep
In a sorrow no voice may console!
Our tears are but streams, making deep
The ocean of love in our soul.

Land where the victor's flag waves,
Where only the dead are the free!
Each link of the chain that enslaves,
But binds us to them and to thee.

Land where the Sign of the Cross
Its shadow hath everywhere shed!
We measure our love by thy loss,
Thy loss by the graves of our dead!

A LAND WITHOUT RUINS

A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days:
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song!
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong!
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;

Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

IN MEMORIAM

DAVID J. RYAN, C. S. A.

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping
In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows o'er the past are creeping,
Death, the reaper, still is reaping,
Years have swept, and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still, and weeping
For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,
And war's stirring tocsin pealed,
By those songs thy heart wast haunted,
And thy spirit, proud, undaunted,
Clamored wildly—wildly panted;
"Mother! let my wish be granted;
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I fear to meet our vaunted
Foemen on the bloody field.

"They are thronging, mother! thronging,
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go—'tis wrong, and wronging
God and thee to crush this longing;
On the muster-roll of glory,
In my country's future story,
On the field of battle gory
I must consecrate my name.

"Mother! gird my sword around me,
Kiss thy soldier-boy 'good-bye.'"
In her arms she wildly wound thee,
To thy birth-land's cause she bound thee,
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,
And she sobbed: "When foes surround thee,
If you fall, I'll know they found thee
Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation,
Stood that mother and her son,
He, the victim of oblation,
Panting for his immolation;
She, in priestess' holy station,
Weeping words of consecration,
While God smiled His approbation,
Blessed the boy's self-abnegation,
Cheered the mother's desolation,
When the sacrifice was done.

Forth, like many a noble other,
Went he, whispering soft and low:
"Good-bye—pray for me, my mother;
Sister! kiss me—farewell, brother";
And he strove his grief to smother.
Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless,
And his parting gaze was tearless
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
In the sunny Southern sky:
On, to death and glory dashing,
On, where swords are clanging, clashing,
On, where balls are crushing, crashing,
On, 'mid perils dread, appalling,
On, they're falling, falling, falling,
On, they're growing fewer, fewer,
On, their hearts beat all the truer,
On, on, on, no fear, no falter,
On, though round the battle-altar

There were wounded victims moaning,
There were dying soldiers groaning;
On, right on, death's danger braving,
Warring where their flag was waving,
While Baptismal blood was laving
All that field of death and slaughter;
On, still on; that bloody lava
Made them braver and made them braver,
On, with never a halt or waver,
On in battle—bleeding—bounding,
While the glorious shout swept sounding,
"We will win the day or die!"

And they won it; routed—riven—
Reeled the foemen's proud array:
They had struggled hard, and striven,
Blood in torrents they had given,
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,
Fled, in sullenness, away.

Many a heart was lonely lying
That would never throb again;
Some were dead, and some were dying;
Those were silent, these were sighing;
Thus to die alone, unattended,
Unbewept and unbefriended,
On that bloody battle-plain.

When the twilight sadly, slowly
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,
Thousands, thousands lying lowly,
Hushed in silence deep and holy,
There was one, his blood was flowing
And his last of life was going,
And his pulse faint, fainter beating
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
While his eyes grew strangely brighter;
There he lay—like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming,

For the hand in life that grasped it,
True in death still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,
And the sternest bent down weeping
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping;
'Twas the midnight; stars shone round him,
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods, like banners bending,
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint, far dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending;
There they mute and mournful bore him,
With the stars and shadows o'er him,
And they laid him down—so tender—
And the next day's sun, in splendor,
Flashed above my brother's tomb.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
  O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
  Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds are wailing
  Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
  Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
  Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
  Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
  For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there furled forever,
  For it droops above the dead.

MY BEADS

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

A LEGEND

He walked alone beside the lonely sea,
The slanting sunbeams fell upon His face,
His shadow fluttered on the pure white sands
Like the weary wing of a soundless prayer.
And He was, oh! so beautiful and fair!
Brown sandals on His feet—His face downcast,
As if He loved the earth more than the heav'ns.
His face looked like His Mother's—only her's
Had not those strange serenities and stirs
That paled or flushed His olive cheeks and brow.
He wore the seamless robe His Mother made—
And as He gathered it about His breast,
The wavelets heard a sweet and gentle voice
Murmur, "Oh! My Mother"—the white sands felt
The touch of tender tears He wept the while.
He walked beside the sea; He took His sandals off
To bathe His weary feet in the pure cool wave—
For He had walked across the desert sands
All day long—and as He bathed His feet
He murmured to Himself, "Three years! three years!
And then, poor feet, the cruel nails will come
And make you bleed; but, ah! that blood shall lave
All weary feet on all their thorny ways."
"Three years! three years!" He murmured still again,
"Ah! would it were to-morrow, but a will—
My Father's will—biddeth Me bide that time."
A little fisher-boy came up the shore
And saw Him—and, nor bold, nor shy,
Approached, but when he saw the weary face,
Said mournfully to Him: "You look a-tired."
He placed His hand upon the boy's brown brow
Caressingly and blessingly—and said:
"I am so tired to wait." The boy spake not.
Sudden, a sea-bird, driven by a storm
That had been sweeping on the farther shore,
Came fluttering towards Him, and, panting, fell
At His feet and died; and then the boy said:

"Poor little bird," in such a piteous tone;
He took the bird and laid it in His hand,
And breathed on it—when to his amaze
The little fisher-boy beheld the bird
Flutter a moment and then fly aloft—
Its little life returned; and then he gazed
With look intensest on the wondrous face
(Ah! it was beautiful and fair)—and said:
"Thou art so sweet I wish Thou wert my God."
He leaned down towards the boy and softly said:
"I am thy Christ." The day they followed Him
With cross upon His shoulders, to His death,
Within the shadow of a shelt'ring rock
That little boy knelt down, and there adored,
While others cursed, the thorn-crowned Crucified.

BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep

Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

JOSEPH SALYARDS

[1808—1885]

JOHN W. WAYLAND

THE life and achievements of Salyards afford a notable illustration of the victories that high aspiration and industry may win over poverty and obscurity. As a scholar and as a teacher of young men he established his chief claim to remembrance; but his writings entitle him to high rank among the literary figures of Virginia.

Near Front Royal, in what is now Warren County, Virginia, on April 9, 1808, Joseph Salyards was born. The day and month of his birth have since become famous in American history; and the year immediately preceded the one most distinguished in all world history as the birth-year of famous men, especially of great literary men. Salyard's birthplace was an humble cottage that stood almost under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains. There he spent the first six years of his life. On the opposite side of the range, near the summit, William R. Barbee, the sculptor, had his boyhood home. Doubtless the rugged face of Nature smiled with telling influence upon both young souls, and left an image of beauty that hovered forever after before their eyes.

Of Levi Salyards, Joseph's father, little is known, except that early in the century he joined an army that marched against one of the tribes of hostile Indians. Since he never returned from the expedition his fate remains a mystery. Joseph's mother was an English woman, whose maiden name was Alice Edwards. Her ancestry has been traced back to Edward VI. Her parents came to Virginia at an early date, and settled at Williamsburg. She was without literary culture, but was endowed with good judgment and more than ordinary intellectual power. In his lines to "Dear Old England" her son doubtless included her in his thought as he apostrophized the country of her birth.

When Salyards was six years old his mother, with her family, consisting of Joseph, his two brothers and two sisters, moved to Page County, Virginia. There a youth named Henry Gander taught him the English alphabet, and prevailed upon his mother to send him to school. The alphabet was mastered with difficulty, but afterward the boy made more rapid progress in his studies. After a residence of six or seven years in Page County, the family crossed the Massa-

nutten Mountain into the adjoining county of Shenandoah, and settled near New Market. Here Joseph attended school at Newman's school house, studying only arithmetic, and completing Pike's textbook on the subject in the brief session of forty-five days. Then for a year or less he attended school in New Market, studying reading, writing, arithmetic, surveying, and algebra, under the instruction of Mr. George Gilbert. There the proclivities of the youth began to attract attention. Dr. S. G. Henkel and other leading citizens gave him encouragement and loaned him books for the study of Greek, Latin, and the sciences. Every opportunity for improvement was utilized; and yet it is said that altogether his time in schools, as a student, did not exceed two full sessions of nine months each.

After teaching awhile in Rockingham County, and one session in Shenandoah, he married Miss Sarah May of Rockingham about the year 1828. Soon afterward he secured the position of usher in the New Market Academy, through the influence of the Rev. S. K. Hoshour, who, some years before, had inflamed the youth with a passion for Latin by reading to him a part of Virgil's first eclogue. After serving some time as usher, receiving instruction meanwhile in both ancient and modern languages, Salyards appears to have spent several more years teaching, being engaged at least part of the time in the Linville Creek section of Rockingham County. There he doubtless became well acquainted with the striking landscape scenes that later inspired Aldine Kieffer, that other sweet singer of the upper Shenandoah Valley.

Sometime in the 'forties he was called to the principalship of the New Market Academy—later well known as the Polytechnic Institute—a position which he held for forty consecutive years. While yet a comparatively young man he had made himself master of eight languages: Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish, Italian, and English; he had familiarized himself with the various arts and sciences, and was proficient in all the branches of mathematics. He became the most renowned teacher in the Shenandoah Valley. Roanoke College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and he was elected an honorary member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. Upon the death of Professor Edward H. Courtenay, professor of mathematics in the University of Virginia, in 1853, Salyards was spoken of as a possible successor.

The following description of Salyards's personal appearance may be of interest:

"He was dressed in a faded snuff-colored suit, his eyes were concealed under a pair of colored glasses; his face was smooth without beard, complexion florid, features regular, and head covered with

a suit of disheveled, sandy hair. He seemed to be about thirty years of age, of medium height, and lithe and rounded in form."

When a child of only four or five years of age he had lost the sight of one eye from disease; and about a year before his death, which occurred August 10, 1885, he became totally blind. The love of flute music, which made him akin to Lanier, and a period of dissipation in middle life, which gave him a melancholy kinship to Poe, were thus followed in old age with blindness, which put him in sympathy with many sweet singers, and must have brought before him again, in the fond companionship of memory, Kagey, "The Good Man," the subject of his sweetest song.

In the midst of his scholastic duties Professor Salyards found time to do a vast amount of writing. Only a small portion of his literary productions was given to the public, yet his published works comprise a large number of magazine articles, various essays and pamphlets, several translations, mostly of theological works, and an epic poem, "Idothea," his masterpiece.

"Idothea, or The Divine Image," is a sacred or moral epic. In primary outline it consists of three parts: "The Beauty of Truth"; "Good and Evil", and "The Beauty of Holiness."

The first part comprises three divisions: "Truth in Man"; "Truth in Nature"; "Truth in Revelation." The second part consists of nine idyls: "Eudaemonia"; "Nemesis"; "Voices of Hilltop"; "Waif of Rosendale"; "Pride and Providence"; "The Wranglers"; "Kalonimata"; "Passing Away"; "Behind the Vale." The third part has three divisions: "Uranothen"; "At Home Again"; and "Uranode."

It is evidently the purpose of the poem to account for the origin of the universal idea of the Divine Being, and to "enforce its presence as coincident with the consciousness of good and evil." Erasmus, the hero, the incarnation of Mind, goes forth searching for Truth. He seeks among men; then in nature; and finally hears a voice of divine revelation, which assures him that he shall find the object of his desire, but that he must first pass through many experiences of good and evil, under many aspects and conditions. The second and third parts of the poem contain the fulfilment of this prediction and promise. Amid the vicissitudes portrayed in the second part we begin to catch glimpses of the heroine, Idothea, the incarnation of Truth. Idothea and Erasmus, sometimes almost united, sometimes in painfully separate paths, journey on; surrounded now by the cheering influences of the good, now assailed by the violence of evil. Having thus traversed the moral and intellectual realms, fathomed the sources of knowledge and feeling, tried the real and attempted the ideal, and traced each thought from the natural to the supernatural, they finally

meet and are united; Mind is wedded to Truth, and the beauty of holiness is attained. The poem ends with the joyous nuptial song:

"Hail to the happy youth,
Searcher of hidden truth,
Honest and resolute, faithful and pure!"

There are in "Idothea" occasional lapses, either in thought or in style, but they are rare. In verse form and rhyme scheme an ingenious variety, including blank verse, is employed. The meter and rhythm are well-nigh faultless. A decided musical quality is often manifest. Occasionally a rhyme is found that at first appears somewhat forced or commonplace, but it usually improves with acquaintance. Lack of unity in the poem as a whole may be charged, but hardly with justice. There is a unity, but the interruptions are perhaps too frequent and protracted. The fact that the characters in the story, the figures of the epic, are personified abstractions makes acquaintance with them difficult, and renders their appeal to our imagination and feeling less distinct and powerful. The most serious criticism must be aimed at the non-English terms that are sometimes used when English words would have expressed the same meaning with greater effect. 'Idothea' is, for the most part, intelligible only to scholars, though certain divisions have a universal message and should be popular with all classes of readers.

The observant reader of "Idothea" is constantly attracted by the charm of phrasing, the wealth of allusion, the local color, and the beauty and depth of the embodied thought. Passages of the most vivid description abound; vigorous satire is not wanting; the narrative moves with strength and dignity; and in several places are lyric strains that sound afar, and return in echoes. There is pathos that must appeal to every heart that has known love and sorrow.

This sketch of Salyards and his masterpiece may be closed with a quotation from an English critic, Sir G. T. Hamilton, K.C.B., writing in the *Westminster Quarterly:*

"After a very careful perusal, we hesitate not to pronounce this a great Moral Epic. . . . Like Milton and Shelley, the author of 'Idothea' seems to feel and appreciate the magic of classic and euphonious names, the power of musical terms and epithets. . . . The pauses and cadences are so musically adjusted, as generally to gratify both the ear and the understanding. For the mechanism of musical numbers, let any one take a passage from the first or third 'Idothea,' and a similar passage from Pope, Byron, or Tennyson, read them in connection, and compare them in respect to rhythm, harmony, and ease of expression—then judge in whose favor the

command of language is found. . . . As to power of conception, we doubt if the whole range of English poetry presents more sublime views than will be found in Idos II., pages 55-72, and in Idos III., pages 97-104." (See Henkel's 'Life of Salyards,' page 19.)

John W. Wayland.

MOONLIGHT

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This Summer night in starry silence brings
The far-off murmur of the mountain springs;
High rolls the moon amid her golden day,
And down our darkness bends the solar ray.
Through depths serene, a sea of silver white
Flows from the sky, and mingles with the night,
Blent, sober'd, soften'd; were the truth unknown,
I must believe this lustre all her own.
So, man, enlighten'd as he trims the vale,
Transmits an Image, cold, indeed, and pale.
The bright conceptions, spirit-wing'd and fleet,
Approach our clay, and darken as they meet:
Our fallen powers of heart and brain impure,
Refract, distort them, intercept, obscure;
And some, whose souls the Primal Light revere,
See no reflection of the heavenly here.

SUNRISE

The fading stars reluctantly withdrew
Their keen regard, and dark the coppice grew;
A fleecy paleness overspread the moon,
And orient airs began their whispers soon,
And far the tall oracular pines above,
Passed something like the first faint smile of love;
And something seem'd to whisper down from heaven,
"Awake, my sweetest minstrel of the seven!

Ye happy tenants of the wood and lawn,
Arise, my loves, and drink the joys of dawn!"
Long, misty lines, of dim, uncertain hue
Reach'd forth, divergent, underneath the blue,
Suffused the stars, and, sloping down the West,
Set rose and ruby in the lunar crest.
Earth leaned to meet the coming Deity,
And mountains hurried from the West to see.
The orient lines are misty now no more;
The golden reins are flashing at the door;
The gate unfolds—Time's ancient songs begin;
The king of glory and of day comes in!

THE RAINBOW

Oft have I seen the Summer cloud distil
Its radiant treasure on the woody hill;
The golden drops divide the evening beam,
And build an arch of Beauty o'er the stream.
And strange, I thought, that things unseen and small,
Could form an arch, by harmony of all!
Lo! here I see the radiant worlds descend,
In paths of light, that interweave and blend,
That wreathe, and curve, and harmonize, and twine
Around the throne of Truth and Love divine.

HARVEST HOME

And now 'twas in the time of golden grain,
We saw the peasants hasten o'er the field.
How pleasing, when the Reapers of the day
With faithful toil have dress'd the harvest field,
That each may seek a home of quiet rest,
And meet the greeting of a happy face!
The babe in transport climbs his weary knee,
And lisps in language soothing to the heart.
The nectar sweet of industry he sips
Before the frugal board. The chemist finds
No such Elixir in his crucibles:
Boon of the good, the gift of love to men:
Plain virtue keeps a shrine, and there to kneel
Is not the lot of conquerors and kings.

A SONG

From Canto III—Suspense.

I'll weave a wreath of bright hues three,
  For the brow of my charming youth,
And say, You must wear it, my love, for me,
  This garland of love and truth.
For as its beauty and perfume,
  Are shed for thee alone,
Thy true Lorraine, and her youthful bloom,
  While they last, shall be thine own,
    My love;
  While they last, shall be thine own.

But as its sweets, so fragrant now,
  Must soon be sigh'd away,
Its leaves upon thy happy brow,
  Soon wither and decay,
These charms you love must wither too,
  This heart lie cold and lone;
But thou wilt know, Oh! deep and true,
  They once were all thine own,
    My love;
  They once were all thine own.

Not I to Roman, golden shrine,
  My orisons can pay;
Thy God, thy worship shall be mine,
  Through loving night and day;
When thou shalt seek, at dewy morn,
  Some holy spot alone,
Lorraine shall still thy side adorn,
  Thy prayer shall be her own,
    My love;
  Thy prayers shall be her own.

I knew a prayer, dear mother taught
  My infant lips to say—
Sweet words my dawning memory caught,
  Are warm and fresh to-day:—

And when she pass'd, I pray'd it o'er,
  Aye, oft in tears alone,
This prayer and thine are two no more;
  They both are all your own,
    My love;
  They both are all your own.

I'll be an Houri, fond and fair,
  In Tooba grove with you,
A Peri of the lucid air,
  Less beautiful than true.
And when you muse, or wish, or sigh,
  Will bring this fragrant zone,
A faithful bliss, forever nigh,
  A life which is your own,
    My love;
  A life which is your own.

Say not Fate is unrelenting,
  Mercy smiles in Nature still,
Arrimanes yields, repenting,
  Kneeling to the Holy Will.
    How the mountains smile again!
    Fragrance laughs along the plain;
    Whispering breezes winged with light,
    Speak of peace and joy to-night.
Stars, kind stars, so sweetly shining
  In the holy depths of space,
Send their twinkling beams, entwining
  Round the sorrows of my face.

Cease, fond heart, your long repining!
  Bliss once more is on the earth;
Joyful spirits, close inclining,
  Hold a festival of mirth:
    Sweet compassion, power divine,
    Smooths the azure hyalline;
    Cherub happiness comes down,
    Through the cloudlets' golden-brown!

Through each soul the Beauty streaming,
Thanks and adorations swell;
This old heart, with raptures teeming,
Must its tale of rapture tell.

I had lost the heavenly seeming,
Lonely lost in wintry years;
Lo! again the world is beaming
With the banishment of tears!
Lonely I shall feel no more;
Angels smile within my door!
All the love of life I find,
Flowing back in whispers kind.
Heaven hath brought my darling treasure,
Blooming to my arms again—
Light of age, and bliss of leisure,
With his lovely, lost Elaine!

MORE LIGHT!

The verge, the verge of all we know;
New mysteries rise, old mysteries go;
The flashes of Ithuriel's wand,
The dawn of something still beyond—
Behind the seal, behind the seal,
Brief gleams of hidden Truth reveal,
All beauteous as the bow of heaven,
Yet snatched away as soon as given,
The spiritual within the blue,
The radiant region of the True.
I see soft fingers, pure and white,
Half draw the curtains from the Light,
Where down each immaterial groove,
New thoughts immortal live and move.
I well may deem it lovely there:—
O, when will Genius make it clear!
Whence hope looks in from shades afar,
To woo me, like a loving star;
Where some I love have gone to find
The transports of a wider mind.

Thou dear unknown! The breath I draw
Is warm with some mysterious awe!
Oh, lend the hand I yet shall see,
And lift me to felicity!
There once again the Muses dwell
On sunny slopes of asphodel,
And Orphic lines and leaves ideal
Shall make us realize the Real;
Shall make us see, if we can see,
The foibles of our infancy;
The blinding meteor in the haze,
Illusive formulæ of praise;
And gifts, and glories, creeds, and crimes,
The iron bands of iron times;
Our dreams of Power and Majesty,
Dim ripples on a summer sea.

E'en now the gold-tipped clouds betray
The rosy dawn of brighter day,
When men shall know and nations see
A glorious range of destiny;
When fate shall widen as we go,
The lucid sweep of mind below,
And show, without the light of suns,
The path progressive Nature runs;
When Faith shall worship something true,
With wiser, nobler deeds to do,
And give the heart and head to trace
The hopes of an immortal race.
Ye central suns! revolve, revolve,
And ripen Nature's vast resolve.

MORE LOVE.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—That light was Love,
Unfolded from the gates above;
For Love was but the Light unborn,
Till Darkness opened into Morn.
Before Hyperion's golden flame,
From heaven the rosy Eros came,
The Dove divine—the Grace to give
This dust to breathe, this heart to live;
The harmony of heart with heart,
The whole encompassing the part,
The part enbosomed in the Whole,
And all pulsating with a soul,
Responsive, throbbing—breast to breast;
The Dove that blesses and is blest;
The Love that lives within the Light,
With dear delights of sound and sight;
That paints the plain, that vaults the sky,
Attunes the ear, enchants the eye,
And calls the kindling soul to be
A living, leaping ecstasy,
Forever panting for the More
Which fills the Lord's celestial store.
Then Beauty—Daughter of the True,
Stooped to the range of mortal view,
And Love, benevolent, divine,
First taught these beauteous worlds to shine,
The flowers to wear ethereal hue,
The vale be green, the mountains blue,
And Venus flew from cloud to wave,
Rejoicing in the bliss she gave;
Up sprung the pulse of Love and Feeling,
With voice and tongue to dust appealing:

"Be wise, be vigilant, be true;
Love may diverge to Hate in you;
Pride, glory, power, wealth, passion, strife,
May steep in Crime the Good of life,

And Evil—Eblis of the Crime,
Embitter all the streams of time.
And clashing tongues shall writhe with hate,
And bleeding bosoms talk of Fate,
And fetters stained with blood shall be
The bitter prize of Purity."

"I have not loved the world"—and why?
The wounded heart bedims the eye,
And o'er the Grace of Nature throws
The gory drapery of its woes.
Oh! haste the day, devolving Fate,
When man shall find no crime to hate;
My Love, my Dove, come haste away;
Bring from the hills the brighter day,
When Love, the complement of Law,
Shall yield no troth and trust for awe.
Lo! now the paths of God are straight;
The heart, with angels at the gate,
Shall feel the Love which makes the Fair,
Warm in the universal air,
And crime, remorse, and hate shall be
The fading verge of Memory.

KAGEY—"THE GOOD MAN"

Come, meekest virgins of the vale,
With silent step and votive tear,
With cypress boughs and pansies pale—
Your Abdiel is sleeping here.
From Pennsylvania's epic shades,
Where first the paths of life he trod,
Sweet Ephratah, thy vestal maids,
Bedew this consecrated sod;—
What Elah that the prophets knew,
On holier ground its shadow threw?

Come see where now the mantling snow,
One spot with whitest swell invests:—
Here with his children deep below
In silent happiness he rests.

Ay, purer than the snow that heart,
  Which meekly lies unthrobbing here;
More undefiled the god-like part
  He bore in our precarious sphere,
And deathless in our souls shall be
The fragrance of his memory.

The breezes of suspiring Spring
  From Massanutten's side shall blow,
Around this spot their incense fling,
  And sigh in holy whispers low;
For while with joyful haste he trod,
  Yon deepening dale and arduous hill,
The conscious, all-pervading God
  Engrossed his soul-felt whispers still,
And still the airs of hill and plain,
Effusions from his lips retain.

In yonder lane the widow lorn—
  Naomi of our heartless years—
Leans o'er her orphans every morn,
  And yields to unavailing tears;
For, he whose voice had soothed so long
  Sad memory's unobtrusive sigh,
Whose hand secured from reckless wrong,
  Whose bosom bled at sorrow's cry,
He too has left our wintry shore—
He hears the sufferer plead no more.

Ah! never down the rocky vale
  She hastes to meet her orphans more;
Shares the warm kiss and lifts the pail,
  White-wreathed with sweetness from his store.
No more the fatherless from play,
  Shall run with lisping joy to tell—
"The good man brings his gifts to-day;
  Come see his white locks in the dell."
Deep Death hath wrapped in darkness now,
The honors of that reverend brow.

Long years through flood and beating storm,
The messenger of life divine,
We saw his worn and wasting form
Expanding still his blest design;
Age came with mortal omens sere,
Keen Pain, and Blindness, and Decay;
Though clouded in his high career,
The glorious watchman spurned delay;
Through dark'ning years, wrapt echo rung
The dictates of his fervent tongue.

And when from each familiar aisle,
Inveterate Time his feet withdrew,
E'en strangers paused to share his smile,
And learn submission sweet and true.
As ling'ring years subdued his frame,
Still warmer grew the whispered prayer;
Till silence o'er his chamber came;
The shadow of White Death was there;
Wan daughters ceased their watch to keep,
And strangers turned away to weep.

Cease, meekest virgins of the vale!
Dim not with tears your Abdiel's tomb;
Fond spirit of the choral gale,
Thy starlit wing of Faith resume!
He has rejoined the countless throng,
That glow in unapparent space;
Sweet on his lips triumphant song,
Ethereal beauty on his face,
And radiant with Immortal youth,
He wings the realms of love and Truth.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

Dear Old England, ever leading
  Onward through the files of Fate,
Foremost where the brave are bleeding,
  Foremost where the wise debate;
    Mistress of the willing sea,
    Mother of the nations free,
    Friend of Genius, Learning, Art,
    Honest friend of honest heart;
Source of social elevation,
  Schemes of wide benevolence,
Pioneer to every nation,
  Up the steeps of Providence!

Glorious records of duration!
  Sons of Genius—what a roll!
Nature's noblest illustration
  That the nations have a soul.
    Young, triumphant in the West,
    Rules her Daughter—'to be blest'—
    Wider prospect, strong and free,
    Wooing from Futurity;
England, too, and yet another,
  Treasuring happier leaves of Time,
Wise and virtuous, like her mother,
  She may seize a Goal sublime.

Not the clouds of life can smother,
  Not the frowns of Fate depress,
Saxon with a Saxon brother,
  Call'd to paths of Happiness,
    Lo! they walk the Valleys free,
    Cleave the mountain, tame the sea,
    Leave, when life below is done,
    Cities gleaming in the sun.
Noble Workers, work together;
  Shape the world for Peace to reign;
Plough the Prairie, clear the Heather,
  Bring the Golden Age again!

* * * * * *

GEORGE HERBERT SASS

("Barton Grey")

[1845—1908]

JOHN BENNETT

AMONG the many partisan poems which appeared during the war for Southern independence was a group of verses widely known for beauty and dramatic force, which, while filled with the fire of passionate adversity, were notable for their peculiar maturity, significance, and sureness of technique, qualities for which the writer was singled out as one among the younger song-writers of the time who gave signs of lasting strength.

During the critical period immediately following the end of the Confederacy, and at intervals from 1869 to 1890, in magazines which were standard, and in the sanguine, ephemeral journals whose outburst characterized the hopes of the day—*The Nineteenth Century, New Eclectic, Southern Magazine, Southern Field and Fireside, The Rural Carolinian, The Galaxy, Appleton's Journal* (old series), *The Independent, Lippincott's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly,* etc.—appeared, under a varying signature, many ballads and lyrics, distinguished by unaffected romantic sentiment, intimacy, simple pathos—the frank expression of a heart moved by sensuous impression and enraptured by beauty, yet, in a period notable for its moral decadence, as ideally pure and chaste as we ask the heart of a woman to be.

Many of these poems won wide circulation, persistently reappearing in fugitive form through three decades, during which the identity of the writer remained concealed behind the pseudonym of "Barton Grey."

Over that signature, or, negligently, as anonymous, the verses were included in collections and printed in anthologies, at home and abroad, until, in 1904, a selection from the scattered lyrics was printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, under the title 'The Heart's Quest, a Book of Verses, by Barton Grey,' in which authorship was acknowledged by George Herbert Sass, Barrister, Master-in-Equity, of the Common Pleas Court of Charleston County, South Carolina.

The poems in this collection have been much quoted through the South, won critical appreciation in the North, and a cordial reception from British reviewers. But the slender volume, while containing much of the writer's characteristic poesy, omits much more

which must be considered in any satisfactory estimate of his life and work.

George Herbert Sass ("Barton Grey") was born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 24, 1845; and died in Charleston, February 19, 1908. It was justly said he spent his life in and for Charleston. His father, Jacob Keith Sass, a contemporary, and in St. Michael's Church, Charleston, a colleague of James L. Petigru, William J. Grayson, and others whose names are household words in South Carolina, was Charleston-born, of German parentage; a man of integrity and acumen, he early entered the Bank of Charleston, attained its presidency through superlative mastery of bank-system and an accurate judgment of men, and held that honorable position until his death.

His mother, Octavia Murden, a woman of culture and piety, of Welsh descent, with a Welsh gift of inspiring thought, died when her son was only seventeen, but her influence upon him was deep and lasting. Through her he inherited the *penchant* for versification, his grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Murden, a contemporary of Penina Moïse, the Jewess, being a voluminous writer, of whose verse but little survives.

The son was educated at the school of Miles, Searle and Sachtleben, Charleston, and in the College of Charleston, whence he was graduated with first honors, in 1867, his father's death, in 1865, having left him doubly orphaned. In recognition of subsequent distinction, the College, in 1902, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He studied law in the office of the late Charles Richardson Miles, whose notable advocacy in criminal and civil law was equaled by his ability in equity, and whose taste in literature was as marked as his proficiency was great. Two years later Mr. Sass was admitted to the Bar of South Carolina in the last class of students examined by the old Court of Appeals.

For several years he practiced law with increasing repute. At the beginning of his legal career he was sought out to act as referee in cases where the clearest and most unbiased judgment was desired, it being then the custom, before the State's creation of the office of master-in-equity, to submit points in legal dispute to a referee whose demonstrated ability was indisputable, and whose equable temperament was mutually acknowledged. In 1883 he was appointed, by the Governor of the State, Master-in-Equity for the Courts of Charleston County, an appointment confirmed, through varying administrations and by the vote of his people in election, for a quarter of a century.

For twenty-five years he discharged the duties of his office with

unfaltering assiduity, without rest, save for short recesses, ever returning, impelled by an extraordinary sense of duty, to his engagements. His health, impaired by incessant application, and by the increasing burden of involved responsibility, gave way during a season of protracted heat in 1907, and he succumbed, during an attack of grippe, to the result of overwork, February 19, 1908.

As Master-in-Equity but two others may be named as eminent in local office as he: Edward R. Laurens and James Tupper, men preëminent in their time. His findings were rarely reversed and were often quoted; his opinions were widely sought, and frequently consulted by the leaders of an unusually distinguished legal community; his name was a synonym for justice. For a quarter-century he added to the peace and dignity of the community by just interpretation of its laws.

In 1883 he married Anna Eliza Ravenel, daughter of Dr. St. Julien Ravenel—a scientist whose name is indissolubly connected with the discovery of the phosphate beds of Carolina—and of Harriott Horry Ravenel, author of 'The Life of Eliza Pinckney,' 'Life and Times of William Lowndes,' 'Charleston, the Place and the People.' From this union sprang two children, a son and a daughter.

Early showing a predilection for literature, George Herbert Sass first became known, in 1862, as a writer of partisan verses; he bore off a prize offered by *Southern Field and Fireside* for the most striking poem on the war. Several of these early songs were widely bruited about; but the partisan poem which gave him greatest note was "A Prayer for Peace: Hath God Forgot?" It is dramatic, and, written at the age of seventeen, in its polished style is strangely mature; it was published while the writer was in the Confederate service.

The end of the war silenced the partisan note, but multiplied channels of publication; during several years he produced uninterruptedly a stream of more than acceptable ballad and song, his unhackneyed verses being characterized as among the first to relieve the poesy of the South from the constant and reiterated criticism of the Northern press. "The Quest of Father Boniface" "met a flattering reception as an earnest of the future," said Charles E. Chichester, at whose suggestion the author assumed the pseudonym under which thereafter his identity remained concealed.

For ten years, in constantly increasing austerity, the poet's work gave every token of realizing its early promise. But, with the appointment as master-in-equity, the song-writer's opening career almost abruptly closed; after that date he wrote little verse, and the critic has his instance: where the two opposing faculties, creative and critical, are combined, the development of reason, in

the interpretation of arbitrary law, foils the growth of inspiration. His life is an example of analytical power perfected at the expense of imagination; for, as he himself says: "The truth is, not all men can write Hamlet's soliloquy and his advice to the players also." Contemplating the promise of his youth, and the quality of his best, one comes to the inevitable conclusion that what a community gained in just interpretation of the law was a distinct loss to Southern literature.

The mass of a poet's product matters little; at last he is ranked by his best. "Barton Grey's" best, as most characteristic work, is comprised in a small group of poems which deserve wider recognition than they have yet received, bearing the form of genuine inspiration and of an art which seems sure to be approved in time.

Of the slender collection, published criticism can be but comparative; no chronological order is observed, and it is difficult at times to place the poems; his early work is mature in style, and his later work is of undiminished freshness; his thoughts deepened; he gained discretion; yet reserve was notable first and last. As a thinker, he concords with Arthur Hugh Clough in protestant conscience, a growing sense of ultimate justice, and in unflinching constancy; youth's uneasy, questioning fire closes in grave acceptance of life's cost and in fine appreciation of its compensations of chastity and beauty. He was no altruist, but was without a misanthropic touch; Byron, Poe, and Shelley little appealed to him; renunciation produced in him no lassitude; common sense restrained him from being fantastical; justice prevented him from being extreme. Yet his is preëminently the poetry of disillusionment; the notes of longing, of deference, of wistfulness, of loss, and of deep, earthly discouragement, sound persistent; often, by a poet's device, a peculiar pathos emphasizes the text, by a catch or a break in the versification. And the wistful, lost illusion ends in philosophy, of which one-half is ethics, one-half patient faith.

The monologues are, at best, metrical experiments; the narratives are, on the whole, less convincing than the lyrics; the best, "The Quest of Father Boniface" and "The Guest of Mary," are poetical fantasies, of charm rising from careful and dextrous construction, a rich vocabulary, decorative beauty in suggestive phrase, and fluency, rather than inspirational flight; in flow and facile rhyme they recall the "Ingoldsby Legends." The lyrics are of genuine tenderness and simplicity, characterized by convincing, half-bewildered pathos.

Yet, however deep the emotion, it is always in control, even in the most intimate confession of passion; the attitude is that of musing upon pain rather than of uncontrollable suffering; from which springs a peculiar aloofness, which reaches its highest development

of abstraction from personal feeling in the "Epitaph Upon the Confederate Dead." From this deliberate balance between feeling and reason is one marked exception, "In a King-Cambyses Vein," which, in force and unpremeditated style, is, perhaps, the most spontaneous of the author's verse. Though, superficially, at times, his verse recalls great Victorian voices; though in youth he affected the minor poetics of Robert Buchanan; though deeply effective upon him was the intellect of Arthur Clough, justifying him to himself, his most enduring verse is touched more deeply by the self-forgetful dignity of the Greek. "The Epitaph upon the Confederate Dead," and the singularly reticent "Elegy on the Death of Lee," are marked by classic quality. Three stern couplets, stately, unemotional, with no false appeal to sentimentality or touch of affected woe, shorn of every spurious ornament, invoking only the spirit of eternal justice, the "Epitaph" attains eminence; Mr. Lewisohn pronounces it "undoubtedly the best epitaph in American literature, one of the best in all literature; worthy to be named with the great dedicatory elegiacs in the Greek Anthology"; while in its perfect simplicity, deep, unsentimental pathos, and impressive close, the "Elegy on Robert Edward Lee" is not only one of the best elegies in American literature, but is pregnant of perpetual charm.

The classic bent of the poet's mind is further shown by his excellent translation from mediæval religious poets. His rendition of Balde's "Dirge on the Death of the Empress Leopoldina" won high encomiums from Archbishop Trench, with that eminent authority's praise upon renderings of Damiani's "Hymn on the Glory and Delights of Paradise," and of "The Dying Swan," the peculiar difficulties of which his translation deftly overcomes.

The selection and translation of the inscriptions to the Confederate Army and Navy, on the Jefferson Davis monument, at Richmond, Virginia, are his. So, also, the prose inscription on the Timrod monument, Washington Square, Charleston, South Carolina.

After appointment as master-in-equity, though publishing little verse, he continued seriously to impress letters through the vehicle of prose, delivering a number of addresses on ethical and literary topics, notably a baccalaureate address before the University of South Carolina, "Ideals of Life" (1898); "Arthur Hugh Clough" (1897); "A Plea for Individuality" (1897); "The Things that Matter" (1901); "Diversions and Consolations of the Scholar" (1903).

While as a poet he chose for his verse cloistral seclusion in well-kept anonymity, as a man he was a friend to inspiration in every walk of life, and as critic and judge of men and letters gave personal encouragement generously to desert through a broad acquaintance widened constantly by his own friendliness.

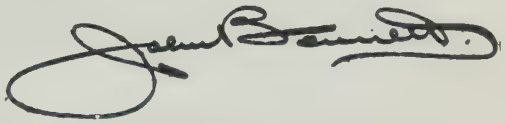
To strangers he was courteous but reserved; with friends, facile and merry; under a shy crust of ceremony, a simple and unaffected gentleman. Abreast of his time in attainment, he was old-fashioned in the thorough classical acquirement, highly-cultivated literary taste, and eminent legal training which characterized the older day, as also in the mingling of unaffected formality with kindly simplicity in his manner. Of the highest ideals of life, his quiet occasional humor, which in his writings became gentle satire, was illumined by shrewd common sense and discernment; an acute student of humanity, he was proverbially humane, his disposition serenely poised; a modest, retiring, attractive, companionable man, welcomed as a distinguished acquisition to social gatherings, faithfully generous of friendships, devotedly attached to his family, he lived a charming, quiet life in a quaintly charming home. From his room in the county court-house, confine of no æsthetic charm and less æsthetic inspiration, he turned from the adjudication of arbitrary affairs into the cool covert of a private lane, white-marble-flagged, green-ivy-grown, beyond the gates of which a quiet garden lay. Through this changeless alley he emerged, year after year, to the changing circumstances of the time, from a home, as shut in by shy environment, as filled with the charm of unpretending scholarship, as retired into its own peace as his best verse at its highest. Here, remote from the constant pressure of increasing engagements, he devoted the diminishing hours of life to the service of letters, as a relief from the burden of office and an escape from the sordidness which the new-wakening of the South thrust unwelcomed upon the State.

In this his work and life represent an essentially Southern ideal of culture, peculiarly true: that the man of actual affairs, in business practical, in administration of the law undeviatingly just, in authority patient, in service of the public efficient to the highest degree, should still retain, amid the perplexity and ever-increasing distraction of public life, intellectual disengagement sufficient for the lightly desinent flight of lyrical poesy and the sustained and concentrated effort of critical prose. From this power of disengagement follows a peculiarity notable in the songs of "Barton Grey": not his natural objective environment, but his own subjective fancy was his constant inspiration; less than any other Southern poet is he stirred by the immediacy of nature, his deepest concern being, as of his prototype, Clough, not physical experience, but the higher spiritual event of life; from this rises the sense of aloofness, which, with an undefined melancholy, and a pallidly sensuous spirit of beauty, characterizes all his individual verse.

During his life a leader of literary criticism in his native city,

he influenced the community widely by his discriminate comment on current literature, and by his attitude added distinction to a notably conservative Southern journal, and not a little to its indigenous and agreeable flavor.

What Law gained by his life's course Letters lost; yet by the handful of his best he remains, after Henry Timrod, first poet of South Carolina.



THE QUEST OF FATHER BONIFACE

All poems are from 'The Heart's Quest.' Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.

The morning light stole in with wavering feet
Across the chapel threshold, through the casement,
Where the white clematis drooped low in sweet
And indolent abasement,

Strangely illumining with golden grace
Each graven scroll and deep-hued monkish psalter;
Gilding the gloom where Father Boniface
Knelt at the chapel altar;

Painting fair aureoles of divers hues
'Round sculptured saints and monumental martyrs,
Barons and knights who drew the teeth of Jews,
And swore by roods and garters;

Crept over painted windows where outshone
Crusaders who clove skulls of Moor and Paynim;
Pointed St. Peter's beard and showed Saint John
The red axe which had slain him;

Played on the king's rich robes, and then did pass
Up from the maiden's feet, and made still larger
The death-drawn face which dark Herodias
Bore on the fatal charger;

Gleamed on the serpent's scales, and deftly ran
Through Eve's fair fingers o'er the golden apple;
Then blithely leaped to where Sebastian
With his death-throes did grapple;

And circling 'round the consecrated place,
Came gloriously back to Baron Walter,
Who gave them all—and Father Boniface—
Each side the chapel altar.

Good Baron Walter in his marble rest,
With cold feet crossed and pallid eyelids steady;
And jolly Boniface, whose monkish vest
Was two ells round already.

What the fat monk thought that fair summer tide,
What carnal hopes his jovial soul did foster,
Who knows? as kneeling by the altar-side,
He hummed his Pater-noster.

This thing is certain, that Maid Marian
Full often went that June moon to confession,
And ne'er had Boniface, ere that began,
Held such a lengthened session.

And she had bright black eyes and rosy cheeks,
And dimples that might conquer an ascetic;
And Boniface, if rightly rumor speaks,
Had sympathies poetic.

Howe'er that be, the Prince of Evil won
High leave to work him dole—the legend has it—
For one long day from dawn to set of sun
By deed express or tacit.

And so it chanced that, as that summer morn
He told his beads, and conned his missal over,
From meadows vocal with the rustling corn,
And redolent of clover,

Athwart the door the breeze came stealing in,
And with long gusty sighs did stir the arras,
Till each quaint figure seemed a shape of sin
His pious soul to harass.

And through the open window fluttered by
A Butterfly, so gorgeous and so splendid
You would have thought all hues of earth and sky
Were in its bright wings blended;

A gay thing, born of summer when the vales
The sun and dew do gloriously bedizen,
Rocked in a poppy's lap by elfin gales,
Ere the new moon was risen.

It fluttered now before the fat monk's face,
Sprinkling rare gold-dust on the illumined missal,
Now floated in the lucid interspace,
Lighter than down of thistle.

So gorgeous bright, so marvellously fair,
What wonder that the monk forgot his aves,
His whispered orison and muttered prayer,
In thought of merle and mavis!

In visions of the lovely earth without,
Lying all lapped in languid bliss of summer,
Of cool dark hollows where the cuckoo's shout
Startles the wayward comer:

Of many a green and flowered slope,
Of brooklets through dim leafy arcades slipping;
Ay! and bright visions, too, of love and hope,
And peasant maidens, tripping

Through forest paths with milking pail and can,
Adown the daisy fields and through the thicket—
Perchance he even saw Maid Marian
Lean smiling o'er her wicket,

And half-unconsciously he raised his hand,
And strove to grasp the filmy-winged intruder;
But sure was never, e'en in fairy-land,
So subtle an eluder.

Between the fat monk's fingers swift it slipped,
Past aisle and pew, until the airy creature
Beneath the vaulted archway sudden dipped
Into the world of Nature.

And Father Boniface rose then and turned
From mass and missal, orison and psalter,
Left prayer unsaid and homily unlearned,
Forgot both psalm and psalter,

And still before him that bright vision danced,
And still the sun shone out o'er hill and hollow,
And elfin shapes before his dazed eyes glanced,
And beckoned him to follow.

Along the forest path and through the field,
By hazel-coppice and by daisy meadow,
The gay thing flew, now gleaming, now concealed,
In varying light and shadow.

Maid Marian looked out and saw him pass,
Dame Dorothy cried "Oh!" and "Ave Mary!"
But the fat monk stayed not for dame nor lass,
For smile nor miserere,

Stayed not his quest, and still the Butterfly
Darted, now here, now there—on rose and lily
Pausing alternate, where the sunbeams lie,
And in dark hollows chilly.

And all the golden noon grew, waned, and died,
And twilight crept on over moor and coppice,
And one by one, along the country-side,
Bent down the sleepy poppies;

And from the west came trooping clouds of doom,
And sudden flashes lit the purple quiet,
And thunder-peals broke up the horrid gloom
In elemental riot.

And Boniface in vain looked up and down,
And crossed himself, and cursed that fatal ramble;
Weary he was and footsore, and his gown
Was rent by thorn and bramble;

And his bright guide had vanished; so he turned,
With heavy heart his weary way retracing,
And owned with bitter wisdom, dearly earned,
The folly of the chasing.

But to his startled eye the path seemed strange,
He saw no more the hawthorn dell and thicket
Where once Maid Marian was wont to range;
The cottage and the thicket

No longer stood where he had seen them stand,
When that strange quest began, and all around him
Great waves of change seemed rolling on the land,
To dazzle and confound him.

The Abbey walls were dim and mouldering;
The door hung wide with broken hinge and panel;
And the sad ivy crept o'er everything
In many a time-worn channel.

And Father Boniface looked round in awe,
Then paused awhile, then sudden turned, and straightway
With glad remembrance his confused eyes saw
The griffin-guarded gateway

Of the old convent-chapel—and he passed
Up the known aisle, and bowed him at the altar,
Hard by the marble tomb, where rests, at last,
Time-wearied Baron Walter.

But dreadful seemed each old familiar form
  Upon the wall, and from the pictured arras
Grim faces glared upon him, and a storm
  Of doubts his soul did harass.

The same, yet not the same! a pallid light
  Gleamed on each marble brow, and all the altar
Seemed dreadly palled in a mysterious night;
  He turned him to his psalter;

But lo! before his face his missal shone
  With a strange gleam, and on the page a blazon
Glowed with a splendor like the noonday sun,
  Dazzling his eyes to gaze on.

A mystic scroll: "Hearken! O Son of Man!
  Thy days are numbered, and from thee is banished
All earthly joy! Since that wild chase began
  An hundred years have vanished."

And as he gazed a wondrous change came o'er
  His stalwart frame; his hand shook and his forehead
Took on a thousand wrinkles; and the hoar
  Of age his visage borrowed;

And his head dropped upon his breast; his eye
  Grew dull and glassy; a convulsive shiver
Shook all his frame; in one faint, fluttering sigh
  Life slipped away forever;

And the white moon looked in upon them all,
  Flooding with silver light that ancient chapel,
Gleamed on the Serpent's scales fantastical,
  And on the fatal apple;

Colored with weird, wan light Saint Peter's hair,
  And cast a spectral gleam on Baron Walter,
And on that form so deathly pale and fair,
  Bowed o'er that awful altar.

FIRST AND LAST

They sat together, hand in hand;
The sunset flickered low;
The fickle sea crept up the strand
And caught the afterglow.

He sang a song, a little song
No other poet knew;
And she looked up and thought him strong,
Looked down and dreamed him true.

The fickle sea crept up the strand,
And laughed a wanton laugh—
Took up the song the poet planned,
And sang the other half.

* * * * * *

Times change; the two went diverse ways,
The evening shades increase
On him, grown old in fame and praise,
And her in household peace.

The echo of the false sweet words
He spoke so long ago
Has passed as pass the summer birds
Before the winter snow.

But as to-night the angel's hand
Loosens the silver cord,
And calls her to that other land
Of love's supreme reward,

She hears but one sound—silent long,
A whisper soft and low—
The echo of the false sweet song
He sang so long ago.

HEART'S CONTENT

Far over troublous seas there is an isle
  Above whose valleys bluest skies are bent,
Where balmy breezes blow and soft suns smile—
  Men call it Heart's Content!

And every prow that rides the sea of life
  To that dear distant isle is turned for aye;
Through baffling calms and stormy waves of strife
  Holding its doubtful way.

Oft in the midmost ocean barque meets barque,
  And as they pass from each the challenge sent
Comes back the same across the waters dark—
  "We steer for Heart's Content!"

For many an isle there is, so like, so like
  The mystic goal of all that travail sore,
That oft the wave-worn keels on strange sands strike
  And find an alien shore.

But ever, as the anchor drops, and sails
  From off the storm-strained yards are all unbent;
From the tall masthead still the watcher hails—
  "Lo, yonder! Heart's Content!"

And so once more the prow is seaward set;
  Hearts still hope on though waves roll dark around;
And on the stern men write the name, "Regret,"
  And fare forth, outward bound.

A FACE

There is a face I remember,
Clear through the shadow of years;
I can see it to-night so plainly,
Except now and then for my tears.

A face you would not have fancied,
It would have meant nothing to you;
But to me it has just been the one thing
To dream of my whole life through.

There never was aught between us,
She never looked into my heart;
Friend unto friend spoke greeting,
Friend as from friend did part.

The summers have flushed and faded
So often since last we met,
I am sure she does not remember,
I know I cannot forget.

For the face is here in my dreaming,
It dwells with me everywhere,
The clear brown eyes shine on me,
Wavers the dusky hair.

The faces of men and women
I meet with every day
Pass and vanish—but this face
Never can fade away.

Whether in life's hard journey
Those eyes have lost their light,
Whether the mouth's pure sweetness
Quivers with pain to-night,

I know not, knowing only
It changes not for me—
That face my heart keeps safely
And my eyes no more may see.

JOAN MELLISH

Where art thou now, Joan Mellish?
  Spring with its smiles slips past;
The great red rose in the convent close
  Crimsons and glows at last;
And, with the time of roses,
  Old hopes new life assume,
Where art thou then, Joan Mellish?
  Shall naught thine eyes relume!

Thy step was free and stately
  As the step of the mountain fawn;
Thy cheek's faint flush like the rosy blush
  In the first sweet hush of dawn;
And oh, thy heart, Joan Mellish,
  Was just the truest heart
That ever the dear God sent below
  To bear an earthly part.

I seek for thee, Joan Mellish,
  At morn, at noon, at eve;
I turn and turn, I pant and burn,
  I strive and yearn and grieve;
But not for sigh or whisper,
  For passionate sob or cry,
Dost thou come back, my love, my life,
  And still the years go by.

Thou wilt not come, Joan Mellish,
  Thy feet the earth-dust holds;
Where strangers pass the long grave-grass
  Thy couch, alas, enfolds.
And I, thine earthly lover—
  Ah me, how far am I
From that dark home of thine below,
  From thy bright home on high!

But, as the twilight deepens,
  Where'er my footsteps stray,
I seek thee still by vale and hill
  By lake and rill and bay;

But still the earth is empty,
And still my heart is sore,
Because thy face, Joan Mellish,
Shines on me nevermore.

Ah me, the bitter parting
Of love that is not hope!
Farewell for aye, Dear Heart! astray
In doubt's dark way I grope;
My eyes are dim with seeking
The face they cannot see.
Farewell, farewell, Joan Mellish,
A long farewell to thee!

IN A KING-CAMBYSES VEIN

Cambyses, King of the Persians,
Sat with his lords at play
Where the shades of the broad plane-branches
Slanted athwart the way.

And he listened and heard Prexaspes
Tell to his fellows there
Of a Bactrian bowman's prowess,
And skill beyond compare.

And the heart of the King was bitter,
And he turned and said to him:
"Dost see on the greensward yonder
That plane-tree's slender limb?

"It stands far off in the gloaming—
Dost think thy Bactrian could
With a single shaft unerring
Smite through that slender wood?"

"But nay," then said Prexaspes,
"Nor ever a mortal man
Since the days when Nimrod hunted
Where great Euphrates ran."

Then Cambyses, son of Cyrus,
Looked, and before him there
Meres, the King's cup-bearer,
Stood where the wine flowed clear.

Meres, the King's cup-bearer,
Prexaspes' only son,
And the heart of the King was hardened
And the will of the King was done.

And he said: "Bind Meres yonder
To the plane-tree's slender stem,
And give me yon sheaf of arrows
And the bow that lies by them."

And so, when the guards had bound him,
He drew the shaft to the head;
"Give heed! give heed, Prexaspes,
I aim for the heart!" he said.

Sharp through the twilight stillness
Echoed the steel-bow's twang;
Loud through the twilight stillness
The courtiers' plaudits rang.

And the head of the boy drooped downward,
And the quivering shaft stood still;
And the King said, "O Prexaspes,
Match I thy Bactrian's skill?"

Then low before Cambyses
The satrap bowed his head—
"O great King, live forever!
Thou hast cleft the heart!" he said.

THE NEW SONG OF CHARLESTON

The shadows of the dying year
  Fold fast the sleeping town;
From yon deep sky, so still and clear,
  The silent stars look down;
And in her sleep the City stirs
  As one who faintly hears
From far-off, time-sealed sepulchres
  The murmur of the years.

The echo of her ancient fame
  Smites through the seals of sleep;
Around her bygone battles flame,
  And war-cries loud and deep
Sound in her ears, and bid her rise
  And gird her harness on
For this new fight whose victories
  No sluggard ever won.

A peaceful fight, but, ah! she knows,
  Whose crest with war is bent,
Peace hath its snares, its subtle foes,
  Its perilous content;
And she must rouse her to the strife
  Till through her open door
Shall flow the great new streams of life
  To bless her evermore.

So, as the New Year dawns to-day
  On roof and tower and spire,
A new note marks the Poet's lay,
  A new song holds his lyre;
He prays that she whose glorious Past
  Illumes the Book of Time
May yet achieve, for aye, at last,
  Her destiny sublime!

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Only a gray head bowed upon its pillow;
Only a stout heart stilled forevermore;
Only the ebbing of one transient billow
Back to its far fount on the other shore.

Surely a prophet is not without honor
Save in his own land, where his own folk dwell.
And what is Fame? What eye can look upon her?
What magic bind her with what subtle spell?

Not ours only, but the wide world's glory,
That old man in that calm Virginia home,
Writing the last words of his life's grand story
With patient hand, until the Voice said "Come!"

There were who from behind war's bloody curtain
Caught gracious glimpses of the Eternal Peace;
Passed in the battle's smoke and din uncertain
Up to the Home where pain and danger cease.

But this man, when the bitter strife was over,
Turned back again his quiet life to live;
Clave to his country an all-faithful lover;
Taught her to bear whom erst he taught to strive.

When the sheaf ripens puts He in the sickle,
Gathers the full ear from the unkindly sod,
Where skies are dark and summer winds are fickle,
Into the ample granary of God.

And we—we weep him not whose task is ended,
Whose glorious failure outshines all success;
Though on his grave a whole world's tears descended,
We could not love him more—nor mourn him less.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their Wars behind them—God's great Peace before.
They fought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast our woe!
And now the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave!

THE SPIRIT OF GEOMETRY IN DAILY LIFE

From the essay on "The Diversions and Consolations of the Scholar."

Some people are so very angular in their character that they do not seem to be able to fit into any of the grooves into which they are thrown. Some, again, are so terribly precise and accurate in all their notions that they are continually coming into conflict with the less rigid and less monotonous habits of their neighbors. They go about with a sort of moral and intellectual grindstone under their arm, to the test of which they are always trying to bring the theories and fancies of their friends. They are always crammed full of facts and formulas; they have a rule for everything, and are prepared with a Q.E.D. for every doubt. To these persons imagination is a deadly snare, passion a pernicious folly, the human heart a useful valvular organ, which should be confined strictly to its task of circulating the blood; the human mind a carefully trained logic-engine, the excellence of whose work depends entirely upon its "freedom from entangling alliances" with the feelings and emotions. They want a proof for every assertion—nay, even for every speculative suggestion; they are indifferent to and impatient of those shades and limitations of meaning which beset the utterances of the philosophic thinker; they have a passion for certainty, and a contempt for doubt; they believe in nothing which cannot be labelled and formulated and reduced to an exact statement. To men like these the single office of the mind is to pronounce

judgment, and their notion of intelligence is the faculty and habit of so doing. To them the straight line not only measures the shortest distance between two points, but describes also the only proper road for the traveller to pursue. Any deviation therefrom is an unpardonable exercise of eccentricity, or, at least, to be forgiven only if referable to some law of cometary orbits not immediately obvious to the uninstructed eye. Between such a spirit as this and that of the true philosopher there is a great gulf fixed. Where the former demands certainty, the latter sees that certainty means for the most part shallowness, and the power of looking on one side only. He attaches but little importance to the faculty of judging unless it involve the faculty of judging rightly. He would rather keep his judgment in suspension than form a conclusion without the proper grounds. He endeavors to understand what he rejects as fully as he understands what he accepts, and he cultivates carefully the habit of putting himself in the place of one who differs from him, and of trying accurately to appreciate the weight of the opposing opinion. To the sneer of the confident sciolist, who brands him with the nickname of dreamer and doubter, he is serenely indifferent, for he does not believe that truth belongs to any system, but that it is prismatic in shape and hue, and not to be compressed into the formulas of Euclid, nor weighed in the balances of Clairault. To all such scoffs he replies in the golden words of good old Thomas Fuller: "We will not be too peremptory herein and build standing structures of bold assertions on so uncertain a foundation; rather, with the Rechabites, we will live in tents of conjecture, which, on better reason, we may easily alter and remove." . . . It not unfrequently happens that the confident dogmatism of the man of facts and figures is laughed at by a posterity fertilized by the thought of bygone dreamers and forgotten doubters. . . . The whirligig of Time brings its revenges; and Hamlet may be better remembered than the builders of the pyramids.

WISDOM AND THE FEAR OF DEATH

From the essay on "The Diversions and Consolations of the Scholar."

Nearer to us comes with each passing hour the pauseless, noiseless step of him whom the Easterns call "The Destroyer of Delights and the Sunderer of Companionships." I am not here to preach: great already, perhaps too great, is the company of the preachers. But if with us, living in the sunlight of revelation, the shadows of mortality are still dark upon our path, and the hand of Death strikes a chill to our hearts, let us remember that it was a Pagan scholar who said: "That death which we so much dread . . . is not the determination, but the intermission of a life which will return again. . . . A great soul takes no delight in staying with the body; it considers whence it came, and knows whither it is to go. . . . Let us live in our bodies therefore as if we were only to lodge in them this night and to leave them to-morrow." . . . There may be some shall say I have put my cause upon a false basis, have rested too exclusively upon earthly wisdom, and have not regarded duly the dogmas of the creeds. It may be so . . . but if Cicero and Pliny, and Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, and Socrates and Plato are not good models, even for us poor modern children of a higher and more authentic light, it must be because human nature has curiously changed.

As with the dread of Death, so with the trials and disappointments of life, the seeker after Wisdom shall find her consolations above rubies, her ways ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. As in "the sessions of sweet, silent thought" he communes with the wise and great of old there shall come to him a serenity of mind which shall lift him above the vicissitudes of his mortal lot, and which, amid the storm and stress of conflict, in the hour of defeat and failure, through the long watches of the night, when not even the relief of action is possible, and only the monotony of patience and of suffering is left to the soul, shall impart to his spirit a consolation which the smile of Kings and Emperors cannot bestow nor their frowns abolish, and with which no pomp or pageant of the world's vain show can ever so remotely be compared.

THE FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN MIND

From the essay "Arthur Hugh Clough; Poet and Thinker."

Truth should be followed for her own sake, unfettered by authority, and without regard to the pleasant or unpleasant consequence to the individual; the responsibility of each mind is measured by the extent to which this search for truth is honestly and sincerely performed, and, these conditions being observed, is comparatively independent of the actual results obtained. Of course . . . every honest . . . mind must feel the great practical difficulty involved . . . in the true relation of the individual to the whole.

The great problem of political ethics is the perfect development of the individual co-ordinately with that of the great collection of individuals which makes up the people at large. The great problem of social ethics is the true and proper relation of the morality of the individual to the morality of the whole; the co-ordination of the right and the expedient. And so, likewise, the great problem of the ethics of intellect is how to develop the individual mind according to the laws of its own nature, unbiased by the external influences which press upon and distract it. Doubtless all these problems have a logical connection, and their common root is to be found in a deep, underlying principle which, if thoroughly understood, would go far towards the establishment of a comprehensive science of life, embracing in its universal scope all the possible relations of the individual to the commonwealth. For so wide a generalization it may be well doubted whether the world is yet ready. Even were all necessary materials available, no single mind has as yet arisen which, uniting in itself the typical Prometheus and Epimetheus—the fore-thinker, and the after-thinker—of the profound old-world myth, shall adequately fulfil the conditions of the universal problem.

The freedom of the human mind . . . is not barred in the domain of religious thought, as is dogmatically asserted by the theological spirit; and the rules of development which have been found to apply in other spheres of mental activity are of equal force in this highest and most absorbing one of all. It

is equally the duty of man to think for himself upon matters which involve his eternal, as upon those which affect his temporal, concerns. It is as much his duty to truth to accept no opinion upon mere hearsay, or authority, as it is his duty to society to speak honestly and without hypocrisy. It is as much his duty to enlighten his judgment, as it is to act in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, informed and instructed as the latter must always be by that judgment. For it is a popular confusion to imagine that conscience is an infallible guide of right and wrong whose intuitive test no casuistry can evade nor ignorance confound. Conscience is the instinctive gravitation of the soul towards right and duty, abstractly considered. What that right and duty are, under given circumstances, it is the office of the judgment to decide according to its degree of enlightenment. The judgment determines such or such a course to be right or wrong; the conscience then acts upon the information, and says: "If it be right, pursue it; if wrong, pursue it not." Thus a man may be perfectly conscientious, and yet perfectly wrong, because his judgment may be at fault. The responsibility of the man, therefore, is measured by the honesty of his effort towards the enlightenment of his judgment; and there individual responsibility, considered in relation to itself alone, may be said to end.

To go further than this and consider the question of the responsibility of the individual thinker towards the received opinions of his day would carry us far beyond our limits. This much, however, may at least be remembered: that the men who have stamped themselves upon the annals of human progress as the fearless champions of freedom have not been those "Lip-loyal to what once was truth." Rather have they been men who, owning simply the eternal allegiance of humanity to truth, have spoken out bravely, honestly, calmly, in utter disregard of the immediate consequence to themselves or others, trusting that in His own time God would vindicate Himself, though in the shock of systems and the wreck of ancient creeds, their very names should be covered with what seems an everlasting oblivion.

Shall we content ourselves with . . . the cheap sneer that "the doubter does not succeed in life?" Did Mohammed, Loyola, and Napoleon succeed—and not Socrates, Spinoza,

Galileo, Wycliff and Luther? At the threshold of Thought sits Doubt. . . .

"Approfondissez! Go to the bottom of things!" wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, inculcating what he believed to be one of the profoundest maxims of worldly wisdom. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good!" writes St. Paul to the Thessalonians, speaking in the name of wisdom which men generally have agreed to consider rather the reverse of worldly. If doubt be a sin, and unquestioning belief the highest virtue, it is difficult to exonerate either the accomplished man of the world, or the inspired Apostle . . . but if theology be the gradual unfolding and development of religious truth, the "scientific exposition" of an infinite subject, the temple and not the tomb of faith: if God speaks differently to different hearts, and is yet the same God towards whom, by an invariable law of being, all true aspiration must finally tend—then Clough and men like Clough are not to be lightly dismissed with sarcasm nor summarily disposed of by anathema.

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